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IS THE CANNON-FODDER RIPE?

By GEORGE SELDES

Are we on the brink of another war? Many contend that there is not enough man power or willingness to fight among the masses. Mr. Seldes, an experienced correspondent, has seen how the youth of the world is being imbued with militant nationalism. He sees that the leaders are playing again at dangerous games, and he sees that there is more reason to fight now than in 1914.

We don't want to fight,
But, by jingo, if we do,
We've got the men,
We've got the guns,
We've got the money, too.

I

NEVER has the world seen such an apparent striving for peace as in the years which have followed the great slaughter. Supplementing the Versailles congress have come Kellogg pacts, Briand pacts, Locarnos, Genoas, a dozen Genevas, numerous Hagues, one Washington, two or three London conferences, and peace and good-will meetings in all the Swiss, Italian, and French watering and eating resorts. The world has yelled hallelujah and cried hosannas. But the important nations of Continental Europe have increased their budgets for war, they are now engaging in an armament race, and they have mobilized the public mind.

We have reached a time when dates are being mentioned. Many believe the year 1933 is right because it also marks the completion of the Soviet Five-Year-Plan, which includes enormous war preparations; the senile Ludendorff, by mixing his military intelligence with his present prejudices, sets May 1, 1932; a phrase of Mussolini's has caused great agitation: "1935 will be the crucial year," said the dictator, and many generals and statesmen believe the "final" European war is coming in the early 1940's. Tourists returning to America say it may break out any day now. One guess seems as good as another. It is significant, however, that those who said there would never be another great conflict, no never, or at least not until 1950 —because a generation would have to live and die before the horror and stu-

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pidity and uselessness of the World War is forgotten—are among those who revise to an earlier date.

And with reason. They can see the attitude of people change, the war spirit emerge triumphant, and the guns increase. The protestations of pacifism from the war-makers have become sinister. When ten or twenty nations again begin murdering each other, it will be for human liberty, for human justice, for democracy again, and above all, believe it or not, it will be for self-defense. Self-defense on twenty fronts, and the devil take the offender if he can find one.

"Let it be clear," said Mussolini, "that we are arming ourselves spiritually and materially in order to defend ourselves, not in order to attack. Fascist Italy will never take the initiative in war." (Fascist Italy seems to have forgotten Corfu.) The French war minister, Maginot, describing the new chains of forts on the German frontier, says: "We are animated by the sole desire to defend ourselves." From across these forts General von Seeckt, builder of the Reichswehr, says: "Only liberty to provide for the defense of Germany's existence can assure security." Twenty and more nations are arming daily and preaching "self-defense" to the millions of soldiers and hundreds of millions of civilians they must prepare.

The war-makers also cry justice. Until a few months ago this cry for justice was of little importance because it came from vanquished nations. Now that Mussolini has offered to make himself the knight errant of the Revisionist Cause, there is the beginning of a new alignment of power in Europe which, like the old balance, has potentialities of war. America was first to say the treaty of Versailles contained iniquities because while it restored some territories it also robbed the losers. Now comes Italy as champion of the victims, and with unheard-of hypocrisy leads the Revisionists, not because her heart beats for the poor orphans, but because she wants a still larger share of the Versailles spoils —a lion's, not a jackal's, share. Fascism has aroused Italy to demand the North African coast, more of the Adriatic coast, more Greek islands, and if she gets them (at the expense of France, Yugoslavia, and Greece), she doesn't care if Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Bulgaria have some injustices incidentally righted.

Whether she marches alone or at the head of the Defeated Bloc, Italy has prepared her mind and her bases in the Adriatic. The chosen first victim is Yugoslavia. In Germany, the day the French evacuated the Rhineland, Minister Trevinius began the campaign to arouse popular imagination against Poland. The Hitler victory was proof of the moral preparation and military willingness. The Polish election terror, with six dead and scores injured, and the press campaign on both sides, added to the national hatreds necessary for war.

Certainly if one can ignore the humanitarian challenge that there never was a just cause for any war, a realist could say that Germany has at least two good ones for attacking Poland, and if ever she attacks the corridor and attempts to restore Upper Silesia it will be the most popular war in years. Likewise with their slogan of "Nem, nem, soha," the "No, no, never," to the partition of Hungary on which a new generation is fed, the Hungarians are ready to attack Roumania with the blessings of Church and State, and public opinion.

Russia preaches too much world revolution to concentrate mass feeling against the Roumanian theft of Bessarabia, but keeps watch on the river; Austria is united in protesting her artificial boundary-lines which are strangling her

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to death; the Germans in Czechoslovakia demand a plebiscite; a voice sometimes arises from the wilds of Macedonia which is stilled in rifle-shots; peoples in mandated territories, disarmed, protest the League has forgotten to provide them means of combating oppression; the boycott, blockade, ostracism and isolation of Russia have for reaction the Soviet's hatred of many nations, its plots and its plans for war. No one can deny there are ten or twenty better reasons for it now than in 1914.

II

Americans who come by the millions to Europe, see the ubiquitous soldiers, the thousands in semi-military uniforms of black or brown, hear so much about war preparations, always say to the resident compatriot or foreign friend: "That's all very well, but will they fight?" They ask this because in their mind there dwells the disillusion of the World War. They still retain the idealistic attitude of peace, and feeling themselves free forever from the mob psychology, the mass hysteria, the sinister poison of propaganda of the war-makers, they believe that Europeans must also share their reason and their emotion against a new war.

It is a noble attitude, noble but naïve.

To begin with, the professional and conscripted soldiers, millions of them, will always fight.

The Russian army quit fighting only after there had been two revolutions in its rear. The Italian army fled from Caporetto because its generalship was bad. The Allied troops at Archangel, including an American regiment which need not be ashamed of it, mutinied because they could not answer the Bolshevik soldiers who came to them unarmed and said: "Brothers, why do you kill us? We do not want to continue this slaughter." Several old French regiments mutinied and were decimated. All these antiwar efforts of soldiers are history. But history also records that all the armies went gaily to the front with flowers on their bayonets and gay, patriotic songs in their throats.

They will go just as light-heartedly and perhaps with a sharper vision of themselves as crusaders of right and justice when next the bugles sound the mobilization. They will go because the politicians and the press have never for a moment permitted the demobilization of national hatred. They have, in fact, built up a greater mass spirit in favor of a new war for the settlement of what they call their national wrongs than existed in 1914. Proof of this exists in the vast fact that in addition to the conscripted armies there are millions of men in semi-military organizations who are sworn volunteers for future wars.

Untie the German hands from the red tape of the Versailles treaty, and they will march not to Alsace-Lorraine, but against Poland; the Hitlerites and Stahlhelms will do the fighting gladly. The spirit of revenge in Germany looks to the east. It has not been necessary for the press in this instance to alarm and inflame.

Likewise the Italian threat uttered by Mussolini in the spring of 1930 against France is not as serious as the military work in the Balkans. But it did show that 100,000 persons in the public square of Milan could be made to shout "Down with France" and approve of a war against a previous ally. They would have followed their Duce to the front that day, and will probably get a chance to do so to restore "irredenta" Dalmatia.

The Fascist party has been made into an army of conquest—the private militia of some 330,000 men is larger by some 40,000 than the king's standing army, and the new system of making

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every new member a soldier, will soon give the dictator 1,000,000 faithful followers, every man armed with a rifle, propaganda, a little of Mussolini's flaming spirit, enough hatred and enough desire to risk his life in whatever field or mountain Mussolini leads him.

In Italy the war psychology is kept in a feverish state constantly. "The country is in danger! There is an international plot against us! The whole world is jealous of our achievement under Fascism! We are being encircled by enemies! We need a place in the sun, on the sea, on the Adriatic mainland! We must expand!" The press of the entire country, more corrupt than even the press of Russia, whips up the war spirit. Mussolini in his speeches is a tame conservative in comparison. But he ignites the firebrands. Hatred of other nations is the cheapest and apparently best means of inspiring "Italianity." The schools, the universities, with perverted history books and corrupted professors, raise the young in the psychology of war. The children go marching with rifles and signs: "To whom does Nice belong? To us!" "To whom does Dalmatia belong? To us!" "To whom does Corsica belong? To us!" And to the famous song "Giovinezza" there are various verses (in various centres of Fascism), all of a bloody, warlike character:

> "Within the Italian boundaries
> The people are invigorated,
> And this was done by Mussolini,
> *For the War That Is Coming.*"

"For the war that is coming—for the war that is coming," is the echo throughout Italy.

Years before Fascism declared itself international, it gave money to Germans, sent munitions to Hungarians, made a treaty with de Rivera, armed and organized thousands of young men into the Bulgarian Blackshirts, and intrigued in all Balkan countries. The only country it left severely alone was its supposed arch-enemy, Russia.

The French have taken the lead there. Not for one day since October, 1917, has France ceased fighting Russia. It was a Frenchman, Marcel Proust's physician-father, who invented the phrase "cordon sanitaire" which sent hundreds of our boys, among others, to die in the Arctic while more Allies tried to encircle Bolshevism in Siberia and in the Crimea. To-day the French politicians still preach the cordon sanitaire because the Russians have not come across with the billions in Czarist loans due the big investing French public. They make the cordon real by arming Poland, Czechoslovakia, Roumania, by sending military missions to Lettland, Esthonia, and Finland, and by drawing up plans for future interventions.

Russia knows that these plans exist and fears that the new crusade will soon be announced by France in the name of Christianity, Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité and the old debts.

Sometimes Russia shouts about the coming war prematurely, but she realizes that the stronger she gets the more successful Bolshevism grows, the more adherents Communism makes in foreign countries, the nearer comes what she believes is inevitable war with the common enemy, which she terms "international capitalism," or "the mobilized bourgeoisie," or "the international Fascisti."

No nation in the world is therefore as mentally mobilized for war as Russia. A large part of the world hates Bolshevism, and of course a large part of Bolshevik activities everywhere is based on hatred. Hatred of everything non-Communistic is openly preached, and war preparations held the highest duty of every man and child. At present the Soviets have scared the whole country with reports that the Allies are secretly

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planning war against them because the Five-Year-Plan is succeeding. They tell the masses the Allies will attack with airplanes and gas bombs. To bring the war spirit home, they plan, by 1933, to have about 17,000,000 persons trained in some war or semi-war activity, such as gas and anti-aircraft defense. Some 2,000,000 men in addition to the regular army will have rifle drill and 5,000,000 women will get the war fever through Red Cross courses, elementary military science, and gas-warfare lessons. In the air and chemical warfare division, 6,000,000 civilians will receive instructions. It is a second Five-Year-Plan of militaristic preparation. The former raises the fodder, the second the cannon-fodder.

The Third Internationale supplements the work at home by preparing the youth of foreign lands to work for it in their own armies. I have some of the pieces of propaganda of this plot, to which I would not pay much attention if I had not seen how effective it has been in European countries, especially France.

The orders of Moscow are for all conscripts not to try to evade duty or to sabotage their military training. On the contrary, Moscow specifies that "The refusal to serve in the army is treason against your own class." The conscript is moreover warned not to pay any attention to the "seductions by pacifist slogans," but to join up willingly, be first in learning the tricks of war and take advantage of his service to "make a revolutionary propaganda within the army, to turn it against the bourgeoisie." The Moscow slogan given to conscripts is: "We enter into the bourgeoise army for the purpose of breaking it up." The young soldiers are given the usual warning that all the European nations are preparing war against the Soviets. "In which event," the conscripts are told, "you will transform the imperialist war into civil war." "Your duty," continues the order, "is to pass with your comrades to the side of the Red army—it is in the ranks of the International army of October that you will march, young working man and young peasant. You will turn your rifle against the bourgeoisie of your country and you will destroy it in a civil war."

This propaganda may sound preposterous, but it works. From the French provincial press, which is not as severely censored as the Paris press by the Quai d'Orsay officials, I have a list of some twenty mutinies and disorders in the French army and navy, every one started by young French members of the League of Communist Youth. Much propaganda has been confiscated. The military and naval prisons are frequently filled with the radical conscripts.

Despite the fact such cases are kept secret, there is also evidence of Communist intrigue in the British navy, the German army, and in one instance in the American forces abroad. This plotting by young Communists is something to be reckoned with.

III

The youth movement, born with the ideal of peace, has now become a most important factor for the coming war. I do not think its significance can be exaggerated.

When we talked of cannon-fodder in the old days we had visions of sullen conscriptions. Almost every European country had three years of military training for its young, a long period of reserve training, and when wars came these voiceless millions, willing or unwilling, were organized for the slaughter.

But now, thanks to the complete perversion of the youth movement, Europe prepares armies, conscripted men to be

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sure, but armies trained from childhood in the use of daggers, rifles, and machine-guns, and imbued with such superpatriotism and hatred of one's neighbor that it is possible to envisage battles in which there will be real joy in the killing.

In the year 1900 there were but two leagues or clubs of youth; in 1920 there were a score, and an international congress had been created. At the beginning it was under decided social-democratic-liberal auspices, its programme was pacifism at all costs, and it bankrupted almost completely in the face of a mad reality: 1914. In 1917 the new "majority" party in Russia, the Bolsheviki, formed the first Communistic youth movement, and in 1919 d'Annunzio and later Mussolini organized all the young of Italy they could inflame with speeches and articles about the rape of Fiume, economic reforms, and death to their opponents. It was not until 1922 that the black-shirted youth movement passed openly from a muddled sort of radicalism into the leadership in world reaction to Bolshevism.

Germany, Austria, Hungary, Spain, Poland, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, Finland, and all countries where Red or White or Black or Brown dictatorships succeeded or attempted to seize power, each has its youth movement; in some countries like Germany and Austria where dictatorship has not yet been established, there are several youth movements, two extremist and the remnant of the old social-democratic one, marching—rather limping—along the now-emptying "golden mean" of a middle road. The Balilla and Avanguardia in Italy and the League of Communist Youth in Russia, which are the bright achievement upon which the others model themselves, begin military training at the age of eight; they are taught the use of arms at about the age of fourteen, and before they are called to the colors they are masters of all the means of death and destruction. In addition, their minds are completely fashioned in the ideology of the masters; they are fanatics for their class or their party, they hate what they have been taught is their enemy, they are inspired for the coming war.

The real purpose behind this perversion of youth is to create a trustworthy heir to the throne of terrorism. The dictators realize they cannot exist forever. Eventually if the public will is persistent enough, there will be a change, or more likely the armed forces, without which no dictatorship could live out its first year, will prove unreliable, as in Spain, or the pressure of economic inevitability will overthrow the dictator. It is history. But each desperate man seeks immortality, for his name, for his idea (if he really has one), for his terroristic system.

Like the Church, the dictators offer youth a religion. If not of love, then one of hatred. Hate your neighbor. He is your enemy, he plots against you, he prepares war against you. Arm, make ready, the day is coming, we will conquer in the name of Saint Benito and Saint Lenin! Religion and patriotism and propaganda and hatred—that is what the youth movement is now fed upon.

Millions of Russian youths are trained in arms from childhood, they are urged to destroy other people's gods as well as their fathers'; they are taught to hate other people whose philosophy of life is not that of the orthodox Communist party member. They hate not only the aristocracy, the old monarchy, and the world's middle classes, but even the radicals who do not conform to the narrow Moscow version of Marxian socialism.

Religion of hatred and militarization are welded in Russia and Italy. It is Mus-

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solini's biggest blow to the future peace and civilization of Europe and Bolshevism's greatest success. No German kaiser ever dared such militarism. In Italy the young become braggarts and bullies; they are actually taught the nobility of violence, while the Church strives to continue its teaching of humility. But Mussolini prepares an army equal to that of France and (rare in history) one that is composed of class conscious and intelligent soldiers. In other words an army just like the Soviet's.

The Soviets took their tip from the Jesuits and Doctor Adler of Vienna and began moulding the behavior pattern of the future generation under the age of ten. They preached "death to the middle classes" in the regular army with fair results, but with the new youth they are creating a generation of militant, idealistic, passionate Communists, ready to fight the world for the Leninist religion. Since the Children's Crusades such a thing has not happened in world politics.

If, as some men of great foresight reason, the big war is not to come in the 1930's but in the 1950's, then now is the time for all good fathers and mothers to make the nation a patriotic present of a baby or two or ten. Twenty million were killed, wounded, or suffered serious sickness in the World War. Just as the decimated regiments were filled up with replacements before every battle, so the countries which want victory the next time are replacing their populations. The 1950 war is to begin in the 1930 cradles.

The Bolsheviks have made almost a *volte face* as regards birth control. In my first days in Russia, I was shown the shops and offices of the government's birth-control clinics and propaganda shops, their signs inviting any one to come in and learn the secrets. It was actually a virtue to help cut down the population. There was starvation in those days.

There is some starvation again now, but this time the birth-control situation is different. The Reds have borrowed from the Blacks. They now follow Mussolini in encouraging increased population. They too need more soldiers—more Communist soldiers from the industrial ranks in the cities. The peasant cannon-fodder is not so good. Birth-control clinics still exist, they are still legal, but they do not flourish with a trumpet, as in the old days.

In France, where birth control is illegal and where it is practised more universally than elsewhere, there is a falling population which has resulted in prosperity, universal employment, and desperation among the general staff. The need of babies for future soldiers is openly proclaimed in a campaign conducted by the Alliance Nationale.

But the most open attempt to increase births for future soldiers is that of Mussolini's. First he engaged in the Battle of the Lire to stabilize the money of Italy; then it was the Battle of the Grain to make Italy self-nourishing; and now it is the Battle of the Babies.

January 30, 1927, Mussolini declared: "We are obliged to fight with our soil, too narrow for our overpopulation, for the smallest grain of a nutritive substance. Despite all scientific efforts, Italy is not able to nourish her people. We must expand or burst. I do not feel myself authorized to believe in the humanitarian idealism of the pacifists."

In November, 1930, Mussolini declared that the country soon would not be able to hold its population; there was an increase in the birth-rate which had overcome the decrease of 1929; the country was passing the 42,000,000 mark; the rate of increase for 1930 would exceed 500,000; in 1950 the population would reach 50,000,000.

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In other words Mussolini is winning the Battle of the Babies. (He himself gave the country a noble example, and when a new son was born to Signora Rachele he said proudly, "Not a new son, but the first of a new series," and proved it a year later.) To the surplus 5,000,000 there is an addition of half a million a year in Italy. Moreover, the Fascisti have restricted emigration. No one is allowed to leave the country. Starvation may face the land, but its men must stay at home and produce more future soldiers.

The reason for this is simple. Mussolini knows the law that a growing population imposes itself. Births are encouraged, emigration is forbidden, the population is being compressed—for one purpose. Mussolini has told the truth. Italy, under these circumstances, must expand or burst. The compression is for the purpose of hastening the explosion. Another word for that is war.

IV

The underlying cause of the World War, says Lord Grey in his memoirs, is the race for armaments which terminated in the tragedy of 1914.

The budgets of the European nations show clearly that not only is there an armament race at present, but that it exceeds anything in the past. In the last report to the Secretary of War the retiring chief of staff of the United States army, General Summerall, says:

"The past decade has seen no reduction in the mobilization forces of foreign nations in trained troops; the number of men under arms throughout the world is greater than at any previous epoch in the peace-time history of mankind."

A reliable estimate has 5,500,000 active soldiers in Europe.

Of the naval armament race between France and Italy, the naval expert of the London *Daily Telegraph* says:

> A survey of current work shows that France now has well over 50 warships under construction, including 4 cruisers. . . . The Italian statistics are even more impressive. There are now . . . no fewer than 10 cruisers, aggregating 71,500 tons, and nearly 1,000,000 horsepower. Fourteen destroyers and 20 submarines are also in hand.
>
> In all, therefore, Italy has building and projected, 73 ships of war, with a total displacement of approximately 160,000 tons. This runs the French programme very close. The figures leave no doubt as to Italy's determination to implement her claim to absolute equality of naval power in the Mediterranean.

Of military preparation under the Russian Five-Year-Plan my Berlin colleague, H. R. Knickerbocker, writes from Cheliabinsk that Lenin's proposal to move Moscow to the Urals in time of danger would mean, to-morrow, "retirement to the stronghold of a military industrial complex capable of supplying an army of millions with all the munitions of war from the raw ore to the finished steel, the tanks and guns and chemicals of the future conflict."

The formation of the great European Steel Kartel on September 30, 1926, and its disintegration in 1930 have important relations to the coming war. In 1926 the kartel was made an instrument of peace. It did more to bring France and Germany together than any diplomatic agreement. According to Arnold Rechberg, a German industrialist, the steel agreement resulted in the revision of the Dawes Plan. He claimed the kartel aimed to control the policies of its contributary nations. "The kartel," he told me, "controls the one thing upon which wars depend, the 'forges d'armes,' 'der waffenschmied,' or as you say in English, the armorer. Peace or war in Europe now depends on these new big industrialists. At present their policy is peace."

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In 1930 the kartel could not hold its members to complete co-operation, and the individual armorers are again working very busily making powder on government orders.

In gas warfare an interesting experiment in physical and psychological preparation has been carried out by Britain in London, France in Lyons, Italy in Milan, Russia in Moscow, and Germany in Kaiserslautern. The governments either employed the newest inventions in killing gases or simulated the attacks, while the civilian populations were told either to act the victims, or to protect themselves with materials supplied by the war departments. It can be recorded that both physically and psychologically the manœuvres have been successful in all five countries. Much has been done to prepare the civilian populations for the unprecedented slaughter and agony which will accompany the future gas attacks.

The result in five countries has led General von Deimling, one of the very few big German officers who has ever turned pacifist, to reach the conclusion that defense is inadequate, that the civilians will be in great danger; that gas, explosive, and incendiary bombs will slaughter and disable masses, and that no issuing of masks by the millions will help because it is almost impossible to drill whole populations in their use and because children and infants will not be able to wear them. The horror will be indescribable. But the preparation of civilians for this ordeal continues without their protest.

V

In our daily ration of German propaganda at the front frequently a little silk parachute brought us a handful of printed matter which made us laugh. "Americans!" said the German staff to our soldiers, "what are you fighting for? To protect the international loans." We laughed and grew angry at the stupid enemy. We thought we knew what we were fighting for.

In ten years I have heard many intelligent Germans argue that had the Fatherland taken several billions in American loans in 1914, America would not have taken sides in 1917.

Now comes the Yale University Press, which publishes for the Council on Foreign Relations a scholarly and trustworthy volume, "Europe, the World Banker, 1870–1914," by Herbert Feis, which proves unquestionably that the World War was largely the result of the international finance and intrigue which accompanied it, in France, Germany, England, and Russia.

Britain and France played a tremendous political game with their foreign loans of $20,000,000,000 and $9,000,000,000, respectively, and Germany with a smaller amount also used it in the making and breaking of the balance of power on the Continent and elsewhere. France invested mostly in Russia, and Russian diplomats in Paris helped dictate foreign policies for peace and war. All the intrigue of the Berlin-Baghdad railroad, the Afghanistan affairs which threatened England in India, the exploitation of Morocco and Turkey and China, and many Balkan adventures, and all the resultant bloodshed between 1870 and 1914, are connected with the rivalry of the foreign loan interests and their supporting governments.

Nor is there any reason to doubt that there is a similar financial preparation for the impending wars. The Germans claim that France, having accumulated the second largest gold reserve in the world, making her the only European nation in a position to do large international financing, is adding the power of money to the power of arms. France, say the Germans, is using loans to ex-

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pand her political schemes of European domination. Any one can see French finance at work building up the walls against Russia and Germany, walls of gold pieces as well as cannon and treaties. France may claim they are for defense, for the preservation of status quo, for peace, and she may sincerely believe all this, but it will be hard to reconcile such statements with the proof that the armament race was the cause of the Great War and the proof that the intrigue of international loans is a cause in all modern wars.

France is spending 27 per cent of her budget in war preparation, and her satellite, Poland, 29 per cent. The Soviets in 1929 had a military budget of $459,000,000 and Italy $241,771,850, but this does not include the Fascist army, which costs, according to one estimate, a billion lire, or $50,000,000, more.

In 1926, according to official figures from Geneva, $3,180,000,000 was spent for armaments by the United States, Britain, France, Japan, Italy, Russia, and Spain, as compared to $2,430,000,000 in the fiscal year before the 1914 war. And Director Shotwell of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, division of economics and history, estimates that the whole world, this fiscal year, is spending between $4,000,000,000 and $5,000,000,000 in preparing for the next wars, an amount that does not include paying for past wars or industrial warfare mobilization, or war pensions. If paying for the past is included, the British 1929 budget, for example, becomes 70 per cent for old and new wars, and a similar percentage is probably correct for many other countries.

VI

It is apparent that the past wars and the present armament race are gradually eating up the financial resources of the world. The figures are overwhelming. And from that very fact springs one of the important movements for world peace.

Italy is near her financial end. When Mussolini in a recent speech admitted that "the situation has grown considerably worse" he fooled no one but the whole Italian people when he blamed that on the American crisis. Every banker and every honest journalist knew that from 1925 on, the Fascisti were playing a commedia dell' arte with their budgets, that billions of lire had been wasted in militarism and graft, that the British had consistently and prudently refused to lend a single penny to Fascism, and that the American financiers became scared and stopped their loans a long time before November, 1929.

Italy is desperate. Her last appeal is to France. But how can Fascism ask for a loan from France and continue the war threats in Tunis, the Riviera, Corsica, and the Mediterranean? Can she take France's money and use it to attack France's Balkan ally, Yugoslavia? Not unless the French have forgotten the lessons of the 1870–1914 policy of combining political intrigue with financial exploitation, and everything that has happened since the Armistice shows that France has improved upon, not forgotten, the lessons.

In Germany, while the Hitlerites are yelling war and smashing liberal newspapers, the bankers are talking a moratorium under the Young Plan.

Russia may fight the world by dumping grain or intriguing in armies, but financially she is weak, and whatever strength she has goes into the Five-Year-Plan.

Roumania reports a serious agricultural and financial crisis.

Unemployment has reached an unprecedented census in Europe.

Times are bad everywhere.

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France and America alone are capable of making the new loans, and if it is true that money makes the war-horses go, all depends on these two countries.

VII

The alignment for war or peace includes persons and ideas, concrete facts (and trenches), and vague movements. On the side of war we have: psychological preparation almost complete; the greatest armament race in history; vast financial intrigues; two "cordons sanitaires" built for war; preparation of the young generation for war; dictators, especially the Red and Black, whose existence depends to an extent on war threats; the evils of Versailles; the failure of international movements; the upsetting of the new status quo by the Revisionists; and many minor elements. The cannon-fodder is ripe and the cannon is ready.

On the side of peace I find, with the exception of the potential power of money, very little to write about. Naturally one thinks first of the League of Nations. At least Americans and Englishmen do. But political idealism among the big Powers exists only for these two peoples. A Frenchman can write:

> It is true that the Society of Nations is nothing but a body without a soul and that all the proposed texts of Geneva to organize security by arbitration fall into a vacuum.
>
> No one has illusions about Locarno, that vaunted chef-d'œuvre of M. Briand. We need not mention the Kellogg pact. No one, not even in America, has ever taken it seriously.

This may be too strong, but it is the realist opinion.

On the side of the idealists, there is H. G. Wells with his plan of "cosmopolitanism" to supplant bankrupted internationalism. There is a big business man, Edward N. Hurley, who proposes to bring all the vital industries of a nation to a standstill the moment war breaks out. Ex-Ambassador Houghton proposes that people vote on war. There is Coudenhove-Kalergi with his plan of a Pan-Europa which Briand has appropriated. There is the Pope in Rome who, according to reports in 1928, was about to issue an encyclical against reactionism in Europe. We were then told the Pope would speak for Democracy, Liberalism, Social Humanitarianism, and Pacifism; it would be as direct an attack on Fascism as Bolshevism. But in 1928, for reasons which probably traced back to the Chigi Palace, this encyclical was postponed. The Reverend Daniel A. Poling, president of the International Society of Christian Endeavor, returning from the congress in Berlin, believes that "the youth of Europe want peace. That meeting . . . clearly demonstrated that international peace and accord are possible," and Sir Philip Gibbs also looks to youth to produce that miracle, peace. Berne announces that the World Conference for International Peace will convene in Washington in 1932 with "eleven major religions" represented. For every column of war news in the papers nowadays one can find a "stick" of peace reports similar to the above.

But every scheme for peace is dubbed "fantastic" by the realists, who even now cannot see that there has never been anything more fantastic in history than the great World War.

The organization for war to-day is stupendous, progressive, apparent; the organization for peace, where it exists at all, is feeble, haphazard—it seems to have suffered from its very beginning from a sense of futility and tragic despair.

The most decisive factor for war or peace may still be the American dollar. The dollar is pure realism. The adjective, however, remains idealistic despite

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all that has happened from 1914 to the Armistice and the twelve disillusionist years which have followed.

Our foreign loans have been estimated at more than $15,000,000,000. Doctor George W. Edwards, economist, says the $7,000,000,000 invested from 1923 to 1928 gives that total; Doctor Max Winkler figures $14,500,000,000 to the end of 1927; John F. Dulles, banker, secretary of the Hague Peace Conference, gives $11,000,000,000 as the total to March, 1928; Marcel Pays, in the Paris *Excelsior,* figures $2,000,000,000 additional in 1928 and $1,000,000,000 in 1929; James Speyer told the Foreign Policy Association of New York that he expected many more billions' increase shortly, and Morris Hillquit followed with the statement that within the next ten years the total will be $50,000,000,000.

Of the other big banker, France—few will want to take the risk of accusing her of idealism. At this very moment she is playing one of the greatest *real politik* financial games in the world, dangling her billions before England and Italy and decidedly influencing the whole turn of European affairs by her money deals with these nations.

Up to now there has been nothing but opportunism, sometimes recklessness, in the issuing of the $15,000,000,000 and more of American international loans. We have consistently refused loans to Russia, partly because we have no treaty with the Bolsheviki, partly because we disapproved of terrorism. We have, according to ex-Premier Nitti, sunk $600,000,000 in Italy (the Fascist embassy in Washington somehow figures it at $349,463,100, but I have seen a list of a larger amount), a great part of which has been wasted (notably in Milan) in graft, the upkeep of the dictatorship, and vast military preparations. We have handed out billions in Europe which have been used to prepare the coming wars.

When I discussed the Russian situation with Mr. Hughes, then Secretary of State, he insisted that moral reasons alone directed the American policy toward the Soviets of no recognition and no loans. But toward the terroristic régimes in other lands the State Department has remained silent. Nations which are virtually bankrupt have taken American money for building up their war machines, but no one in Washington has shown concern, nor has the press taken much interest. Certainly the American public has not been aroused.

Many American billions have now been converted into warships and cannon, but may we not hope that moral reasons will influence our financial relations with dictatorships and other dangerous nations in the distribution of the predicted $35,000,000,000. In the next ten years this money can be turned into a force for peace, to undo the work of the past decade, which has almost completely prepared the men and machinery for war. American idealism in the past has been perverted by propaganda, tricked by weak leaders, sent roaring patriotically into a horrible adventure from which it took a long time to recover. But it survives. It puts its hopes in human nature, in a League of Nations, in peace pacts, in many idealistic things, while it holds in its hands the future dollars which can be made a greater assurance for peace than all the treaties and conferences and encyclicals and boy scout congresses and the plans of practical European politicians. The latter are still directing their loans with military foresight. America alone can beat them at this game.

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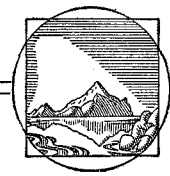

Cracker Chidlings

By MARJORIE KINNAN RAWLINGS

Real Tales from the Florida Interior

HERE, in the uncivilized Cracker interior of Florida, you insult a man in half-friendly fashion by calling him a damned Georgia Cracker. Nine times out of ten you have hit the mark. Georgia Crackerdom, joined by a thin stream of Carolinians and a still thinner one of Virginians, has flowed lazily into the heart of this State, back in the scrub, in the hammock, along the lakes and rivers, and created Florida Crackerdom.

Georgia Cracker and Florida Cracker have a common ancestor in the vanished driver of oxen, who cracked yards of rawhide whip over his beasts and so came by his name. One hates the other as mothers and daughters sometimes hate. I saw the hate flicker into words at the doings at Anthony.

SQUIRREL EYES

WORD came that Fatty Blake, snuff and tobacco salesman and Anthony's richest citizen—wealth in Anthony, as elsewhere, is relative—was having a big doin's on a certain Thursday night. The world, it appeared, was invited. Finally Fatty himself drew up in front of Adams's store to verify the advance story. Fatty was inviting two counties to his doin's, and all was free. Squirrel pilau and Brunswick stew. Fatty couldn't likker you, as he would like to do, but if you brought your own 'shine and were quiet about it, why, he'd meet you at the gate for a drink, and God bless you.

"I got boys in the woods from can't to can't," Fatty said (from can't-see to can't-see, or "from dawn to dark"), "gettin' me squirrels for that pur-loo. I got me a nigger comin' to stir that pot o' rice all day long. And my wife, God bless her, is walkin' the county, gettin' what she needs for Brunswick stew, the kind her mammy made ahead o' her in Brunswick, Georgia."

Cars and wagons and lone horses and mules began coming in to Anthony long before dark. They brought women in home-made silks and in faded ginghams, men in mail-order store clothes with high stiff collars, and men in the blue pin-checks of the day's work. Children screamed and sprawled all over the swept sand about Fatty's two-story house.

Up and down the forty-foot pine-board table bustled the wives of Anthony, each of whom had brought her contribution, as to a church supper, of potato salad made by stirring cut onion and hard-boiled egg into cold mashed potatoes, of soda biscuits and pepper relish, of pound cake and home-canned blueberry pie. Back of the house a nigger stirred rice in a forty-gallon wash-

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pot with a paddle as big as an oar. It grew dark and the crowd was hungry. It had not eaten since its high-noon dinner of white bacon, grits, and cornbread.

At seven o'clock Mrs. Jim Butler played three solo hymns on the Blakes' parlor organ, moved out to the front porch for the occasion. Then she lifted her shrill soprano voice in the opening chords of "I know salvation's free," and the crowd joined in with quavering pleasure.

At seven-thirty the Methodist preacher rose to his feet beside the organ. He lauded Fatty Blake as a Christian citizen. He prayed. Here and there a devout old woman cried "Amen!" to taper off his prayer. And then the parson asked that any one so minded contribute his mite to help Brother Blake defray the expense of this great free feast.

"Will Brother Buxton pass the hat?"

Habit was too strong. The parson could not see a multitude gathered together in the name of the Lord or in the name of victuals without giving them a Christian shake-down.

The hat was passed, and as the pennies and nickels clinked into it, Fatty Blake made his address of welcome.

"I've done brought all you folks together," he shouted, "in the name of brotherly love. I want to tell you, all at one great free table, to love one another.

"Don't just stick to your own church," he pleaded. "If you're a Baptist, go to the Methodist church when the Methodists have Preaching Sunday. If you're a Methodist, go help the Baptists when their preacher comes to town.

"Now I want to tell you this meal is free and I had no idea of getting my money back, but as long as our good parson here has mentioned it, I'll say just do what your pocket and your feelings tell you to, and if you feel you want to do your share in this big community feed, why, God bless you.

"Now, folks, we've all enjoyed the entertainment, and I know you're going to enjoy the victuals just as much. There's all you can eat, and eat your fill. Don't hold back for nobody. Get your share of everything. I've had a nigger stirring the pur-loo since sun-up, and it smells the best of any pur-loo I ever smelt. It's got forty squirrels in it, folks, forty squirrels and a big fat hen. And my wife herself done made that Brunswick stew, just like she learned it at her mother's knee in Brunswick, Georgia. Now go to it, folks, but don't rush!"

The crowd packed tight about the table, weaving and milling, two or three hundred hungry Crackers. The pilau and stew were passed around in paper dishes.

The passing hat reached a lean, venerable Cracker just as he had completed a tour of exploration through his pilau.

"No!" he shrilled, with the lustiness of an old man with a grievance.

"No, I ain't goin' to give him nothin'! This here was advertised as a free meal and 'tain't nothin' but a dogged Georgia prayer-meetin'. Get a man here on promises and then go to pickin' his pocket. This food ain't fitten to eat, dogged Georgia rations, Brunswick stew and all. And he's done cooked the squirrel heads in the pur-loo, and that suits a damned Georgia Cracker but it don't suit me.

"I was born and raised in Floridy, and I'm pertickler. I don't want no squirrel eyes lookin' at me out o' my rations!"

EVEN A SNAKE

Clem Paxon set off with the Bickley boys one cold night to hunt deer in the scrub. He was only started on his way when he discovered that he had pocketed the wrong box of shells. He and Lige

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Bickley turned around and went back. When they walked in the door of his one-room cabin, at once he identified the form in the bed as that of his friend Abner Twill. Clem's wife looked up stupidly from where she stirred a low fire on the hearth.

"Damn you, Abner, you ole low-down dog!" roared Clem.

Abner sat up in bed and smoothed the coverlet about him.

"Clem, I'm plumb ashamed o' you," he expostulated, "goin' off a cold night like this'n and not leavin' no wood cut fer yer pore wife here. What do I find when I comes in? Her scrapin' together a few bits o' fat-wood to git herself a leetle ole puny fire agoin'——"

"Damn you, Abner, you pole-cat, git out o' thet bed if you ain't too rabbity to fight——"

"Clem, you was learned to treat women-folks better. Now when I was married to my pore wife what's now in her grave, a corpse, I wouldn't no more o' gone off a cold night like this 'n and not cut no wood fer her than I'd spit in my mammy's face. Soon's I got warm, I was fixin' to git right out in the cold and split some wood fer this pore woman——"

"Damn you, Abner, you allus could talk yerself out o' ary hole, but you ain't in no cooter hole now——"

"Now shame to you, Clem——"

"Shut up!" groaned Clem wearily. "You ole snake, you."

"Now, Clem," Abner protested mildly, settling back under the covers, "even a snake likes to git hisself warm."

A 'SHINER'S WIFE

'Shiner Tim agreed as casually to show us his still as though it were a potato-patch. Except for one slow appraising flicker of his drooping eyelids, he did not inquire whether, aside from having long been patrons of his art, we might prove friend or enemy. He scarcely cared. As a mere common-sense precaution, he would move the still the next day.

He had served a term at paying off the sheriff, handing over his ten dollars a week, for the still was large, to the deputy who clattered up to his cabin door every Monday morning on a motorcycle. He soon found that the pay-off was no protection against the Federal men, who swooped down like chicken-hawks and picked at random from the sheriff's list. He outlawed himself deliberately, trusting to a tri-weekly moving of his apparatus to evade the government agents. Acres of swamp, of branch-fed hammock, of the deep marsh the Cracker calls a prairie, gave him a choice of impenetrable covers. The day of our call, the still lay in the heart of scrub palmetto on a fragmentary island deep in the cypress swamp. The next day it was half a mile removed, its exact location known only to Tim and his wife.

His protection against the sheriff and his deputies is only his readiness to use his shotgun at first sight of them. They respect the fact. He has killed and will kill again. He has the eye of the killer, dispassionate, disinterested, the eyelids heavy as a snake's. He has a trick of swaying his head from side to side, like a moccasin weaving. He drinks his own raw liquor by the cupful, like water. He is never entirely sober but certainly never entirely drunk.

His wife never touches their product, but brews her own pot of tea or chicory. She was apologetic as she refused the white-hot rum Tim had recently run off from a barrel of cane skimmings. She was "proud to have company." She didn't get to see much of women-folks. She listened raptly to my every word. The scantiest news of a larger world moved her to an impersonal wonder.

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She was friendly in the manner of a dog or child, her eyes bright with her interest. She had a gentle face, freckled like a little girl's. She wore black cotton stockings, neat cheap shoes, and a fresh starched blue gingham dress. She was possessed of an utter quiet of soul.

When Tim said to me, "You can stay on with me. This ain't my wife. It's just a woman been hangin' around," she laughed as good-humoredly as the rest of us.

For the fifteen years that Tim has been making corn liquor, she has been an active partner. She is as clean as clover. She keeps all his vessels and pails immaculate, and moves about the great still, white cloths in hand, with an honest domesticity.

"You can be nasty with whiskey makin', same as anything else," she explained.

She works every run with Tim, and goes with him to make deliveries in a ragged flivver.

"I don't fret none about the worrisome part of the business," she said, "but 'tis better for Tim, do I have him carry me with him. A car with a woman ain't so noticeable-like."

I thanked her for her courtesies.

"I had never seen a still," I explained. "Never anything but a picture."

She nodded understandingly.

"A picture's a false mess," she agreed. " 'Tain't real."

We spoke of the practical inaccessibility of the still-sites in Tim's swamp. The swamp is too full of cypress knees to be traversed by boat or raft. Tim and his wife reach some portions by careful wading in hip-boots.

"You don't need to fear being caught in that stretch of swamp," one of the men said. "Nobody but Christ would try to walk it."

She chuckled pleasantly at the thought.

"I reckon Christ don't pay no attention to us mean rascals," she said.

GEORGIA MONEY

SAM WHITMAN, whose daddy's daddy killed bear and panther on the Ocklawaha, hates a Georgian worse than most Florida Crackers, because he married one.

Sam lived a happy, drunken life until he took the lean spinster, in an outburst of respectability, from her comfortable farm home in the Georgia hills. He 'shined for a living until she caught him at it. He trapped and seined on Lake Lochloosa until an unfriendly game-warden destroyed his traps and seine and had him fined.

With the last of his fishing-money, under the lash of his wife's tongue, he set up at the crossroads in the restaurant business, which the woman, with good Georgia thrift, made almost to pay. Then Sam discovered that in spite of the persecution of the Georgia spouse, life was very simple. For when the till of the little café was full, Sam scooped the contents into his pocket and went on a grand drunk.

The most eagle surveillance of the woman could not keep the profits from him. At last the business was ruined. He had bought supplies on credit and drunk the proceeds until his shelves were bare and his customers gone. His creditors came and nailed the door tight shut.

His wife reviled him. He pitched her garments, her pots and pans and her bed, outside the door. She departed wailing to her Georgia home. Three months later she came back and took up the wrangling thread again. The philosophers of Adams's store, clustered about Sam on the sandy steps, inquired of him what he intended to do, now that a wife's support was again incumbent on him.

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"That's her worry," he informed them. "It don't worry me. Her folks sent me a message. Her daddy wants I should start up the restaurant again. He sent her to tell me he'll pay off all my debts and stock me up again, if'n I'll leave the till alone."

"What'd you say, Sam?"

"Say? Why, dogged if I'll let him do it. I didn't miss gettin' her told. It's this-a-way," and he leaned over to pound the steps of the store with his fist.

"I won't be no party to bringin' Georgia money into this State!"

THE JEST

WHEN a new youth comes to the hamlet, the adolescent male population plays "the joke" on him. As visitors are rare, and new residents almost unheard of, the jest is staged not more than once or twice a year, and has never lost its tang for the local palate. In many seasons of use, the details have not varied. The female population is supposed to know nothing about it, but a thing as splendid as a town's jest cannot be kept entirely quiet. The word goes around from the women quilting at Aunt Mag's, or meeting on church business.

"Miney and the boys 's playin' the joke to-night——"

I had the liveliest version from behind the withered cupped hand of a respectable elderly Baptist.

For two years Miney Whitman has acted as stage-manager. Miney is lank and sallow from twenty-one years of fat meat and cornbread, with the prestige on him of having once been to Jacksonville and come mighty close to joining up with the Navy.

Miney ingratiates himself with the stranger. He treats him to a Coca-Cola at the filling station at the crossroads, and sometimes to a snort of Dad Chance's 'shine. He draws him back of old man Adams's store with furtive looks, lights a Camel for him, and winks slowly, profoundly.

Miney says: "I'm studyin' to do somepun for you, somepun I got in mind ——"

Miney's manner is calculated to accelerate the stranger's pulse. They puff their Camels almost through before he speaks again.

"How 'bout me gittin' you a woman?"

"Women," as implied by Miney, may be new or old to the stranger, or an untold story. In any case, he says cautiously, "Well, I dunno——"

Miney lights a fresh round of cigarettes and goes to work as a creative artist. It isn't every one who could put it over as slick as Miney. He paints a picture of a ravishingly beautiful bad girl who lives back off Crackerneck Road, whose charms and acquiescent nature are not generally known. He saw her in the store that morning, it seems, and saw her glance out at the stranger with every sign of interest. Miney has to go out past her house that very evening, about three o'clock, and if the coast is clear, he'll fix it. It is only a favor to the stranger. Miney himself, he says, is mixed up with a girl near Campville.

The stranger either acquiesces at once, with a pleased, shifty expression, or goes on smoking, scuffling the sand with the toe of his shoe, saying nothing. In the former case, Miney's Thespian antics need now be only perfunctory. In the latter, he suddenly slaps the stranger on the shoulder, says briskly, "All right, I'll go see can I fix it," and unless, as happened once, the stranger rips his shirt half off, stopping him, and "plumb refuses," Miney is off like a martin to a gourd.

Miney calls for the stranger when it is "good dark" and hustles him out Crack-

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erneck Road in his old rattletrap flivver. Any qualms the victim may have developed are whisked out of him with his breath. The girl is waiting and eager, but they must hurry, for she will only be alone until ten o'clock. Miney's flivver bounds through the scrub, over palmetto roots, past whipping wild grapevines. It swoops under the moss from a live oak tree into the clearing about the old Marshall house, where now a dim light in the doorway pricks the tropical darkness.

"I'll stop back for you just before ten," Miney whispers, and dropping his passenger in the clearing, ten yards from the door, roars off into the night.

If the stranger is approaching the assignation with a bold, glad heart, he is the more unprepared for the subsequent events. If he is timorous, the shock comes like a bolt of lightning added to the thunders of his uncertainties.

The door swings partly open. A slim figure in a scanty dress lifts a naked, beckoning arm. The scarlet paint on the lips and cheeks, the painted shadows around the big eyes, give a first impression of startling female beauty. This is little Bill Morrison, who vanishes then out of the flickering kerosene light into the dim recesses of the house, still beckoning.

The stranger steps across the threshold.

Out of the dark there now falls on the visitor the mighty voice of big Tom Turner, roaring curses like the beat of angry surf, on the dogs that try to get to his daughter. Tom leaps into visibility at the same moment, a gray beard waving from his jaw. He lifts a repeating-rifle to his shoulder and lets loose with blank shells.

The stranger, realizing only that he is as yet miraculously unhit, runs as he will never run again. He runs until he is exhausted, or trips and sprawls in the dense palmetto scrub, or becomes conscious that he doesn't know the way out, and that he might wander the rest of his life without finding the road.

At this point in his discomfiture, he whistles softly in the night, or calls helplessly:

"Hey! Miney! Hey! Oh, Miney! Hey!"

The scrub comes to life. From hundreds of yards around emerge male youths, slapping their thighs and laughing like hell.

THE PREACHER HAS HIS FUN

Gus Teeter and Harry Barnes and a handful more have given their town a bad name. The Methodist preacher on the Hawthorn circuit was warned against it.

"You're going to a town full of niggers," he was told.

Indeed? He had not been informed of that.

"Yes—but you'll find they have white skins."

He never recovered from the initial prejudice. Being a philosopher, he did not seek blind solace in the comfort of the plainly good nor of the hypocrites. Nor did he make more attempt than his first revival week to reach the plainly bad. He simply gave up the whole town as a bad job.

He was never malicious about it. This, too, would pass away. But in the short period of his priesthood he managed to have his fun. The town has forgiven him all but two of his jokes—the first one and the last.

One Sunday night, the pre-sermon hymn sung, he rustled his notes, adjusted his glasses, looked about over the scattered congregation.

"What time is it?" he asked in a conversational tone.

There was a sliding of feet and a fumbled reaching into Sunday pants and

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vests. Old man Benson got his slick dollar Ingersoll out first.

"It's a quarter to eight, parson," he quavered.

"I got only seven-thirty, parson," Dick Crosby called from a rear pew. He flashed his silver mail-order watch. "I'll guarantee my time's right."

The minister of the Gospel smiled sardonically.

"I have the answer," he said. "It's time to seek God."

A few months later when he announced that he was leaving the circuit for work as a chaplain, they felt uneasily that maybe they hadn't supported him properly. He had always preached a fine sermon, they remembered, and contributions had been small. His final sermon was brief.

"This is my farewell to you," he said solemnly, "my last words to your town. I have only this to say: 'I go to prepare a place for you. Where I am, there ye may be also.' "

The women cried openly and every one gave profound thought to the hereafter.

As he left town, he also left the news that his destination was Raiford, the State penitentiary.

GRAMPA HICKS

Grampa Hicks lives in a ten-by-twelve palmetto-log shack on the edge of Cross Creek. His brown old face is beardless, and the cracks in his chin wear the rich patina of tobacco-juice. He wears one blue mail-order shirt, "Chieftain" brand —loyalty forbids his buying the cheaper "Big Yank"—and one pair of blue pin-check pants, until they drop from his unlaundered body. He lives, sleeps, and fishes in them.

He is also loyal to "Three Thistles" snuff. "Railroad" is only fitten for niggers and "Buttercup" for women.

He exists by the illegal trapping of fish in Lakes Orange and Lochloosa and by renting other Crackers' rowboats, without permission, to fishermen from Jacksonville. If a customer's outboard motor lacks gas, he shuffles mysteriously to the other side of the narrow bridge across the creek, where lie beached other boats and motors, and returns with fuel. If a stranger to these parts needs liquor, so that, when the fish don't bite, he can spit on his hook, cuss and take a drink, to get them started, Grampa is gone into the underbrush beyond his shack, through the palmetto scrub, under the moss hanging from the live oaks; returning with a catsup bottle of 'shine made from cane skimmings. If catfish are scarce on his own lines, he runs the other fellow's.

Man's law is one thing, God's another.

Last Sunday morning we asked Grampa to go fishing with us. He knew where the bream and perch were biting, and we had had no luck for weeks. He spat.

"I don't fish on Sundays," he said haughtily. "I wa'n't raised up that-a-way."

THE SILVER RIVER

The Silver River is as beautiful as its name. Dreamlike, it has an invisible source, rising from underground caverns to form Silver Springs, then flowing off into the sparsely populated Cracker hinterland east of Ocala. Like most lovely things, it has caused much squabbling among men.

Thirty years ago, a too foresighted old Cracker named Sylvester Hopkins finished buying from poorer Crackers the last strip of land lying along the river's lovelier banks. He promptly died, leaving a widow already gaunt from the years of privation during which Syl annexed river lands. She had buried her five children, always puny from mal-

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nutrition. She starved it out a few years more, when God sent, or so she said at first, Colonel Buxton.

Colonel Buxton was a Kentucky gentleman with money made in Burley-tobacco manipulations. He "bought" her river holdings of the Widow Hopkins, along with rights to Silver Springs, and set about the development of the territory. Two miles beyond the Springs, in still virgin country, there stand to-day the ruins of the pretentious cypress and palmetto-log lodge the Colonel built on the river for his delight. The butler's pantry is the largest of the rooms, since the serving of venison, quail, squirrel, wild turkey, doves and river fish, and especially the serving of drinks, was the *raison d'être* for the establishment.

There is scant reason to believe the Colonel saw the mystic beauty of the diamond-clear, palm-bordered river with anything save a commercial eye. The river landing, below the lodge, is at a bend in the stream. The bank of this bend is carpeted with mint. Cracker legend has it that the Colonel and his friends sat on the landing, waiting for the flat-bottomed river-boat that brought mail and supplies by way of the Ocklawaha River. These comfortable and contented gentlemen sat waiting, sipping mint juleps, and it is believed that the sprigs of mint dropped from their ice-frosted glasses took root on the cool, sandy river-bank.

The Colonel "paid" the Widow Hopkins with worthless certificates in a Silver River Development Company. She lived thenceforth gaunter than ever, and died, on the grudging bounty of a relative who had always sneered at Syl's schemes. The Colonel must have sold many of the same certificates to presumably more alert persons. He departed these regions with pockets well filled. The years passed with nothing heard of him, while the chicken-snakes crawled in and out of the lodge's eaves and the mud-daubers spotted the rafters.

A few years ago one Judge Atkinson, who had risen from a shrewd Cracker-youth to county-wide prominence, resumed the developing activity on the Silver River adjacent to the Springs. Colonel Buxton had been careless about proving title. The Judge had studied law by a fat-wood fire to good purpose. And behold, out of the past arose the prosperous spectre of the Colonel informing the Judge by telegram that he understood the latter was attempting to steal the Silver River from him.

The Judge wrote out his answer in his own laborious hand. A copy of the letter is in his office files to-day.

"Colonel Buxton, dear Sir. I have already stole the Silver River. There is just one difference between you and me. You stole it from a poor widow woman and I stole it from a Goddam rascal."

Mrs. Rawlings has tapped a rich vein of narrative. Her entry in the $5,000 Prize Contest, which is a story of a young man and woman of this region, will appear in an early number. Note the announcement of a new prize contest in this number, a contest for the best narratives of personal experience or observation.

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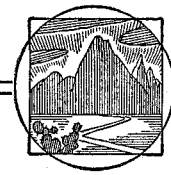

The Brown Decades

By LEWIS MUMFORD

The years between 1865 and 1893, flashy and sordid as they were on the surface, contained the germ of renaissance. Mr. Mumford, in this article, the first of several, paints in the high lights of this almost neglected period and suggests how all the germinal activity connects with the fresh and significant work of our own day.

THE commonest axiom of history is that every generation revolts against its fathers and makes friends with its grandfathers. This reason alone might perhaps account for the fact that the generation which flourished after the Civil War now has a claim upon our interest. In the modern paintings of Burchfield and Hopper, the most awkward buildings of The Awkward Age come to us with a certain sentimental charm: those mansard roofs, those tall, ill-proportioned windows, those dingy façades which concealed the contorted walnut furniture and the ever-dusty carpets no longer afflict us like an inappropriate joke told too frequently by a tiresome uncle.

Beneath the foreign decorations of the seventies and eighties we have become conscious of a life not unlike our own. Like our grandfathers, we face the aftermath of a war which has undermined Western Civilization as completely as the Civil War undermined the older institutions of our country; the dilemmas, the hopes, the mistakes of the earlier period are so near to our own that, for the first time, we begin to see its achievements clearly, too. But we need a fresh name for this period, if we are to see it freshly. Let us call it the Brown Decades. If the title is vague, it is, as I shall show, not inappropriate.

II

There are occasional years when, after spring has leafed and blossomed, a long series of storms and rains destroys one's sense of the summer. Suddenly one raises one's eyes to the trees and discovers that autumn is already here: the leaves are sere, the goldenrod stands brown and threadbare in the fields, the branches of the maples are stripped, and only the red berries of the black alder, or the dull persistent green of the buttonwoods or poplars reminds one of the summer that never came.

There was such a violent stormy summer, and such a sudden push of autumn, in the period of American history that began with the Civil War. The long winter of the seventeenth century, a sturdy battle with the elements, had given way to the slow spring of the eighteenth; it was then that the ground was plowed and the country made ready for a new political system and a new relationship to the institutions and customs of the past. Then, in the few warm weeks that elapsed between 1830 and 1860, there had come a quick leafing and efflorescence: in the literary works of

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Emerson, Whitman, Thoreau, Melville, Hawthorne, new modes of thought and a fresh sense of the human adventure became apparent; and if there were few early fruits, the flowers were delectable, their promise abundant. The Civil War shook down the blossoms and blasted the promise of spring. The colors of American civilization abruptly changed. By the time the war was over brown had spread everywhere: mediocre drabs, dingy chocolate browns, sooty browns that merged into black. Autumn had come.

The people who had fought through the Civil War were chiefly conscious of the political issues that were decided, or temporarily silenced, by the conflict; our recent histories have shown in detail all the industrial and financial transformations that were either brought on or hastened by the war: the growth of steel mills, the mechanization of agriculture, the substitution of petroleum for whale oil, and the concentration of great fortunes, built up by graft, speculation, or war-profits. While these changes were no doubt as important in their total consequences as the abolition of chattel slavery, the most visible transformation of all has been forgotten. The nation not merely worked differently after the Civil War: the country *looked* different—darker, sadder, soberer. The Brown Decades had begun.

The change was dramatically signalled by the death of Lincoln; it made the deep note of mourning universal, touching even those who had stood outside the conflict. Edmund Clarence Stedman, the poet who was to emerge from the war as a Wall Street broker, has left a memorable description of that event. "You know," he wrote, "that a *vulgar* woman appears a lady *in mourning;* and that a lady is never so elegant as when in black. Something of the same effect has been produced on our superb but bizarre and inharmonious city. It looks like an immense black and white flower, with leaves and petals spreading grandly and in perfect keeping, to every point of the compass. Such an effect I never saw, or dreamed of. It is overwhelming, sombre, sublime." That note did not die out; though the white of the original decorations soon was, in effect, spattered and muddied. In part the change lay on the outside; society was adapting its coloration to the visible smut of early industrialism: but even more the Brown Decades were created by the brown spectacles every sensitive mind wore, the sign of renounced ambitions, defeated hopes. The inner world colored the outer world. The mood was sometimes less than tragic; but at bottom it was never gay.

Like all such historical changes, the color had manifested itself, as a leaf turns here and there on a maple early in July, before the causes of the change itself had become dramatically apparent. Brownstone began to be used in New York, just on the eve of the war, as a facing for brick houses and monumental buildings; and with this alteration came dark walnut furniture, instead of rosewood and mahogany, sombre wall papers and interiors whose dark tones swallowed up the light introduced slightly later by the fashionable bay window. By 1880 brown was the predominating note. Mary Cassatt escaped these colors and tones in her painting by living in Paris; but Ryder, lyricist that he was, worked within the prevailing palette, and Eakins, inspired partly by Rembrandt, as well as by the contemporary mood, ran most easily through the gamut from yellow brown to dark sienna. In the best work of the period, these sober autumnal colors took on a new loveliness: a warm russet brown, touched off by a lichen green and the red of red oak leaves in the winter, marked Richard-

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son's treatment of the shingled house: at the very end of his career he produced cottages that, for the first time in America, brought the landscape and the architecture and the mood of the time in harmonious relation. Even in Stanford White's excellent Newport Casino, designed while he was still under the influence of Richardson, the grave note prevailed, deepening to black.

No period, of course, is uniform in its color any more than in its morals or manners; there are always gradations; there are likewise always leftovers and intrusions, reminders of a dead past that is not yet dead, or promises of a venture into a future still unborn. But the Brown Decades mark a period, a period we have yet to explore intimately and to reckon with. If it began with the mourning note of Lincoln's funeral, it ended, like a sun thrusting through the clouds, in the golden portal of Sullivan's Transportation Building at the World's Fair in 1893; and between the first black and that final brilliance, a whole range of tones and colors was explored and embodied in permanent works of art and thought.

III

It is impossible to see one's own period in perspective; but on the surface, the points of resemblance between our own post-war difficulties and those which followed the Civil War are so numerous that, in going through the records and memoirs of the earlier period, one has the sense of following our own history, told in a slightly foreign language. There was, to begin with, a sudden absence of youth. Even those who were left, even those who had in one way or another run away from the war, had a doubled sense of responsibility: one sees their grave, anguished faces, their bleak troubled eyes, in the portraits of the time and one reads with astonishment the subject's age: it is not fifty but thirty. The younger generation had aged; and during the decade that followed the war, cynicism and disillusion were uppermost. Sometimes these qualities were consciously present; but they were equally revealing when they were unconsciously expressed, as one finds them in the diary of a contemporary poet:

> Nov. 8, 1864. Stood two hours in the rain and voted for Old Abe. Realized on stocks and made $1375.
>
> Nov. 9. Yesterday a great triumph for the National Cause. Thank God! The future of America is now secure.
>
> Nov. 10. Fall in gold. I make on everything I manage for myself and lose on the operations of my agents.

The dual motives that ran through the period could not be better expressed.

"When Johnny came marching home," wrote one of his feminine contemporaries, Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis, "he was a very disorganized member of society, and hard to deal with. You cannot take a man away from his work in life . . . and set him to march and fight for five years, without turning his ideas and himself topsy-turvy. The older men fell back into the grooves more rapidly than the lads, who had been fighting."

All the hopes that had underlain the gallantry and heroism of the war had been suddenly punctured, partly by their fulfillment and partly by their denial. No abstract ideal can be translated into an actual condition or institution without seeming to undergo a blight: this does not prove that abstract ideals are either unnecessary or delusive: it merely means that one should be acquainted with their natural history and not expect perfection to arise in a situation where, to achieve perfection, all the necessary details and qualifications of history would have to be left out. The preservation of the Union, the freeing of

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the slaves, were slogans used by the community to rationalize its tragic difficulties; but such shibboleths could not serve, once they had passed into action, instead of humane and intelligent plans; and those who had been lured into the conflict by such easy verbal promises felt cheated and abused. The slaves were freed; the union was preserved: what of it?

Moreover, as Mrs. Davis suggests, there was a wide gap between the patriotic fulfillment of a high duty, which so warmed the hearts of Emerson and Alcott, and the actual conditions of the battle-field she herself had observed in Virginia: under the mere stress of changed conditions, some of the loyal adventurous fellows turned into thieves and rascals: the very method of warfare upset, as it always does, the ideals and rational purposes for which it was fought, leaving greed, arrogance, and vindictiveness piled up behind the bodies of the dead heroes who often enough did not even get their due six feet of earth. Occasionally, some high purpose conceived on sentry post under the stars, like Professor Burgess's scheme for an Institute of Politics, to probe into the causes of war and learn to remove them, might eventually find a place; but Emerson discovered speedily enough how badly most of his hopes had foundered in the backwash of war. "We hoped," he wrote, "that in the peace, after such a war, a great expansion would follow in the mind of the country; grand views in every direction—true freedom in politics, in religion, in social science, in thought. But the energy of the nation seems to have expended itself in the war." That was an old story: in fact, war leaves no other; but some day the fatal forgetfulness of Western Civilization may occur once too often, and all its possibilities may be exhausted, even that for material gain.

No sooner had the war itself come to a close than, as a writer in *Harper's Weekly* promptly remarked, the reaction from the tension of war showed itself "in a certain public frenzy. Enormous speculations, losses, and consequent frauds; an increase of crime, a curious and tragical recklessness in the management of railroads and steamers; a fury of extravagance in public watering places are all observable." These results were not temporary. The social life of the country became a swamp. The decade that saw the Centennial Exhibition, bravely arrayed in cast-iron façades with cast-iron statuary, crowing over the triumphs of industrialism, saw also the corruption of Grant's administration and the exposure of the Tweed ring in New York; in the eighties that followed, hard upon the guerilla warfare of the Molly Maguires in the coal fields, industrialism became militarized: barbed wire and armed thugs guarded the big industrial plants against striking workers. While energy and human life swept into the construction of gigantic new enterprises, oil, railroads, steel, our civilization as a whole ran steadily down grade, the cities becoming dingier, the landscapes bleaker, as the second and third growths of timber were cut down, and our soils began to run poor. In architecture, the scroll saw and the lathe produced a perverse ornament: vulgar art took the form of the Rogers Group, and popular literature was the dime novel. Need I emphasize all the parallels? Here is our own post-war decade in the germ. There was even the same illusion of prosperity.

IV

In their negative and disheartening manifestations one might indeed work out an even closer comparison between the two post-war generations. There was the same faith in the Machine Age and

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the same interest in adult education that we are now so aware of: in the seventies this took the form of using iron instead of stone or brick for the columns and cornices of office buildings; and even of offering for sale—I have no definite proof that they were ever bought or used—collars and cuffs, to be worn by men, made of painted sheet iron. As for adult education, it was promoted in the Mechanics Institutes, now so often empty melancholy shells, that sprang up over the country in imitation of the workingman's colleges of England. Do we look askance at the use of prominent names for the advertisement of sundry wares from cigarettes to bedsheets? The beginnings of it all, if I am not mistaken, can be found in an advertisement in 1867 which proclaimed that Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher of Brooklyn, after using the Ivory Eye Cups, ordered a pair for the wife of the Reverend Charles Beecher of Georgetown, Mass.

It was in the seventies, too, that Colonial Architecture, which had been neglected and contemptuously set aside in the various fashionable adaptations of Gothic churches and Swiss châlets, was first reappraised, and then reinstated as a movement: going out as a habit in the older parts of the country, it slowly re-entered as a fashion, although it never really took on until the nineties. The methods of James Gordon Bennett's personal columns foreshadowed the larger abuses of our tabloids. If Mr. Stuart Chase, contemplating the last war, has depicted a tangible nightmarish future in his Two Hour War, a cartoonist in 1866 showed the progress of the art of war from primitive arms to the needle gun, which reduced the thirty years' war to thirty days, and from then on to the "electric organ gun" of 1880, the steam gun of 1890, and finally the "surprise bomb" (asphyxiating gases) of 1900, with its promise of a three-minute war, both armies annihilated—and universal peace. If Mr. Chase's prediction approximates reality as closely as that of the Harper satirist, the world may well tremble.

The expansion that Emerson had hoped for had indeed taken place; but its dominant effect was on the utilitarian plane. Charles Francis Adams, who had served in the battle-fields, now took command of railroads and stock-yards: in him the old Adams tradition of public service was limited to the little town of Quincy and to such work as he did in later years on the Metropolitan Park Board of Boston. Mark Twain wasted endless time and energy that should have gone into literary activity, trying to make a fortune out of various inventions that took his fancy; while Henry Adams, typical of those who refused to accept the crass outward scene, after surveying the politics of Washington, retreated to the South Seas, to Europe, to the Middle Ages, one of that large group of bewildered and disoriented Americans, Henry James, Raphael Pumpelly, Ambrose Bierce, Bret Harte, William Story who could find no sufficient nourishment in the soil where their roots spread, and even before the war wandered uneasily about Europe. Ten years ago Mr. Harold Stearns wrote an article in *The Freeman,* "What Shall a Young Man Do?" in which the doubts and dilemmas of this generation were curiously re-echoed. Living itself in post-Civil War America was an uphill job; living well, living with integrity, living for the sake of ideas—these things required exceptional stamina and intellectual hardihood.

Make no doubt of it: those who stayed behind needed either a double thickness of skin, or they needed the narrow convictions and the faith in the immediate activities of the country that the industrialist exhibited. Failing such tough-

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ness, most of them were forced to retreat into a private world that received little sustenance from the community immediately around them. Many of the interesting figures of the time, in fact, failed to impress their contemporaries and only now are beginning to impress us, because their activity was conducted in an almost monastic retreat. Their talents were unacknowledged; their merits unperceived; and as far as their contemporaries could see, they did not exist. The better members of this generation were forced to look before and after, and create, if not pine for, what was not: their significant work was therefore both a continuation, in other spheres, of the efforts of the Golden Day, and a prophetic reaching out toward our own age. Whitman profoundly affected Louis Sullivan, the architect, and in a less degree Eakins, the painter; Emerson was an influence in the thought of John Roebling, the engineer; and Thoreau not merely touched John Burroughs, but, what is more important, provided a rational basis for subsequent efforts to recapture the wild domain and keep the primitive sources of American life from altogether drying up. Neglected by their contemporaries for their interest in an earlier America—it was typical that Howells, who had read Thoreau's "Walden" in his youth, confessed forty years later that he had never looked at the book afterward—they were equally neglected by the generation that followed, because their interests, though at bottom so different, were identified with the sordid activities of the post-Civil War decades. Ours is perhaps the first generation that can look upon these bedraggled years with a free mind, and catch, amid the materialism, the mean ostentation, and the reckless waste of human life, the gleam of an active culture which neither the Civil War nor its consequent activities could altogether overthrow.

V

We are still far from being able to recover the whole period with any feeling of warmth or affection, such as now, with a better understanding, is inspired by pre-Revolutionary provincial America. It is doubtful, indeed, if it will ever be possible to accept as a whole a period that so grossly caricatured human decencies and cut short so many fine human potentialities. There was, without doubt, something pitifully inadequate, indeed grotesque, in that post-bellum scene, and the epithets that have been applied to it, The Gilded Age, The Tragic Era, are too full of truth ever to disappear. But they do not tell the whole story. Beneath the crass surface, a new life was stirring in departments of American thought and culture that had hitherto been barren, or entirely derivative; and it is to these growths that we now turn with a feeling of kinship and understanding.

It is time that we ceased to be dominated by the negative aspects of the Brown Decades; for to dwell upon their ailments, infirmities, mischances, is to show, as in the convalescent's preoccupation with his disease, that the remains of the poison are still operating in our own systems. I fell into this pitfall myself, in treating this generation in "The Golden Day"; for even when one is face to face with individual talents of high merit, one is tempted to read into their story the history of American society's failure and frustration, and to belittle those aspects of their work that did not supinely reflect the miserable background. How easy it is to appreciate the weakness of William Dean Howells in literature, his reluctance to deal with human life in its totality, and to forget both his craftsmanship and his patent understanding of the characters that came within his range; how easy it is to

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see in William James the father of the lower sort of American pragmatist, and to forget the richly endowed mind that wrote the classic treatise on psychology, to say nothing of the philosopher whose doctrine of radical empiricism cut the ground under the ancient philosophic debate between the empiricists and the idealists. The mere failure to publish the greater part of Charles Peirce's thought has obscured the fact that, in the very dregs of the Gilded Age, a large and universal mind quietly fulfilled itself in America, a mind whose depth and impact has still to be fathomed. If one is to condemn the Gilded Age for Peirce's lack of influence, one must equally condemn the glorious thirteenth century for the comparative obscurity of Roger Bacon. In all our past interpretations, politics and literature have served as the standard of achievement; and in neither respect, as Mr. Matthew Josephson showed in literature in his "Portrait of the Artist as American," were the Brown Decades as a whole very fortunate. The point is that the gifted minds of the period had turned to science, engineering, architecture, painting, landscape design: the pioneer work of Morgan and Sumner in anthropology, of George Perkins Marsh in human geography, of Willard Gibbs and Langley in physics, of William James and Stanley Hall in psychology, of Roebling and Olmstead and Eliot in geotechnics, re-enforced American culture at the points where it had been weakest.

Almost every account of the Gilded Age has suffered from one of two insidious forms of deflation. On one hand its material advances, its inventions, its technical achievements have been overpraised, or their contribution to the good life have been brashly taken for granted, without any qualifying sense of their deficiencies, as if material success could atone for an impoverished life; or —and this is just as bad—the contemporary estimates of its literature, art, and philosophy have been accepted at face value, and its real contributions have thereby been ignored. Now many of the popular writers have turned out to be nonentities and charlatans: the metaphysical booster-psychology of Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy seems to us a little less than the inspiration of divinity; the poems of Stoddard, Aldrich, and Bayard Taylor have but a minor claim to our respect; even the generous, volatile Mark Twain does not seem the great universal satirist that Howells honestly proclaimed him to be. But must we condemn the period because it hailed Thomas Bailey Aldrich, the author of the now-forgotten "Ponkapog Papers," equally minor as critic and poet, as only a little short of genius? To do that would be to forget the fact that those sterile years are redeemed for us by the silent presence of Emily Dickinson.

Granted that the brightest successes of the Brown Decades seem to us, for the most part, to be only muddy failures, it is much more important to realize that many works which were then condemned or pushed aside as inept, unpolished, ludicrous, or eccentric were in actuality genuine successes, emergent elements in a growing American tradition. What was positive and creative in this period was usually against the grain of its major activities: its best works were produced in obscurity like the paintings of Albert Pinkham Ryder, the poems of Emily Dickinson, or the philosophic reflections of Charles Peirce. It is for this reason that I have elsewhere called this era in American culture The Buried Renaissance: the laval flow of industrialism after the war had swept over all the cities of the spirit, leaving here and there only an ashen ruin standing erect in the crumbled landscape. The notion that there was anything of value

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buried beneath the débris and ashes came tardily; for what our elders pointed to with generous delight was obviously not valuable. As for the impulse to excavate the ruins, it scarcely dates back any further than 1917; and it is only now that we are beginning to realize the significance and implications of the Brown Decades, and their living relationship to our own activities.

VI

As a result of this digging up of hitherto obscure or buried materials, old reputations are now being replaced; and neglected personalities are at last coming into their own. The magisterial realism of Thomas Eakins in painting supplants the facile but shallow workmanship of Sargent; and Winslow Homer is not only smaller than Ryder, but inferior to a less copious contemporary like Homer Martin. The towering figure of H. H. Richardson again belittles the importance of his fashionable pupils, McKim and White, who so adroitly reflected the temper and taste of the richer classes in the imperial and financial régime that followed. Instead of looking upon Louis Sullivan as an unimportant eccentric, a more polished follower of Frank Furness of Philadelphia, he becomes for us the father in direct line from Richardson of the modern movement in architecture, anticipating by at least ten years the definite beginnings of such efforts in Europe, and connecting, alike through his examples, his writings, and his more famous pupil, Mr. Frank Lloyd Wright, with what is distinguished in American architecture to-day.

Even smaller figures gain in this reappraisal. The unfulfilled talent of John Root, the creator of the Monadnock building in Chicago, and the too hastily dismissed figure of George Fuller, the last and most eminent of those travelling painters whose function was supplanted by the daguerreotype, renew their claims upon our attention. So it was not merely corporate finance and consolidated administrative control that came to birth during the Brown Decades; nor was it merely a new technology founded on the dynamo, the bessemer converter, and the internal combustion engine; nor was it simply the emergence of new social habits, dependent upon the invention of the telephone and the linotype machine. Fresh forms and symbols also appeared. The best works of art in the period not merely reflected the immediate environment: they supplemented it with a clarified and more significant reality; and they were thus prophetic of an age that is still to come; since genuine works of art are, among other things, the forecast of a possible mode of life.

VII

In our haste to wipe out the grotesque and sordid outlines of the Brown Decades we have unfortunately already destroyed much that is precious; and unless we rapidly recover a little common sense we shall doubtless destroy much more. Some of the interesting architectural works of the period have vanished completely: the houses that Richardson built in Washington for Henry Adams and John Hay, and his even more important Marshall Field Building in Chicago, have all been torn down during the last five years; and his best residence in Chicago was saved only by being converted into the Architects' Club. The shingle houses he first established on such sound lines are in even greater danger, for they are built of wood; yet they brought an indigenous comeliness into the American suburbs of the eighties, and nothing we have done since, with the exception of Mr. Wright's

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prairie houses, has touched so authentically the very color and atmosphere of the landscape. Besides these houses the best "colonial" work, which we think of as our own only because we ignore similar buildings as far apart as England and South Africa, is manifestly a foreign and unassimilated style. Just as factory buildings were once automatically called ugly, so a snobbish fashion of thought automatically called the architecture Richardson instituted "ugly," and it is condemned as a social error without being examined as an æsthetic object.

One trembles in Cambridge, for example, over the fate of Austin and Seaver Halls, in the face of the growing popularity of such heavy caricatures of colonial architecture as the Chemistry Building and the Widener Library, or such pasteboard imitations as the Business School—all of which inept productions are supposed to have added to the architectural harmony of Harvard University.

In other fields, however, a great deal of material remains, preserved by the inertia of attics and libraries; and our main concern must be to see that it is not permanently neglected. Some of the best wood engravings of the nineteenth century are buried in American magazines of the seventies and eighties, such as SCRIBNER's and *Harper's Weekly;* and if the remains of Eakins's paintings were preserved by his widow until the taste of capable critics again caught up with him, we owe that splendid treasure to luck and piety as much as to popular understanding. The manuscripts of Emily Dickinson have been guarded with a jealous but not intelligent care: the principal custodian of them has even alluded to the possibility of destroying some of them, as if it were ethically within the province of any individual or family to exercise such discretion over the work of a writer who belongs, we now definitely know, to the world. The same holds true of some of the letters, if not the manuscripts, of Charles Peirce, an unconventional soul, who followed his own track, and whose reflections on life and the moralities were not merely out of harmony, at times, with those of his own generation, but are equally remote from the notions held by some of the present possessors of his letters. Even the publication of Peirce's collected papers has lagged for lack of a few thousand dollars to guarantee the initial expense of publication.

But how much has already disappeared! The possibility of recovering a complete record of the life and personality of John Roebling seems to grow more and more remote; and if an engineer whose main life is lived in public can so easily disappear, the obscure inner existence of a Ryder must be even more inaccessible to us—unless we boldly gather the story from his paintings. Though Richardson was the subject of a sumptuous biography, the narrative itself was written a little too soon after his death, and the chief concern of his biographer was with his buildings; so that the man himself does not fully emerge. Since 1888 no one has, apparently, considered the possibility of going over this fascinating ground more thoroughly. When the shallow fashion of debunking comes to an end, here are obviously new figures to work upon—if only the necessary material itself is available.

As for Henry Adams, does not his own autobiography, with the long gap in the middle years, add to the enigma of his life more than it contributes to the solution? Of one or two representative figures of the Brown Decades, Ambrose Bierce, for example, we now know a little too much: the uniform edition of his works gives one a much smaller picture of the man than he would have earned by persisting in the romantic ob-

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scurity of misunderstanding and neglect; and this impression has only been deepened by the recent biographies. But Bierce is almost alone. Louis Sullivan brought his "Autobiography of an Idea" to a close precisely at the point where the biographical interest had reached a critical point—where one searched for some personal clew to the wreck of what was apparently an auspiciously started career. There is a danger that both the work and days of the principal figures of this period will vanish before either has been properly evaluated or fully assimilated. This will be a grave gap in the story of American culture, a real loss. If these artists and poets and thinkers are imperfectly remembered, our own generation may perhaps pride itself a little more completely on its "uniqueness"; but it will lose the sense of solidity that a continuous tradition, a tradition actively passed on from master to pupil or disciple, supplies. Enough perhaps if we at last recognize that The Brown Decades, with all their sordidness and weakness, are not without their contribution to our "usable past." The treasure has long been buried. It is time to open it up.

Witch's Brew

By Margaret Emerson Bailey

Juice of wild juniper
Yields nothing worse:
Brew of my bitterness,
This be his curse.
Domestic in Eden
May he all his life,
Dwell Man, not with Woman,
But man with his wife.
Let no Tree of Knowledge
Reveal its dark root;
And no Tree of Evil
Its poisonous fruit,
Dropping upon him
A windfall of sin,
Temptation without,
And awareness within
The pips at the pulp of
Its perilous skin.
Sweet-fed, let him breathe
No infatuate words
To be turned to a babble
By chittering birds,
Till the dew of the dusk
Is chilled by the fear
Of a passion impelling
A Presence so near
That the thickets resound with
The voice of the Lord.
Let him pasture in plenty,
Let no flaming sword
Drive him forth as an outcast
Upon the bleak side
Of a world that is barren
For him and his bride
Till they two make it fertile
From life multiplied.
Let him never partake of
The terrible cost
Of a Paradise Gained
By a Paradise Lost.

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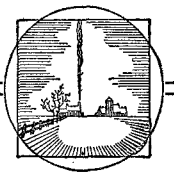

Faith

By GRACE FLANDRAU

A story by the author of one of the Prize Contest Selections "One Way of Love"

PICTURE to yourself a vast scene: the veldt, covered with yellow grass and patches of woodland, spreads away to horizons so immense that the very sky arching above it seems wider, higher, more limitless than the sky elsewhere. Away off in the north and east are hills that look as transparent and blue as the sky itself, while toward south and west the scattered woods become more continuous and finally merge into a dark line that is the forest. Meandering over the plain is a small river marked by a strip of green. A red road, too, cuts cross the veldt, climbing and winding among the low hills. For two or three months during the year this road is passable for wheeled vehicles, and during that time a rickety touring-car or lorry occasionally passes on its way to the market town of N'Gundu, or a white official is borne swiftly in a pousse-pousse, or in a chair carried by four blacks.

You can see, too, the grass roofs of N'Gundu, the clumps of tattered bananas about the compounds, the sharp silver of the palms, and the twinkling leaves of tall shade-trees. In N'Gundu there is the thatched bungalow of a white official who rules a district bigger probably than France; a trading-post kept by a half-caste Portuguese, and a straggling line of native huts. The real native village where the chief N'Gundu lives is farther back in the forest.

With these places we have nothing to do. We are only interested in the small American mission which is situated three or four miles up the road. It is a very small mission, indeed, and belongs not to one of our prosperous and powerful Protestant sects but to an organization detached from the Baptist denomination and self-styled the something-or-other Faith sect. Some years ago when the energetic and doubtless idealistic founder of this group passed through West Africa he obtained concessions here and there and built small missions. But it is not always easy for a leader to find followers as gifted as himself, and at the time of which we speak most of these missions had disappeared. The trouble, generally speaking, was funds. The sect itself was founded upon the idea accepted in the most literal sense by the leader, that a man who puts his trust in the Lord need have no more thought for the morrow than the lilies of the field. Paul, he was in the habit of saying, had no salary and no finance committee back of him. He had only faith, and that was all he needed. Ask and it shall be given thee. . . .

The present incumbent of the N'Gundu station was a young man named Ar-

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nold Wetzell. He was short in stature, with a mild voice and short-sighted, kindling, dreamy blue eyes back of gold-rimmed spectacles. He had a wife and young baby, and there was also an assistant, Miss Sadie Parke. Unlike most missionaries, Wetzell was not interested in putting clothes on the natives or in correcting their morals. He felt that all they needed was faith like his own, and when they possessed that their morals would automatically perfect themselves. They would no longer drink palm-wine or millet-wine in excess or maintain numbers of wives. Hearing him utter what he called the Word in extremely faulty French, translated on the spot by a native interpreter, was sure some day to light in them the sacred fire, just as a heap of dead grass long blown upon suddenly catches the spark and bursts into flame. The Word carried within itself its own power, so beyond uttering it he did not bother very much.

But this morning he was not thinking of the Word. He stood in the doorway of his low stucco house, straw-thatched like the native houses, and looked out across the veldt. It was very early. There was dew on the tall elephant-grass and on the ribbonlike leaves of his corn-stalks. The sun's rays still made long shadows and put a red light in the far-off blue mists, as the setting sun sometimes does. His very soul yearned toward the remote horizon against which, here and there, the smoke of bush-fires rose in a straight column or, caught by a wandering air, drifted lazily. With all his soul he longed to go hunting antelope, but there was work to be done. Moreover, he had used up all his cartridges. Every one, so far as he could find, was gone. And yet a vague impression remained to him of having left some tucked away in an unlikely place. These, however, the most exhaustive search failed to uncover. And even if he had found them, it was an obvious necessity to-day that he stay home and assist with the work in his fields.

"We grow our own corn, rice, and coffee" was what he always said at missionary meetings when he was home on leave. And at the word coffee all the spectacled, motherly women with work-calloused hands folded over comfortable stomachs settled back to even more gratified attention. There was something so truly exotic about the idea of actually growing coffee that almost anything in the way of thrills could be expected after that. "And we got pineapples—all we can eat—and bananas and fine fruits you don't know anything about in the States. In fact, you don't even know what pineapples is," he told them more than once, "till you've ate them out there." And as his faint voice trickled on, an Africa that was almost romantic came into being in the church basement, and Wetzell's pale cheeks glowed with self-created enthusiasm.

But now these fields were neglected because he was unable to pay labor. The mission headquarters in Ceylon, Iowa, sent money when it could, but lately remittances had been scant and irregular. Besides lack of money, the influence of the Dominican fathers, newly established the other side of N'Gundu, was powerfully directed, Wetzell believed, against him. But when has Faith failed to produce results? Never, Wetzell felt he could truthfully affirm. For at this crisis a stomach disorder began to ravage N'Gundu's village, and Miss Sadie Parke, who had had training as a nurse, was fortunate enough to cure several of the chief's wives. And as payment N'Gundu was sending his men to work in Wetzell's fields.

Inside the house a baby had been crying incessantly. At first there had been yells of a peculiarly blistering, ear-splitting quality, all uttered on the same note, nasal and penetrating—yeanh,

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yeanh, yeanh. Now, perhaps because the little thing had worn itself out, it was merely whimpering, a sound pitiful to hear. Wetzell, fortunately, did not hear it. He was so used to it that his brain refused to register the sound.

Down the road toward N'Gundu he could see something moving. It must be the men coming to work. He had decided to put some of them in the corn, others in the coffee. He himself would have to work in the coffee, pruning. He sighed. It would be hot in the fields. Would he himself have to prune if he showed them very carefully how to do it? But even in that event they would have to be supervised. The lazy fellows would loaf if they weren't watched. Like all white men in Africa, who hate to work in the sun, he was indignantly surprised that the natives failed to enjoy it. He sighed again. Coffee-pruning was tiring work. He couldn't have overlooked those shells in the sideboard drawer, for instance? Absently he turned and went inside.

It was a bare, cool, not unpleasant room. The construction of the house was native—a framework of withes chinked with mud and plastered. There were big square windows without glass, only wooden shutters which could be closed in case the shelving roof of thatch didn't keep out the rain. In the main room—dining and sitting room combined—were some wicker chairs, a roughly built sideboard and table made by himself, a cot by way of sofa in one corner, a kerosene-lamp, some red-covered cushions, and a large bible. There was also a melodeon, played by his wife, Selma, for Sunday-morning services, and on moonlight nights when the natives came, as they liked to do, to sing hymns. As yet the mission had not been able to achieve a chapel. A brilliant colored picture framed in gold hung on one wall. It represented Jesus dressed in a white robe and seated; a little Japanese girl leaned on one knee, a Hindu child leaned on the other. Near by stood a little Sandwich Islander in a grass skirt, and a black boy was seated on the green, green grass. Jink flowers bloomed all about, the sky was very blue, and there was a plum-colored mountain in the back.

Wetzell opened the sideboard drawer and peered into it. He was about to plunge his hand into the back to feel for the cartridges when he remembered tarantulas and withdrew it hastily, pulling the drawer farther out. There were no shells. Well, he had known there wouldn't be.

This room formed the entire front of the house. At right angles to it at each end two smaller rooms projected toward the rear, one for Selma and himself, the other occupied by Miss Sadie Parke. He could hear the click of her typewriter, very loud. How busy, how energetic Miss Parke was. She was studying "her Bangala," as she called it, and it was characteristic that she could not do it in silence. She had to do it aggressively and noisily on her typewriter.

Sometimes Wetzell wondered what the Lord's purpose had been in sending Miss Parke, and not another, to N'Gundu as their assistant. She was an able girl but difficult—at least, Selma found her so. He closed the drawer and heard his wife calling him:

"Is that you, Arnie? Honestly, I'm just *wild!*"

Wetzell went into the bedroom. He saw the baby lying not in its own cot but on the middle of the bed. It had on only a diaper, its thin bare legs were waving, its fists clinched and beating the air. It was a very small baby, indeed. Its limbs were like little sticks, its head tiny, and its face not like a baby's face, round and rosy, but wizened and with the look of a very old person. Just now it seemed to be gasping for breath, its

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mouth round open and dark like a little cave. Then it got its wind and uttered a piercing wail. The child was a girl, but Wetzell had not reached the point of calling her anything but "it."

His wife, who had been bending over the bed, straightened her back and turned toward him. She was sturdily built, with a strong throat and strong arms. She had eyes like little half-moons with the corners turned up, a short nose, thick at the end, a rather large jaw, and straight, lightish hair cut in bangs. There was a shading, too, of fine short hairs on her cheek and upper lip, so blond they had a silver look. "Arnie, this baby is worse. We got to get out of here, leave or no leave."

Arnold looked down at the floor. He saw a beetle rolling with difficulty a ball of something bigger than itself. Vaguely he wondered why.

"She can't stand the quinine, and this canned milk has turned on her. I don't know what to do, I don't know what'll happen."

He raised his eyes from the beetle and peered down at the child: "Maybe it ain't really sick," he said hopefully.

"Not sick! How can you look at her and say that, Arnie Wetzell? Look at her poor little arms and legs, her poor little arms and legs." Selma bent forward, the tears dropping from her eyes onto the bed. She took the tiny beating hand gently between her thick thumb and forefinger. "And her face. Oh, we got to take her out now, right away, Arnie. We got to hurry."

"But how can we, Selma, without any money even to pay porters to take us to the river? Then there'd be the steamboat down to the coast. And even if we got to Douala, we couldn't take the steamer home without money for the tickets. Don't you see?"

"No, I don't see. Don't *talk* to me like that—*do* something—I—I"—her long chin seemed to fold together, the corners of her mouth sagged, her whole face became purple, stiff, and was suddenly drowned in a rain of tears—"I won't—I can't see my baby die."

"Selma, she won't, can't you see that? Why are you afraid? If you give your faith to God, everything will be all right."

"Oh, shut up," she shouted, sobbing loudly. "Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear." Between each exclamation was a long, strangling gasp. She covered her face with her handkerchief, shaking with sobs.

Arnold, obeying an instinct of delicacy, turned his eyes away from her. It did not seem quite right to see another so transformed and exposed by emotion. He stared out at the bright African scene framed by the unglazed window, at the singing green of the bamboos back of the house, the yellow veldt beyond, the blond sky just darkened on the horizon by the even, sombre line of the forest. There was a vast stillness in the picture. Nothing moved but a hawk that glided serenely, floating, turning with scarcely a movement of its wings. He was sorry about the baby and sorry for Selma. He kept affirming to himself his sympathy for her grief, and yet it was as though something shrouded and obscured that sympathy. There was, as it were, a veil woven of two things: his faith in the Word and his love of Africa.

The only thing that had ever really happened to him had been his conversion. All at once the soul of this Arnold Wetzell, a dull, dreamy, lackadaisical grocery-store clerk in Ceylon, Iowa, had been smitten and fructified. A stone was struck by a rod and water gushed forth. He did not know what had happened, only that a miraculous certainty and joy had rushed upon him. I believe, I believe—blinded, rejoicing, sobbing, he staggered to the altar, born, as they say, unto the Lord. Knock and it will be opened,

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ask and you will receive. Complete in this faith, he came to Africa, and in view of it he could now only see the misguidedness of Selma's anxiety. Faith which could move mountains could surely correct the digestive disturbances of a poor wee thing like a baby.

Moreover, the landscape on which his eyes rested wooed him from his attempt to realize her sorrow. The untamed serenities of the African scene seemed to have sought out those same places within him which had opened to the exhortations of Sam Puckett, the singing evangelist of Iowa. They sank deep into a heart riven by that singular lightning. The peace inside him and the peace of this quiet wilderness seemed one.

Selma stopped crying. She took down her handkerchief. "Arnie," she said earnestly, "we got to cable back somewhere to somebody."

"But we did cable for money when the baby came and I'm afraid——"

"Afraid—that's it, afraid." The tears rushed back into her eyes. "Oh, dear, if we only belonged to a decent mission that paid decent salaries instead of this crazy faith business."

"Don't talk like that, Selma. Don't you see we got the same thing as money? We got God's promise."

"Oh, go way, don't talk to me," she shrieked, turning her back on him.

Wetzell was glad to escape into the dining-room. This scoffing attitude seemed to him terrible. He closed his eyes: "Oh, Lord," he prayed, "you said you would help them that trusted Thee. And I know"—the little missionary thought it wise to remind Him—"that God can't lie."

Then he raised his eyes to look upon N'Gundu's men entering the compound. Fine fellows they were with their lithe backs, narrow flanks, flesh like polished bronze. They wore only loin-cloths and walked erectly, lightly, carrying tall spears and holding their heads with the grace of antelopes. Antelopes—as he went forward to greet them there popped into his head again the thought of these cartridges. Why was he under the impression there were some left? The men stood lined up along the veranda, their rolling eyes taking in everything in sight. The head man saluted Wetzell and looked at him questioningly. The missionary pointed to some hoes stacked against the house. He took up a pruning-knife and, putting on his sun-helmet, led them out into the fields.

An hour passed. The sun swiftly mounted the sky, getting smaller and hotter as it rode upward. He was tired. He sent the capita for a jug of water and sat down in the shade to rest. The coffee-plantation sloped upward and from the summit where he sat he could look away off across the veldt. There was a light breeze and near by a bird sang over and over a remarkably pure and tender note. Quiet and fair before him lay the wild land. He thought of the white rhinos said to abound in those far blue hills, of the hippos cooling themselves under the waters of that upland lake he had never been able to go to, of the prairie-fowl clucking and strutting in the bush, the antelope that flickered like shadows in and out of the sunny groves. As he dreamed and stared he gradually came to see these things as clear as life. Actually he beheld these animals roaming in innocence—saw the water spout from the flat noses of the hippos, heard the whirring flight of the grouse. And then, suddenly, in the same clear way, he saw the cartridges in a tin box secreted among tools on the cook-house shelf. Perfectly he remembered the day he had come upon them and how he had thought—I'll just forget about these till the others are gone. Then some day I'll be mighty glad to find them.

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The capita came out with the water. Wetzell took a long draught, gave the man a few instructions, and drifted slowly toward the compound. It would be difficult to avoid the eyes both of his wife and Sadie Parke, but by bearing down upon the cook-house from the rear it might be done. And it was. No one saw him. He went straight to the shelf and found the precious shells.

Arnold was obliged to follow the main road to the river, and as he walked he had an uneasy feeling that disapproving eyes would search him out and imperative shrieks hail him back. But nothing happened and he was soon out of sight. Not far from the house he was startled by the frantic ringing of a little bell. It was one of the priests from the Dominican mission who came flying down the slope on a woman's bicycle. His white robe fluttered about him, his heavy beard was parted by the rush of wind. He whizzed by without speaking to Arnold and disappeared in a cloud of dust. Arnold felt a little hurt because the priest would not speak and he was troubled, too, by thoughts of Selma and the baby. Moreover, there was, back of his certainty that the Lord would, if necessary, send them the means to leave Africa, a profound unwillingness to go. Deeply he resisted returning to Iowa, to that little town where his aimless, insignificant, and vaguely unhappy youth had been passed. Not one vital or pleasing memory of Ceylon remained except the religious experience which had delivered him from the town.

Unwelcomely to-day pictures of Ceylon returned to him with startling vividness. He caught the complicated smell of the grocery-store—a smell of spices and mould, of coffee, sprouting potatoes and mice. Now, of course, all that was changed, but the thought of the new red-painted shop with everything done up in waxed paper seemed to him even more depressing. He saw the garage, too, where he had once worked, the grease-streaked faces and overalls, the black pools of oil on the cement floor, the air blue with gas fumes and fumes of hot oil, and heard the everlasting yang-yanging of jazz from the radio dealer's across the street. All day long there were rows of farmer's sedans parked along the streets. And outside the town only grain-fields, hog-pens, barbed-wire fences, and acres of cabbages filled, when the harvest was over, with rotten leaves that smelled bad. And once she got him home Selma might want to keep him there—on the baby's account. A wave of depression rose from the very pit of his stomach and floated out in a long-drawn sigh. Just then a covey of whirring guinea-fowl rose from between his feet, startling him, and he saw that he had reached the edge of the woodland.

It was dark when he turned to an outraged household.

"That's all you care," Selma stormed, "saying we haven't got any money, and then when the men come to work for nothing you won't even stay and look after them. What do you care about the baby or anything?"

Sadie Parke sided with Selma. She seemed to have become Selma's dearest friend—as a rule they did not get along well at all—and made him uncomfortable by gazing at him out of her hard, green-gray eyes as if he were something to be studied and remembered as you would a strange insect.

"And how you can have the heart to go hunting when you know, when my baby—" Selma burst into tears. "Oh, she just don't eat anything, she don't eat anything."

A kind of frenzy seized him: "If we don't get help, it's your fault, because you got no faith. But I believe and I know that God will come across."

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"I suppose He told you that Himself," she sneered.

"Yes," cried Wetzell hysterically, "He did."

In view of all this, and rather especially in view of that last question and answer, when the letter came it was in the nature of a miracle. It caused not only relief but a deep wonder and a kind of holy excitement. Selma wept, Sadie Parke became amazingly softened, even humble. Arnold himself, though not exactly surprised, was filled with joyful awe. Selma kept repeating over and over, in order to show how sure Arnold had been, their last conversation when Arnold had said, "Yes, Selma, the Lord *did* tell me Himself." Each could not do enough for the other. Their eyes shone, their steps were light. They were beloved of the Lord and He had sent them a sign. Perhaps we would all be thus dewy and full of love if we could witness the actuality of a miracle.

The letter was from Wetzell's mother: "Arnold," she wrote, "you remember Minnie Metzger? Well, she married the Pinsky boy from Midville and he's done just wonderful. They come up in a big Lincoln and she was dressed to kill. Your sister Myrtle says she bets it ain't all radio sets. There's a good deal of liquor in Midville. Anyhow she wanted to know about you and Selma and I told her about the black people and the wild animals and how it takes you three weeks just to get to the coast. So she said she'd like to give something to the mission and here it is, Arnie. I thought the money would come in handier than buying something here. Your Pa says——"

Enclosed in the letter was a substantial draft which Wetzell could cash with the government official at N'Gundu.

It was their last Sunday and the small congregation had begun to gather for the morning service. That summer Selma had been too busy with her baby, Sadie Parke with her Bangala, and the ladies in Ceylon, Iowa, with their various activities to make many garments for the flock. Also a number of natives who had been given shorts or wrappers, according to sex, had deserted the Dominican mission, both because they enjoyed being converted and baptized and also to see what could be got there in the way of gifts. So that most of the women who came to the meeting were dressed only in graceful fringe of shredded banana-leaves freshly picked for the totem-dance which would take place that night in the full of the moon. One of the men, however, was resplendent in full European costume—the capita or head man of the mission. His sanctimonious, indeed hypocritical, expression was as conspicuous among the candid faces about him as were his clothes—a white shirt and collar, silk tie, red striped trousers, yellow shoes, and a pitch helmet.

Selma propped up the hymn-book on the melodeon, Sadie Parke placed the chairs to be occupied by the three whites, and laid the bible on the table. The boy, wearing a blouse as well as shorts, sat on the sofa holding the baby with gentle care. The congregation was ranged outside, around the low veranda. The women sat on the little carved stools they had brought, some of the men reclined on native-made chaises-longues carried by their wives or slaves, and others, just in from the bush, leaned on their long spears. Selma struck the opening chords of the hymn "Nearer, My God, to Thee." Those who were seated rose, Sadie Parke and Arnold stood in front of their chairs facing the audience. Loud and true and melodious the voices of the blacks rang out:

Mungu yangu Baba
Ku Bingini
Yesu mupwanisa
Juji Sultani

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When the hymn was over, the natives knelt, all but the capita, who stood to translate the prayer spoken in appalling French by Arnold. The man performed the same service for the sermon. As he understood French little better than Arnold spoke it, it is a matter of conjecture as to just what message reached the politely attentive congregation. The service closed with hymns sung to the jollier tunes of "Little Brown Jug" and "Tipperary."

Then Arnold said a few words of farewell in Bangala to his flock, who remained apparently unmoved by his announcement that he was leaving for a time. He added that the young lady whom they all knew as his assistant would carry on the work of the mission. As he spoke very bad Bangala, it is probable they did not understand him, only realizing that some kind of ceremony was going on, and waited to receive the gifts which should accompany all ceremonies. When they perceived that none were forthcoming, those who did not actually live on the concession decided to go henceforth to the mission of the robed fathers, where medals were freely distributed and colored pictures too.

"Well, good-by, Sadie, don't be lonely." All preparations had been completed and they were about to depart.

"Lonely, good land!" she exclaimed briskly, disdainfully, "I should say *not.* I'll be *busy.*"

The look she gave him made Wetzell feel presumptuous in imagining he could be missed by anybody. He would have liked her to say he would be, to pretend just this once. But Sadie was like that. She would never dream of being complimentary. On the contrary, she had a way of taking you down, she seemed almost under compulsion never to say a gracious or encouraging thing. Why, he wondered? Way at the bottom of her hard eyes she seemed, he thought, to be fighting something, or like a person having a hurtful dream. He tried for a moment to find something more to say but could think of nothing.

They were standing at the gate of the bamboo fence that surrounded the mission. He had put up the fence long ago when he first came out, before his marriage. When they left she would turn and walk back into the cool, plastered room with windows framing the veldt that swept away and away, so calm—whose distance drew something in him as the notes of a violin drew you, or preferably a muted saxophone, or an accordion played softly after the farm work was done, supper eaten, and the twilight smelled of new-mown hay. What if Selma really did want to keep him in Iowa? Passionately he uttered a prayer that he might not be too long absent from N'Gundu.

The porters had already gone down the road with their loads on their heads. The pousse-pousse boys started off at a good speed, the baby seemed reassured by the departure and was not crying. They would have to make the six-day journey in these vehicles to reach the river.

Arnold abandoned himself to circumstances with his usual vaguely cheerful serenity. At times Selma got tired and fidgety. Then she gave him the baby to hold. The continuous gentle motion kept the child quiet and during the day it slept a good deal. Only at night it wailed feebly and refused almost all food. He liked to hold it—such a light burden in his arms he scarcely knew it was there. It lay with its eyes closed, and often he looked down at it for a long time. He was particularly impressed by the clear, waxen color of its skin, so transparent that about the eyes you could clearly see the blur of the blue veins. Transparent and silky. He marvelled at

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how smoothly the skin was drawn over its forehead and little turned-up nose. There was nothing the skin could be compared to, not even the petal of a flower. Flower-petals didn't have that glossy, ivory look.

Sleeping, the baby lost its very aged expression and was more like any baby. Sometimes it tired of lying on its back and turned of its own accord toward him, its face toward his breast, seeming to snuggle close. Then he wanted to strain it to him, to cover its little face with kisses. Strange that anything so rare and pure as the soul of a baby should grow into a man or woman. He thought a great deal about that and wondered how he could help his baby to escape the painful and sordid experiences that beset people as they grew up. It must always be pure and happy.

At other times it would open its eyes and gaze at him a long time. They were the bright, hard, still unfocussed eyes young babies have, blackish gray in color, the edge of the iris blurred with white like a certain kind of marble he had had when he was a boy. He got so he did not want to give the baby to Selma. He even fancied it preferred being with him and cried less when it was in his arms. And he was proud of this and jealous of his privilege.

They were fortunate in connecting promptly with the sailing of the down-river steamboat. If they had missed that, they would have had to wait three weeks for another. Truly the hand of the Lord guided them at every step.

The captain was a bearded Frenchman who had been in the French Congo since the days of Brazza and Stanley. He did not like missionaries; that is, he did not like Faith missionaries, who had almost no money, spoke almost no French, and were always getting into trouble and having to be helped out. He thought it was more important to teach the natives how to get into step with changing economic conditions than to sing evangelical hymns in Bangala to the tune of "Tipperary." But he couldn't help feeling sorry for the Wetzells. In the first place, they had the money to pay the passage, and, in the second, he saw that their baby was more seriously ill perhaps than the father and mother realized. He gave them a better cabin than they paid for, and sent them down milk from the nanny-goat he kept on board to supply his own table.

All day the boat chug-chugged down a glassy river, sometimes through forest, sometimes across plains. At night it tied up off a small clearing, took on wood for next day's run, and waited until daylight before resuming its journey along a stream beset by reefs and shoals. The baby hardly cried now at all. Arnold thought that a good sign but Selma became more strained and anxious. She got up many times at night to listen to its breathing, to try and persuade it to take a few spoonfuls of milk.

Then came a morning of terrific heat. They were passing through open country. Arnold and Selma sat by the berth where the baby lay. First one and then the other fanned it gently. Neither would admit what was only too plain to see. It no longer took nourishment of any kind. The whimpering had stopped. The goat's milk sent by the captain had come too late; everything was too late, Arnold thought, his heart swelling, a sharp pain dragging at his throat. The baby's waxen lids lay peacefully over its eyes, veined, oh, so delicately, with blue. Its hands lay palm up, tiny fingers loosely curled. How strange that it should have finger-nails at once so perfectly formed, like grown-up finger-nails, and yet so exceedingly small. For a long time it seemed scarcely to breathe. Then suddenly it heaved a long, shuddering sigh, the lids fluttered a little,

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seemed about to open, but did not. Again the deep, deep sigh, a spasmodic jerking of the hands, and then it was still. Imperceptibly a look of peace, almost of austerity, settled upon the little face.

Evening had come. The setting sun turned the river blood-red and poured a gold light over forest and ragged clearing. They heard a bell ring somewhere deep down in the ship, the beat of the engines stopped, there was tremendous splashing of the rear paddle-wheel as it reversed. Selma was on her knees beside the berth, her face buried in her arms. The captain had heard her crying earlier in the day and sent for Arnold. He explained as kindly as he could what would have to be done without delay and why. Now they heard the splash made by the blacks who jumped overboard every night with cables to tie up the steamboat.

Selma lifted her face: "Oh, Arnie, Arnie—" Tears cut off her utterance, flooding her face. Arnold, too, was crying. But even as she spoke she rose. They were people who all their lives had had to submit—to the discipline of poverty, to the orders of other people, to something. Perhaps that was a good thing for them now. She controlled the working of her face, held back her sobs. She stood by the bed looking down at the small form neatly laid out, dressed in its best white dress. Once more tears began to flow, but silently. Arnold dared not look. He stared out of the window at the rapidly approaching shore. The boat was swinging in. It was a dreary scene—a muddy bank, a wood-yard fenced off with vine and divided into small enclosures, so many logs in each. About the wood-yard was the usual open space where the underbrush and grass had been cleared away, and around this were a few grass-roofed huts. In the back, on all sides, crowded the forest which they had re-entered that afternoon.

There was a knock at the door. Arnold opened it and saw the mate standing there, a kindly, red-faced fellow in a rumpled white suit with a sweaty white helmet pushed back from his face. Beside him stood a black, holding a small box in his arms.

"La voici, mon pauvre ami, la petite boîte," the mate explained. He had a deep, rather musical voice, and although he spoke gruffly, Wetzell felt the sympathy that was not put into words. He took the box, unable to speak.

"Voulez vous que je reste?"

Arnold shook his head. The man opened his mouth as if about to say something but only breathed out an odor of garlic and red wine. Then he closed the door, reopening it at once to say, apologetically, that he was afraid they'd have to hurry, as the light did not last long after sunset.

The bank rose rather high above the river at one end of the village. It was shaded by three fine trees which stood apart from the rest as if they had been planted. The captain and his men dug the grave and he said a few words as the little box was lowered into it. A ring of naked blacks stood round, their sharpened white teeth and the whites of their eyes startlingly visible in the gathering darkness. The captain remembered how in the old days graves hereabouts had often been rifled for food, and he thought it not unnecessary to call the chief to one side and utter certain very positive orders backed up by threats. Then the crowd which had assembled for the ceremony dispersed and Arnold and Selma sat there alone. Finally Arnold persuaded her to go back on board and try to sleep.

But Selma could not sleep and neither could he. All was confusion in his mind. The Lord had answered their prayers, had sent them means to go out. But His help had come too late. Perhaps that

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wasn't the Lord's fault—the delay. Very plainly Arnold kept seeing the baby in his arms as he had held it during the journey, its little face turned toward his breast. Now it was over there on that dark shore alone. "Thy will be done." And yet why, or why? Selma he knew wanted him to think she was asleep. She did not want him to speak to her. But he could tell by the stillness in her bunk and her occasional movements that she was awake.

They were both up before dawn. The shore was shrouded in white mist and the boat was preparing to sail. Surely it would not go before they could see a little better! They stood side by side at the railing. The morning air was cold. White steam rose swirling from the water—it was like a river of hot water—they could feel the steam warm on their faces. The sky was amazingly luminous above the black forest. First it was a pearly white, then blue, then exquisitely rose, the colors succeeding each other grandly the way chords of music melt and change. Village fires were burning and they could see a few naked figures standing at the river's edge staring at the boat and shivering. Agile blacks unwound from tree-trunks the cables that held the boat to shore and plunged back into the river with the ropes, their heads bobbing, white teeth shining.

Wetzell left Selma and climbed to the top deck—perhaps they could see better from there. The steamboat began to shake, the paddle-wheel to turn. Why, he suddenly asked himself, were he and Selma going on down-river with the boat? They would only have to turn right around and come back. There was nothing now to take them to Iowa. And with this thought there rushed upon him a sense of something else, something painful, uncomprehended, even frightening. It was the realization which suddenly came that the very last thing he had prayed for before leaving N'Gundu was being granted to him. His last prayer that he might not be long away from his mission was being answered. Had the Lord heard? Had He answered in this terrible way? But no, He couldn't do a thing like that. And yet Arnold felt a strangling sense of guilt, and with that guilt confusion. For the first time communion with the Deity took on a fearful aspect. Faith offered mysteries, and there came to the little missionary a blinding fear that perhaps all was not as he had thought, that there was something else—too strange for him to comprehend. For the first time the Word of God was not clear.

Anything, he would give any number of years in Iowa to save his little baby from that lonely grave on the edge of the jungle, to give it life and happiness. Yet he had prayed he might return soon to N'Gundu and he was returning soon. The price of that answered prayer was, it seemed, his baby's life. For a moment fear, bewilderment, sorrow, filled him with a kind of panic.

He wanted to think but he couldn't. He didn't know how to think and when he tried he became confused. The steamboat sent its shrill wail across the forest. They were leaving. And the baby—Blinded with tears he rushed down the companionway. He wanted to be with Selma to speak to her. But when he found her standing where he had left her he couldn't say anything, only took his place beside her at the railing. The mist had thinned a little, was floating in ghostly rags close to the earth. They could see the high peaks of the grass roofs, the massed foliage, but could not clearly make out under which tree——

The boat swung out into the channel and they stood in silence, their eyes straining toward the shore.

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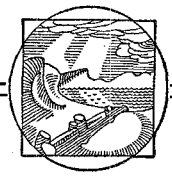

Men Who Make Steel

By OWEN FRANCIS

"Hunkie Wedding" in the November number awakened so much interest that we asked Mr. Francis to write an article on steel-workers. From intimate knowledge of the foreigners who produce the material of which America is made, Mr. Francis tells what sort of fellow the Hunkie really is.

In the steel-making and coal-mining district of Pennsylvania, where I was born, a considerable number of the toilers are Hunkies. The word is a colloquialism designating erstwhile citizens of middle Europe who have come to work in the steel mills and coal mines, and, while not used derisively, shows a lack of consideration for the newcomer's racial pride and patriotic spirit by grouping under a common head the Czechs and Jugo-Slavs with the Hungarians and the Poles and whatever Russians happen to be in the vicinity.

For the past quarter century the percentage of Hunkies has increased rapidly; a check of the coal mines in the Connellsville district shows that 80 per cent of the men employed are Hunkies, and although the percentage in the steel mills is not as large, the steel-mill towns along the Monongahela have a larger population of Hunkies than they have of any other race. To steel making and coal mining the Hunkie has applied himself persistently, and by establishing himself so firmly in our two important basic industries he has become an important part of the American scene.

The Hunkie lives in a dirty house which reeks with the smell of cabbage; he takes off his shoes and sits around comfortably in his bare feet; he plays wild tunes on his accordion; he makes (and drinks) vast quantities of prune-jack and beer; he and his "old lady" raise a tremendous brood of little Hunkies and are not overzealous about keeping them in school.

The Hunkie does all these things, and he is obviously not a model citizen, in the American conception of the phrase, but he is one of the most important citizens of our civilization. For in this Machine Age, steel is king, and it is the sinew and brute strength and high courage of the Hunkie which make steel possible. As one who has worked by the side of the Hunkie in the glare and heat of the open-hearth furnaces, you can take my word that he is a fine fellow of high ideals and high accomplishments.

It is true that the Hunkie is not as progressive as might be hoped for, but it is also true that steel-making and coal-mining methods have changed but little since their inception; steel is still made by reducing iron ore in blast furnaces and purifying it in Bessemers and open hearths; coal is still taken from the ground by men going down in the earth and digging it out. To these tasks the Hunkie has applied himself with a persistency and a willingness that more

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than balance social shortcomings, when his value to the community is considered. It takes men of patience, strength, and a lack of incentive to best their fellow men in making steel. The Hunkie has these requisites and will teach his children to have them.

It is interesting to note the effect America has on the American-born Hunkie. Agnes Minevich and her children are examples of what takes place. Born in the "old country," Agnes went to work shortly after her arrival in the home of one of the mill superintendents. She worked steadily, saving her money hopefully, until she met and married Steve Minevich. Then she settled down to raising a family. Johnnie, Agnes, and Pete were born, and Agnes and Steve felt that with children in the home and a good job in the mill, things were, indeed, as should be.

They carried Steve home one afternoon on a stretcher; a billet had fallen on him in the 18-inch mill yard and crushed him to death. It left Agnes without an income to take care of the youngsters. Agnes was faced with the problem of hiring out to another superintendent's family and trying to raise her own on the fourteen dollars a week she would receive in pay. She discarded the idea, after much discussion, in favor of making and selling prune-jack and beer. Prohibition had just gone into effect, the prune-jack was strong, and the beer was never sold until a month old. Agnes got along very well, making as much money as Steve had by working in the mill. The children started to school at the required age and within a few years were coming home each night begging that they move into another house in a cleaner part of town, buy a Ford (Johnnie's suggestion), and install a radio. Agnes would not move, but she bought an overstuffed divan, a radio, and a Ford for Johnnie. But all the while she kept telling the children stories of the mills and allowing them to stay up later at night than she ordinarily would so that they could listen to customers arguing about the respective tonnages of the 21- and 22-inch mills.

Last summer I visited with Agnes. She noticed the surprise on my face when I saw the overstuffed divan and radio. Impatiently she waited until the children had gone out and then talked with me about it.

"You no lak dat business, huh?" she questioned, waving a hand toward the fixtures.

I told her they were very pretty, but she knew what I was thinking.

"Dat was Johnnie who have me do that. He say 'Everybody got radio, everybody got Ford. What's the matter we be Hunkies, what's matter we no be Americans lak everybody?' And Agnes says she was in plenty houses with American friends and everybody got sofa. And she say 'What's the matter we don't have sofa lak dat?' So I get dem tings joost lak dey say."

She paused a minute so that I would realize what a sacrifice she had made in giving in to foolish, childish whims. Then she spoke with pride:

"And now what you tink? Johnnie say: 'The hell with Ford and the hell with school. I'm gone get job down by billet yard and have job same lak my Old Man had.' And now what you tink Agnes want do? She want get job over by restaurant and save money, for next year she gone marry big Hunkie what has nice blond hair and good job on furnace. Oh, sure everything all right now, and I'm happy lak anything."

II

The Hunkies are capable parents, and a Hunkie provides for his family, though perhaps not to the liking of people who put into practice the theory that

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the male offspring be kept free from toil. But a Hunkie feeds his youngsters, gives him affection first hand, and gets him a job in the mill as soon as the boy is of working age.

It is true that if the boy stays home from school before reaching an age where by law he would be permitted to do so, there will not be the worried consultation in the Hunkie home as there would be in others. Secretly, the father will feel quite pleased with himself for producing such a fine boy and will laugh as he tells his boss: "Pretty soon, now, Young Joe, he comit for job in mill."

Undoubtedly this state of mind in the adult male will increase illiteracy but it will meet the demand for men who can stand before furnaces. Steel is not made by college men. There are a few graduates in the general offices and a lesser number out in the mills but the number is not 5 per cent. Practically all the superintendents have come to their positions after years spent in the mills. Even most of the executives of the companies have had the same background. Steel companies want men, both in the mills and in positions of authority, who know their jobs; and steel making cannot be learned in classrooms.

With all the knowledge a man may have from an extensive metallurgical course at the best school in the country he cannot look into an open hearth furnace after the "lime boil" and estimate with any degree of accuracy the carbon content of the steel. A furnace man can. He will not be able to tell you the atomic weight of carbon nor the chemistry of the process; but he can, and must, to hold his job, estimate the carbon within two points. He must estimate the sulphur, manganese, and phosphorus also, but not so accurately. There has not been a gauge, meter, or contrivance of any kind invented that can do this and replace the man before the furnace. It is something that comes with years of working with the metal and having a "feeling" for it. It is a heritage of men who go to the mills as youths and stay there contentedly the rest of their lives.

Among some of my Hunkie friends I have been the champion of learning. I have spent many an afternoon arguing with them on the advisability of sending their sons to college. At such times I find my arguments of little avail. What the Hunkies ask me to do is to point out men we both know who would prove my assertion that college gives a man an advantage. This I cannot do. On the other hand, they point with pride to men like Davis, Simmons, Shawl, and others who are superintendents in the mill where they work. These men are not college men, but they are good steel men and the Hunkies know it. Being on the testing ground, the Hunkie has seen college men come to the mill and not be able to do the job. He knows that if his son starts in the mill he will lead a life much the same as the other Hunkies. They are content with their lot. Why should his son not be?

It is that virtue that makes the Hunkie a good worker. Pete, for instance, has worked in the mill for over thirty years. To his leather watch-fob hangs a bronze medal. On one side is the inscription: ". . . Pete Letenovich—For Twenty Five Years continuous service with the United States Steel Corporation." On the other side is a *bas-relief* of Judge Elbert H. Gary.

Pete is as proud of the medal as any of the other steelworkers who have them are. He polishes the medal frequently and shows it with the pride of a child. And the thought that some day his Young Steve will have a medal also gives him everything he can ask of life.

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I do not laugh at such men, I envy them.

III

Industrial, economic, and social conditions tend to prevent the Hunkie from living after the fashion some say he should.

If the Hunkie is a coal miner he lives near the mines in company-owned houses. They are one- or two-story frame, ramshackle affairs that have no modern conveniences other than, in a few instances, electricity supplied from the line feeding the mine. There are no paved streets, no sewage system.

Many of the houses are a score or more years old, and if others should be built to-day they would undoubtedly be planned along different lines. The value of those now in use can be estimated from the fact that when the working of the mine no longer pays, the company moves the Hunkies out and allows the houses to rot away unoccupied. There is sometimes a theatre which shows pictures twice a week; always a ball diamond, built by the company to create friendly rivalry between districts, and a company store where the Hunkie does his buying. But there is never a library and the schools are sorry affairs.

Immediately before, during, and for a time after the war a coal miner made twelve to twenty dollars a day. He now makes four if fortunate enough to be on the payroll of a mine that is working. His only salvation lies in the fact that the rental of the company-owned houses is cheap, and if he does not have the money to pay, the company does not bother him; the company knows that as soon as there is work the Hunkie will be there working and paying for everything he owes. It is the only course of action coal companies can take in such an emergency. If they throw out the Hunkie they can get no one else to mine the coal, especially when it takes eight hours of hard labor underground to earn four dollars or less.

At the mills the Hunkie is, as far as living conditions and wages are concerned, better off. While he lives in company-owned houses near the mill in a section called Hunkietown, the houses are more comfortable, there is a variety of stores and picture houses near at hand, there is a recreation park with a swimming pool that he may use, the schools are of a higher type, and usually there is a library.

The mills work with more regularity than the mines and the pay is larger. The average Hunkie steelworker will make five dollars a turn and will have steady work. This is ample for his needs, as his wants are simple, and he will be able to save a surprising sum if he is so minded.

Socially, the Hunkie is barred. Even though industrial conditions were changed and the Hunkie given sufficient funds to live on a plane with the superintendent he would still be forced to live in a section given over to others of his kind. He faces the same barrier, but for not as good a reason perhaps, as the black man in the South or the yellow man along the California coast. But unlike his fellow outcasts, he makes no ado about it. To him things are as should be.

Due to the large number of Americans with whom he works, the Hunkie steelworker has an advantage socially over his mining brother. Often he will spend an evening in the local saloon or on the street corner with an American fellow-worker in understanding and harmony, with little thought given on either side to the difference in ancestry. But there social connections come to an end. It may be all right to drink a glass of beer or to loaf at the corner with a Hunkie friend, but it doesn't do to invite him home. Like her Park Avenue

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sister, steel-town women have some social standing to uphold. Even though the Hunkie may be a good worker and a loyal friend to her husband, to her he is still a Hunkie and should seek his evening's diversion in Hunkietown.

IV

Despite conditions, the Hunkie leads a sane and pleasant life. The case of Mike Bogovich will serve admirably; for one thing Mike is as typical a Hunkie as I know, and for another I know a great deal about him.

Mike came to these United States when he was twenty-three years old. As usual, the money for his passage had been sent by a cousin who had come over several years earlier and was working in the mill. Mike arrived at the steel-mill town, a delighted look of wonder on his face, a card bearing the name and address of his cousin clutched tightly in his hand, and a few dollars and the remnants of some bread and cheese in his pockets.

His cousin met him at the station and led him away to Hunkietown, where a group of his countrymen gathered. There, over tin cups of prune-jack, a welcome was accorded him and some of the mysteries of the new world explained. Arrangements had already been made for Mike to become a tenant of Mrs. Fulop's boarding-house, so after the celebration was over Mike went to his new home warmed by the liquor and the thoughts of wealth to be had by the simple expedient of working for it.

The next morning Mike joined the crowd of job seekers before the employment-office window. His cousin had spoken to his boss at the mill, telling of Mike's arrival and desire for a job. An order had already been sent from the mill to the employment man to send Mike Bogovich into the mill and put his name on the payroll as laborer.

In the blooming mill Mike was given the job of keeping the pit under the 40-inch rolls emptied of scale. It is a job requiring very little skill but a great deal of hard work. From the heating and cooling process which the ingot undergoes, oxidized metal is formed in a layer on the outside. When the ingot is rolled, this metal, called scale, falls into the pit beneath the rolls. The amount of scale from a day's rolling is a sizable amount, and if not shovelled away would soon fill the pit. It was Mike's job to see that this did not happen. It is hot beneath the rolls, water is constantly dripping down, and the scale is heavy. Mike gave little thought to such details; his mind was on the five dollars a day he would receive as pay.

Mike soon learned what tricks of the jobs there were to be known, had a cheery smile for every one at the mill, and was soon accepted by the other workers as one of them.

From his pay, Mike paid eight dollars each week for his room and board, allowed himself three for tobacco and prune-jack. Within six months he had repaid the two hundred and fifty dollars loaned him by his cousin. Then he bought a new suit of clothes, a bright red tie, a green shirt, and went to Confession and Mass, giving the priest ten dollars and a promise he would be on hand each Sunday.

At the end of the first year, when he could carry on a conversation without resorting to his mother-tongue, he applied for first papers of citizenship. The act gave him a great deal of pride, and shortly afterward on the Fourth of July he marched in the parade carrying an American flag, which he waved vigorously.

The same summer, Mrs. Fulop hired a girl to assist her with the cooking, the serving of the tables, and the making of the beds. Mike eyed the girl with frank

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admiration; she had rosy cheeks, wide hips, and a pleasant smile. Mike tasted of the food, which was better than usual, and gave over his heart entirely when the girl winked knowingly at him from behind the kitchen door as she held aloft a bottle of prune-jack.

That night they went to a picture show, the next night to a dance at the Slovak Hall, and the next week to visit her father and mother. The father questioned Mike. Upon finding that he had a good job at the mill he ordered the missus to set out the cakes and bring bottles of cold beer from the cellar. On the way back to the boarding-house, Mary told Mike she had saved three hundred dollars from her last job. The next Sunday they were married.

Their first home was the basement of a house that they rented for twelve dollars a month. Mary made it comfortable by hanging a curtain across the middle, moving in a few pieces of furniture and a feather tick that her mother gave her, and setting a batch of beer. The first year Young Mike was born, the second Anna came, and the fourth year Johnnie was born. Then Mike was promoted to the job of leverman at the shears, and they moved to a company-owned house that had four rooms and a basement.

Mike and his family settled down to the routine of living. In the evenings Mike would sit on the porch holding Anna and Johnnie on his lap, or they would all go to the picture show, or friends would come to play cards. Often a friend would come bringing his accordion. Then as he played, Mary would sing the folk songs of her country. If Mike had been drinking sufficient prune-jack he would sometimes twist his hands, allowing tears to run down his face unashamed, and say:

"My God, dat's so beautiful lak anything."

On Sundays the whole family often went for a bus ride or to walk out along the hill and sit watching the mill. Then Mike, or Mary if Mike was sleepy, would tell the youngsters stories. The stories were always of the great deeds centring about the mill. They would be of Joe Magarac, the man made of steel, of Starry the man who lived forever. It was the folk lore of their race interpreted to the mill locale. They were good stories, that pleased Mike and Mary as much as they did the children.

Mike was appointed to the committee for the annual Slovak picnic. Each year on picnic day he would tie a red sash about his waist, pin on the button given him at election time by his boss, stick a cigar in his mouth, and go about his duties of arranging the tug-o'-war, the races, and other events, with great dignity. He then managed to get as drunk as any one else before the day was over. It was a happy day each year, almost as good as the day the celebration was held for the blooming mill breaking the monthly tonnage record.

It was a life which Mike felt needed no improvement.

Mike still has his job as leverman in the blooming mill. Young Mike is sixteen and will soon start to work in the mill. Anna was voted the prettiest girl at the last picnic, and Johnnie is still in school waiting for the time to come when he can go to work. Mary Bogovich has the reputation of having better luck with her beer than any of her neighbors. The family is quite content.

At times Mike talks vaguely about some day going back to the old country to live. At such times Johnnie, Young Mike, and Anna yell:

"Aw you make me sick always talking about the old country. Get next to yourself; you're an American."

The children know, as Mike and Mary know in their hearts, that they will never go back.

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V

I once showed a piece I had written about the Hunkie to Eli Bogovich, my leverman when I was shearman in an 18-inch mill of one of Carnegie's plants. Eli read the piece slowly, carefully spelling out each word. When he came to a place where I described a Hunkie I was using as a character, he slapped his leg and laughed open-mouthed:

"Dat's Starry, I betcha! Dat's joost lak dat old *magarac.*"

When I admitted that it was, Eli laid an approving hand on my shoulder.

"Boy," he said, "by God, you be smart enough almost to be Hunkie yourself."

Third Heat, 2:12 Trot

By Evan Shipman

The clay track rings
Yes, hums after the ring
As the multiplied clip
Bends for the turn and the pole.
Cling all in a cluster,
Burn the turn there,
Till two, with one trailing, muster
The shadow of a stride
To emerge there at the eighth
From the fan-shaped surge,
Heads strung for the quarter
When the outside laps the pole,
Caught her, stride for stride,
Reins high
And an eye to the shaving wheels
As they stole from the mare,
With a touch of the whip at the quarter,
The pole.
The crowds stare
And the watch shows thirty seconds flat.
After that
They stretch in indian file
Horse's head on driver's shoulder
Waiting the end of the mile,
No driver bolder than his neighbor
To steal a place
Or force the pace
Before the half.
They pass the stands the first time round
The wide track is a narrow path
The whistle of the whips, the sound.
The third turn sees a faster pace,
The line becomes a wedge
The leaders estimate the chase
Even the rear is in the race,
Now see them edge, edge,
Into the backstretch edge,
The whips are busy
The sixth horse climbs the line
The leaders on a break resign
The track, pulled wide
To let this brush behind
Sweep the three-quarters in a burst;
Four hours with a common stride,
The tired favorite's through the first
And three abreast enter the stretch;
The drivers play with bit and rein
Fearing a jump the whip might fetch
Until the distance pole they gain,
Then high line all
And risk the whip
And call the tiring trotters game,
The stands are on their feet
To shout their choice's name
As in a slashing drive, one beat
Two others to decide the heat.

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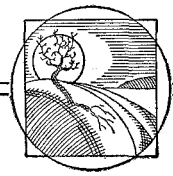

White Grapes

By L. V. JACKS

A story by the author of "Service Record"

HENRY finished his shopping and decided that it was time to start back to the farm. The bitter-red December sun was just sinking behind a range of western hills, and ice-blue shadows were creeping thickly down the streets of Centreville. Before he left town he wanted something to warm him.

He went into Karry's café. It was a one-arm restaurant off the main highway out from Centreville. He ordered a cup of coffee and a thin roast-beef sandwich. He was just about to devour his lunch when he glanced down the length of the room and saw, at a very small table in the corner, Jed Pringle, the sheriff. Henry knew Pringle. Taking his durable coffee-mug and his sandwich, he went over to Pringle's table.

"H'lo," said the sheriff. "Light and eat."

Henry lit and ate. "What do you know?"

"Nothing," Pringle replied.

The sheriff was a dark, full-blooded man with a look of cool brutality. Black hair and eyes, swarthy complexion, a face sharp and hard though full, and a big muscular body. He was a cynic, and a good shot. He had neither kith nor kin in Centreville. He had relatives in other cities, but no one in his county knew them.

Henry and he liked each other. They had occasionally hunted together. They felt drawn to each other by mutual interests. They had few secrets. They talked freely to each other.

While they sat chatting in jerky monosyllables the door opened. In came two men, roughly but well dressed in whip-cord suits made for travel or hard usage. Thin blonds, they were inclined to pallor, with ice-gray eyes shifty and treacherous. One had a mouth apparently full of gold teeth.

They sat at the counter, ordered dinner, and talked in low tones. When they spoke to each other they spoke from the corners of their twisting mouths.

Pringle stiffened like a pointer as he watched them.

Henry washed down the last remnants of his roast-beef sandwich with the last swallow of steaming coffee, and said, "I got to be going, Jed. Martha'll have a fit if I'm much later."

Pringle made no reply. He sat very still, gazing as intently toward the two pale young men at the counter as one gazes when he is trying to recall some fact or face from the depths of a long-gone memory. After a minute he said, "I think I'll have to find out something about those birds."

"They might be Federal agents," answered the peaceful Henry.

"Yeah. And the law has got to be upheld." The sheriff smiled.

"Sure. We upheld it that day we shot pheasants out of season."

"Yeah?"

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"Yeah."

"Well, if I happen to need a deputy right soon, I'm comin' after you, Henry."

"Do that, Jed."

Henry said good-by, tossed fifteen cents to the waiter-cashier, and went out. He was in a hurry. But as he drove home he could not shake off the recollection of the two pale men and Pringle's intent gaze.

Shortly after sunset Henry got home. The bleak December wind hastened his return.

Driving into his yard, he glanced with placid but positive pride at his farm. Cattle, horses, hogs and poultry that were his side lines represented money. He had two years' wheat crops in his bins, waiting a rise in the Chicago grain market. His Cadillac sedan was purring with the ease of a well-fed and well-bred motor. His fences were strong, his sheds and barns in good order, his well-furnished house was warm and comfortable.

As he would have remarked, he was not mad at anybody.

But that wind was bitter. Wheeling into the tight warm garage, he shivered. He shivered in dead earnest when, ten minutes later, with his mackinaw collar up around his ears, he was hastening about at his evening chores. All that stock had to be fed, and dark had already overtaken him.

As he began milking, a thin scurry of snow was falling. Before he started houseward, drifts were beginning to whirl and spin in lustrous spirals that gleamed glassily in the lantern light. Everywhere the ground was getting white. The mercury was slumping rapidly. A bad night to be out.

Seen in the house, even by the yellow light of a table lamp, Henry was a good-looking fellow. He had blue-gray eyes, thin features, and the clear skin of outdoor life, good food, and reasonable labor. He wore khaki, a blue flannel shirt, and black low boots.

Martha Henry, his wife, was a small woman, wizened, and quick moving as a humming bird. But her face was as red and puckered as a frost-bitten apple, her bright-blue eyes were flashing pinpoints, and a grating file was in her voice. Her long blue gingham apron almost completely covered her dress. Her shoes were black. She wore no ornaments but her wedding ring and a pair of glass ear bobs.

As he came in, she said, "I bet it put you to the pin of your collar to get through afore the snow fell."

Henry took off his mackinaw, shook it, and noted the little glassy shower of melting snow-balls that flew from the rough weave. He admitted that he had had to hustle to finish his chores before the storm became too severe. It was then nine o'clock. But they seldom took their evening meal earlier.

On this evening they were not destined to eat in peace. They were just sitting down at the table, and Martha had poured the tea, and was sniffing its fragrant odor, while she looked with some satisfaction at the steaming food and her nice bright china. They heard the collie bark. Up the concrete sidewalk, into the yard, came a heavy step. It crunched raspily on the snow. Martha and Henry were equally astonished. They had not heard any car come into the yard.

A moment elapsed, as if the visitor were not quite sure of himself, then a thunderous knock shook the old kitchen door. Henry opened it, and peered out in some wonder.

The man who had come up out of the night looked strange as an old warlock. His shoes were indistinguishable masses of snow. He wore puttees—shiny leg-mitts Martha called them—corduroy

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breeches, and a great mackinaw. He had a heavy cap pulled low over his ears. Goggles were pushed up across his forehead. He was smeared all over with snow and streaks of mud and grease.

His black eyes were savage and quick as a wolf's eyes. His features were full and red. They were deeply flushed, as blood-charged as if he had just been in some violent physical exertion. He wore great leather gauntlets. His face looked, somehow, extremely familiar to Henry, but the farmer knew, just the same, that he had never seen the man before. Imagination sometimes plays queer tricks.

"I'm driving a truck," said the casual, "and I slipped off a bad piece of grade a little way down the road here. I got to get that truck out of the ditch and get on my way."

Henry smiled. He said, "That's no trick. I got a team here that could pull the farm out from under you."

It was not altogether a boast. They were a tremendous team, towering gray Normans, slaty, with shining coats, and bushy fetlocks. They were not quick, but their pulling power was enormous. Henry was justly proud of them.

He said, "Come in, and I'll put on a coat and cap and go help you."

The stranger came in.

Martha said, "You might as well sit down and eat. Have you had your supper? It'll be ten—fifteen minutes 'fore you can get out."

"Thank you. I will. I haven't had anything all day."

He took off goggles, cap, and coat, revealing an olive-drab shirt that was new and clean. He washed his hands and face in a tin basin that stood on a little bench in a room adjoining the kitchen. Martha provided silver and china, and he sat down with the proprietors.

"Eat hearty," said Martha. "This grub's cheap."

The stranger smiled. But he ate with an appetite. He was a handsome man with a bold, strong jaw and black hair. There was a brutally frank, direct look in his face, and Henry made a mental note that he would rather not quarrel with such a man. His hands were well kept, the nails clean and the fingers astonishingly supple and firm. He ate with grace and ease, and handled his fork as if he had seen forks before. Martha, who used knife, fork, and spoon indifferently, noted his manners.

"I can't stay," said the trucker at last. "I'm in a great hurry."

Martha had been urging second helpings of every dish on the table.

Henry said nothing.

His farm was a mile north of the arterial highway on which all through traffic passed. Between Henry's place and the highway, in the crossroad, lived three other men. They were all at home and Henry knew that.

It was, therefore, out of the question that the trucker had come up from the highway looking for help. Had he done that he would have stopped at one of the three farms. He must have been driving on the first section line north of the highway, and parallel to it, the east-west road that passed before Henry's yard.

It was inexplicable that a trucker should drive on a little-travelled dirt road when a good and much-frequented highway lay within a mile of him. Henry ate his mince pie very thoughtfully. A canny sixth sense told him that Martha, too, was doing a little reasoning. When the luckless driver had first come in, she had been extremely friendly, but now she was gradually assuming a look that bespoke Calvinism predestination, infant damnation, and a keen interest in helping other people to mind their own business, not to mention sav-

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ing their souls for them in spite of hell and high water.

Henry had seen that look before. He shivered.

In better English than she was accustomed to the trucker thanked Martha for the supper. Something in the gleam of her eye told him not to offer payment. He was an enigma, with his precise wording and his suspicious surroundings. She looked at him coldly. When Henry and he were outdoors he said briefly, "I'll pay you anything reasonable that you think your time and work are worth."

"I don't want anything," said Henry.

"It won't be five minutes' work I imagine for as big a team as this. But will ten dollars be all right?"

"Perfectly," said Henry, who had spoken out of hospitality, and had no inherent abhorrence for even one dollar, let alone ten.

The big grays were brought out and their harness put on. The two men went down the dirt road with a lantern, and three hundred yards from the house they found the truck. It was a huge affair and loaded to the guards.

"Less unload that," Henry said.

"No. That will make too much work, and take too much time, and I'm alone. And I'm in a hurry. Besides, I don't want to pile all this goods out in the road."

"Why not?"

"Might freeze. Easily damaged anyway."

"What you got on?"

"White grapes, and some other soft fruit."

A huge tarpaulin covered the consignment and was lashed down tightly at all corners.

Henry knew that it would be just twice or three times as hard to get out the loaded truck as to move it empty. But, after all, it was none of his business. When he was down the wind from the truck he moistened the tip of his nose with his tongue, much as a cunning old dog fox might do. He thought he could detect a familiar odor. It might once have been that of white grapes, but it had been subjected to various processes since then.

The Normans were hitched to the front axle. The truck had slid off a sharp elbow in the road, and plunged down a three-foot grade into a ditch. Between the snow, and mud, and sleet, the softened earth below, and the awkward position, lying over half on its side, the big machine was nearly helpless.

The driver got in and kicked off his starter. When the motor was roaring, he threw the clutch into low, and waved to Henry to go on. Henry clucked to the grays and they went—to the ends of their traces.

They bowed their mighty backs, their huge legs bent, their broad feet sunk into the earth. They heaved, and strained, and tugged. The motor thundered all the help it could give. Wheels revolved, churning the mud. The truck stood still.

Five minutes of this and Henry desisted.

"You got an axe?" he asked.

The driver nodded. He gave it to the farmer, who went to a near plum thicket and began to cut brush. Under the wheels they piled small trees, and boughs, and corn stalks, and all the solid débris they could find, to make firmer footing for the spinning tires.

Then Henry went back to the house for his tractor. He judged it was useless to go on without it.

Martha came out into the yard with another lantern. She said, "This makes me mad enough to pip."

Henry shrugged.

"He's a dirty bootlegger, that's what he is. What else would he be on this side

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road for, dodgin' away from traffic?"

Henry shrugged again.

"What do you want to be helpin' the likes of him for?"

Another shrug.

"He'll get his come-uppance, and so'll you. He'll send you off with a flea in your ear."

And again a shrug.

"Tilly-vally," said Martha, now nearly out of breath, and certainly out of patience and temper. "I half believe you're in cahoots with him. He et his dinner like he was better nor we were. You could see it."

"He said to me," Henry replied belligerently, "that it was the best dinner he ever eat."

Martha was not mollified. "He must have went all day on the side road to dodge traffic. Don't you see that?"

"He promised me ten dollars to pull him out," Henry answered.

"Glory be to the first of August. And you don't know any more about him than Adam's off ox."

The tractor was raging. Martha flounced back into the house in a fury. Telling of the incident afterward, Henry said, "Marthy was so mad she was jumpin' the height of herself."

Five minutes later he drew up beside the stalled truck. He said, "These horses can pull, or they used to could." Secretly he was irritated that his grays had failed. He knew the load must be extremely heavy. "Now, I'm going to hitch the tractor on with this log chain, and I'll steer it, and I'll drive the horses by callin' to 'em. They know me well enough. And if you'll shoot the juice to her we can get you out."

"Jake," said the truck driver, "this is giving you a hell of a lot of trouble."

To this Henry made no observation.

They hooked the tractor to the axles with the chains, and Henry guided the shrewd old team to their places. When all the pulling powers had been mobilized, and both motors were thundering, the united power was applied. Inch by inch, then foot by foot, they fought their way forward. And the heavily-loaded truck groaned and lurched, and seemed precariously near to toppling over on its side. But it stayed upright, and a little later, to the tune of a continuous glassy rattling, presumably from the white grapes, it was again in the middle of the road.

"This is good of you," said the driver. He shut off the motor and got out. He handed Henry a ten dollar bill, and said, "I'll go back to the house with you, and help you get your stuff all home. Besides, I want to thank your wife again for that wonderful meal."

They gathered up the mass of tools, chains, traces, and spare harness and equipment. They returned to the yard with the tractor and the horses. The trucker seemed to have some familiarity with horses. He volunteered to put the Normans in their stalls. Henry told him where and how, wheeled the tractor into its shed, and went up to the house.

In the kitchen he found Martha in a temper. It needed no Freudian intelligence to divine that she was worked up. "Henry," she said, "you phone down to Centreville, and tell Sheriff Pringle to come out here and git that man."

"What?"

"You heard me."

"After him giving me ten dollars and putting away the team?"

"I don't care what he gave you. What did he say he was a-haulin'? What lie did he tell?"

"White grapes."

Martha's snort was unladylike but horribly convincing. "If you don't, John Henry, I'll see that Pringle finds out."

This threat seemed not to alarm Henry. One might almost gather that

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he was not concerned about Pringle at all. As a matter of fact, Henry was thinking about the rural party line to which his telephone was connected. Six or seven inquisitive neighbors would listen in, as soon as he took down the receiver. He knew that.

Neither Martha nor Henry saw a face at the window. Martha's strident tones had risen momentarily to higher and higher pitches.

"Well, s'posin' he *is* a bootlegger," said Henry. "Maybe he has a gun aboard. I don't want to get a shot in the gizzard."

"You do your duty."

"I did that in 1917. Will the county pay my doctor bill, or bring me back to life if I get killed?"

"It's your duty to uphold the law."

"Well, I didn't ask for the law," said Henry sulkily. "It was wished on me when I was in France."

"Not another word out of you."

Henry was not so much in dread of Sheriff Pringle as he was bored by the prospect of Martha's long tongue running on ceaselessly for days and days in the future. Unless she had her own way, there would be very little peace in the house, and he knew that.

With a growl that was half acquiescence, half protest, he started toward the wall telephone. He jerked down the receiver, and called the sheriff's office number. He said curtly that a suspicious person was driving a truck in the first road north of the arterial highway to Centreville. He gave a good description of the machine and the man. They were then still close to his farm. He remarked finally that the sheriff would do well to come out and investigate.

He shoved the receiver back on its hooks, and said to Martha, "I hope you're satisfied."

Martha's face indicated that she was indeed satisfied. She had the beatific look of one who has just pulled a brand from the burning.

He slid into his cap and coat and went out.

On the porch, the truck driver confronted him. The man's face was contorted by a strange mixture of emotions. "So you called Sheriff Pringle."

Henry's features relaxed into a smile. "Did you see me at the phone?"

"Yes."

"Well, you didn't look at me close, mister. When I took the receiver down, and started to talk into the transmitter, I had my left hand on the phone box—it's the way I allus stand—so I just curved my little finger on my left hand over the receiver hooks and held 'em down. That message to the sheriff didn't go any farther than into the transmitter."

There was an understanding light in the trucker's eyes, the look of one who recognizes a brother in misfortune, as he shook Henry's hand. He vanished into the dark.

Henry turned back into the house, with a tremendous sensation of relief that this unhappy evening was nearly over. It seemed that he had hardly hung his coat and cap on the nails behind the door when a car threw its long level lights across his yard. The collie began to bark again.

"Jed Pringle cert'nly made good time," said Martha.

Henry's jaw drooped. His blood turned to ice-water. He felt chilly sweat creeping upon his skin. He heard the heavy tires crunch the hard snow. Almost in an instant, some one came up the walk and into the yard. With a violent physical effort, Henry threw open the door. There was the sheriff. Henry's heart leaped up among his back teeth. With an effort at self-control, he swallowed it again, and said, "How d'ye do?"

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"You got a gun?" the sheriff demanded.

"I have a Remington .22 there."

Pringle put his hand in his pocket and drew out a Smith & Wesson .38 and said, "I need a deputy, Henry. You're elected."

Henry was too dazed to say yes or no. He took the gun thus abruptly shoved at him. His wife looked a little scared. He put on his coat and cap again and went out.

They got into Pringle's car and Henry maintained a discreet silence. Pringle said nothing till they were out of the yard. Then he asked curtly, "Any one been along your road in the last hour?"

Henry judged truthfulness the best card now.

"Yes."

"A truck?"

"Yes."

"Did you get a look at him?"

"Ten minutes ago I pulled him out of a ditch a few rods up the road west."

"What'd the driver look like?"

Henry described him.

The sheriff remarked that if they hurried they would be just in time. Henry omitted to ask in time for what.

The sheriff bore down on the gas feed, and his car lurched as it floundered out through the rutty crossroad toward the highway. He pushed down this lane south till he reached the main road. He then turned west, parallel to and following the truck. But the rate of speed which the sheriff developed far outclassed the heavier vehicle.

Nearly a half hour down the highway Pringle turned north again at a crossroad, and drove swiftly for a mile till he reached the road on which the truck was bound. Then he extinguished every light, and turning to his right, and therefore toward the oncoming truck, he began to drive very slowly.

Some miles away, down the road, were two glowing spots which Henry rightly guessed were the lights of the big truck. At best they were only faintly visible through the storm, and sometimes disappeared entirely.

In a few moments the adventurers reached the crest of a long hill. In the blasts of wind the low murmur of the motor was almost inaudible. But Pringle took no chances. He shut off the engine, and began to coast down. He had good brakes, and when he applied them cautiously they gave no sound. Henry knew the hill well enough. It was about eighteen miles from his home. It was nearly four hundred yards long with a rather abrupt curve at the foot. A few yards beyond the level flowed a small stream called Cottonwood Creek, and the bridge was extremely narrow.

The slow-gliding car had almost reached the foot when through the dull gloom Henry saw faintly some large dark bulk across the road. At almost the same instant Pringle checked his car, switched on the lights, and stepped out gun in hand. To Henry it seemed that everything was done on one movement.

The glare revealed a long touring-car drawn up at the bridge head, directly across the way, and effectually blocking passage. Huddled in the front seat were two men in large overcoats and heavy caps. "Put them up," said Pringle, "and keep them up."

Blinded by the glare, the men obeyed. "Go through them," Pringle told Henry. The farmer got out and searched the two men. He found an automatic pistol apiece, and a blackjack. He searched the side pockets, and looked around till he was fairly certain no hidden weapons remained.

"Put your gun on them," said Pringle, "till I get into the back seat." Henry complied in an uncertain manner. But

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Pringle's eyes never left the men, and his gun was at their backs.

"Now," he said, when he was seated. "Put her in gear, and pull out to the side of the road. No tricks. Feel this." He burrowed the muzzle of the gun between the driver's shoulder blades.

The men had had their motor running to keep them warm. The driver obeyed Pringle's orders as slowly as if his muscles had grown suddenly stiff. To one side of the road they halted. "Henry," the sheriff called, "bring our car over here alongside."

When his own car lay beside the captured one, the lights of the approaching truck were beginning to blaze up clearly only a few hundred yards away. "Keep still," said the sheriff. "Don't make a sound."

The truck driver may have been sleepy. Certainly he was tired. At all events, he sat stiffly upright, and looked neither to right nor left. He was almost beside the two parked cars before he saw them. With a convulsive movement, he jammed in all the gas his engine would take. The motor snorted, and the lumbering truck seemed suddenly to lunge forward as if spurred. It crashed over the bridge, and they could hear it groaning as it forged up the long hill they had just descended. It went over the crest, and was gone.

Henry sat as if thunderstruck.

"Put your car in intermediate," Pringle said to the driver. "And don't lay a hand on the gear-shift after that. Drive into Centreville. I'll tell you where to turn, and so on. Henry, you come along in our car."

An hour afterward the sheriff had his prisoners safe in the small county jail. Henry was somewhat astonished to see that they were the pair of pale-faced men from Karry's café. "I recognized them," Pringle said. "I met that gold-toothed one before. They're a pair of car thieves and hi-jackers. There's a reward out for them. Just as soon as I spotted them, I began to suspect what they were after, but somehow they gave me the slip getting out of town."

Henry and he went over to Karry's for a cup of hot coffee. "I'll take you home soon as I get thawed," Pringle said. "I don't mind telling you that you did me a big favor to-night. Say nothing about it, and I'll remember you."

Henry answered nothing at all. He was numb with cold and fatigue, and his mind was confused.

"How'd you know them guys would be at Cottonwood Creek?" he asked at last.

"I didn't. It was a guess. But they know this country, and that's the likeliest spot for a hi-jacker in twenty miles."

"Good Lord—and I thought all the time you was after that truck."

The sheriff downed the last of his steaming coffee, and wiped his lips with a paper napkin. He smiled pleasantly before he answered in a low confidential tone, "The man who is driving that truck is my brother."

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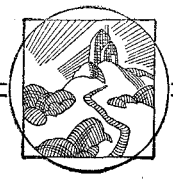

Americans in Soviet Russia

By WILLIAM C. WHITE

For almost three years resident in Moscow, Mr. White has seen all sorts of Americans who have come to Russia, attracted or curious about the Soviet experiment. He writes a revealing article.

A BANQUET arranged by groups interested in Soviet-American trade celebrated the arrival in Moscow of an unofficial American business delegation. After many complimentary speeches in Russian and English, one guest, ex-Attorney-General Ottinger, of New York State, arose. "I don't know much about Russia," he began, "but you've got pep and push just like we Americans have. And that's all that's necessary to succeed. So I say, God bless the Soviet Union!" "What? A country whose government supports the Atheists' Society?" one Russian who understood English whispered as the speaker sat down. "God can't get a visa to this country." Then an embarrassed interpreter translated: ". . . So I say, Long live the Soviet Union!"

The same delegation was given the entire first and second cabin space on the regular run of a Volga steamer, leaving no decent quarters on the boat for any others. Standing in a crowd of Russians in the ticket cue for that boat at the Saratov pier, I heard the agent announce: "There is no room for any of you on this boat. All places are taken by Americans. You must wait until to-morrow." *"Akh,* these Americans," some citizen complained, "they are everywhere. Eating our best food, filling our best boat. And we make a myth of them and talk only of their advanced engineering technic. What reception does one of our citizens get in America? They send him to their immigration island. Are Americans not *bourzhui,* like other foreigners? Why should our proletarian government cater to them? They know nothing about us—they are ignorant, showy hypocrites!"

The number of Americans in Soviet Russia has grown from the days of 1919, when a few, like John Reed, hung around the Kremlin waiting breathlessly for the beginning of the World Revolution, ready to start home to assume those political positions to which Comintern, with foresight, had appointed them. From that time the number of Americans has increased, although not steadily. Relatively few Americans whom the New Freedom of Soviet Russia attracted during the early years after the Revolution stayed for any length of time except those who had jumped bail, like "Big" Bill Haywood, who died in Moscow in 1928, or those who fled after the Red raids of the Harding Era; there

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was, however, one man who brought his family, and accepted Soviet citizenship, believing he could rationalize Communism and Christianity into a single philosophy. The Communist authorities permitted him to rationalize only so far; later he was sent to Siberia.

The famine of 1921 brought large groups of Americans in various relief organizations; they left when the need had passed. Because of the timidity about trade with Russia and, more particularly, because of the government's foreign trade monopoly, no commercial group grew up; nor is there such a group to this day. There are no branch offices of American firms or banks in any Soviet city—those groups which form the backbone of an American colony in other foreign lands. Nor is there an American Embassy. American business men there were, but only birds of passage, stopping long enough to hear the perpetual chant of the Soviet business circles: "Give us credits, credits."

In 1926 the resident American population of all European Russia was less than a hundred. Most of these were gathered in Moscow. A few in the Near Eastern Relief were and still are looking out for orphans in Tiflis and Erivan. But even at that time the sharp line that divides foreign Communists, at school or on assignment in their step-fatherland, from the non-Communists of the same nationality who are engaged in the less revolutionary occupations of correspondent and engineer, was sharply drawn. The non-Communist American colony in Moscow then included perhaps twenty people, chiefly correspondents and their wives. There were a few engineers. Less than a thousand American tourists visited the Soviet Union each year.

In those days, whenever a Russian met a foreigner he asked: "Are you a German?" Times have changed in the Soviet Union, although the German colony is still the largest. More than seven hundred American engineers are now scattered throughout Soviet Russia. The American colony in Moscow contains several hundred people, but the number of correspondents has not increased; there is a growing number of students and professors, "in for six months," to study the language or some particular phase of Soviet life.

And the Soviet Union has become a popular, almost fashionable, tourist objective. In addition to tours throughout the summer organized by travel bureaus, several large liners on Baltic cruises bound, drop bevies of Americans who, after taxiing around Leningrad for one day to see the glories that were St. Petersburg's, swoop down on Moscow for two days, and monopolize the entire hotel and taxicab accommodations of the city.

The Americans in Soviet Russia now include three classes: the transients, the non-Communist residents, and the Communists. The transient group can be divided into at least five subdivisions: the sightseers pure and simple, whose chief ambitions include buying a piece of embroidery or a bit of silver marked with the Tsarist initials, and acquiring the right to say that they have been in the Soviet Union and emerged alive; the delegations, bound to discover the Truth About Russia at Last; the business men, out to survey the market for themselves; the opportunists, looking for Adventure, Danger, and perhaps Profit in Red Russia, with resulting publicity in bourgeois newspapers; and those whom Trotsky once described as "Radishes"—"Red on the outside and white inside."

A few years ago the Moscow evening newspapers lamented weekly: "Think of the dollars which Americans spend in Europe. Soviet Russia should get its share." For a long time the bureau that issues Soviet visas worked slowly, inscrutably, and with a high percentage of

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refusals; a few years ago it made it far easier to secure visas, adopting the principle that not only does large tourist traffic bring dollars, but psychic good as well; even the most virulent anti-Soviet foreigner leaves the Soviet Union less virulent than on his arrival, after seeing that Soviet Russia can't be as bad as the stories told about it abroad.

A central tourist bureau has been opened. Numerous shops sell goods of the sort to attract the visitor and his dollars; a Russian looks wistfully in those shop windows with their displays of fine second-hand china, rugs, and silver, assembled from unknown sources. These things may have been his, but they are not for him: the stores accept only foreign currency. The lone tourist may go anywhere he wishes in the Soviet Union except to Turkestan and to the prison camps; he need take no escort on his sightseeing journeys unless he wishes. If he is one of a group, however, he will find a schedule carefully mapped out for him and he rushes through a routine of schools, hospitals, factories, crêches, museums, and one jail—in which he may meet the prisoner who says: "I should rather be a prisoner in a proletarian land than free in a bourgeois country." In the meanwhile the Russian populace stands aside and envies the clothes, the shoes, the silk, and, in some instances, the passports and exit visas of the visitors.

And it is quite the thing to add three days in the Soviet Union to the end of a tour of the European spas. One must see how the other half of the world lives! But there is doubt in the minds of some Communists about the value of such intercourse. "They know nothing of Soviet Russia or of our problems," said one party member. "And they don't want to know anything. Their chief interest is in seeing where the Tsars lived. All they see in present-day Russia is the poverty; and they do not try to understand the reasons for it. 'What an awful place Russia is,' I heard some woman say. 'I asked for a clean napkin at the Grand Hotel and didn't get it.' That sums up Russia for her!"

Other protests followed the visit of a boatload of tourists from South America. Here was a fine opportunity to show citizens from a continent which does not have a single diplomatic representative in the Soviet Union just what the outstanding features of Soviet life were. "They weren't in the least interested in industrialization," said one disgusted guide. "The first thing they asked in Moscow was: 'Where are the cabarets? The gypsies? The *maisons de joie?* We have heard so much about Russia!' That night there wasn't an unoccupied girl on Tverskaya or around the Grand Hotel." But the protests are disregarded; travellers' checks left behind are eventually transmuted into tractors and paving machines. The only menace to the Soviet régime in the coming of the tourists lies in the capitalistic propaganda spread by nice clothes, fine shoes, and insistent demands for baths, soap, and fresh air.

The delegations are a feature peculiar to the Soviet Union, but they are not confined to Americans; every summer's day brings a new non-Communist delegation of workers, scientists, officials or trade-union members from France, Germany, Scandinavia, and England. Customs examinations are a formality—thus enabling two members of one European delegation to smuggle out some very fine paintings. The train that meets them at the border varies in luxury in direct proportion to the importance of the group. One English and one American delegation have rated a special train. The delegations are met in Moscow by Soviet officials of varying degrees of importance, photographed for

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the newspapers, and rushed off to the hotels that have been cleared for them. Then, for two or more weeks, there follows a dizzying round. There may be a banquet at government expense with food that the proletariat think has long since vanished from the Soviet Union, and with wines whose original purchaser prided himself on the completeness of his cellar in 1916.

Next come endless interviews; formal ones with high officials (Stalin has met one American delegation) and less formal chats with those members of the foreign colony who have not been foresighted enough to leave town. There is much gadding about, while interpreters acquire a wan, worn look. Truth *must* be just around the corner. Stenographers and typists are busy jotting down the impressions, the interpretations, and the semifinal conclusions.

The delegations then leave Moscow and explore the land. Two hours' stop in each of the four large Volga cities gives them their impressions of provincial town life. By this time the members are in violent disagreement over the interpretations of what they are seeing and arguments resound over the boat. They are snatched from the river after four days and their train meets them to bear them on to the Caucasus; here is surcease from politics. By no possible mental twist can mountain scenery furnish material for political argument. But arguments go on, over æsthetics: are the Caucasus more beautiful than the Alps? Then the delegation turns north; there is a visit to the industrial centres of the south and so back to Moscow. Art shops are again visited. Final farewells—and the interpreters and typists leave for a month's vacation in the south. The special cars go back to the railroad yards to await another delegation.

There have been half a dozen outstanding groups within the past three years in addition to many "fact-finding" groups—journalists, professors, and long-faced economists who think that Truth lies at the bottom of a sea of statistics. Sherwood Eddy has led delegations at various times. He is famous in Moscow for his debate with a Russian atheist on the existence of God. A crowd filled the theatre. "I am as sure of the existence of God," Russians still repeat his remark, "as I am that my father is my father." "I didn't know this debate was to cast uncertainty on your parentage," his opponent replied. One unofficial American delegation published a book on their findings; some member then wrote to deny the truth of the book, although some of the chapters sounded as if they came verbatim from the "Guide to Soviet Russia" or from the pamphlets so freely handed out by Soviet institutions. It is all very confusing. An English delegation had poorer luck. The Polish customs guards laid for them when they crossed the border and took away every scrap of paper which might contain notes on impressions of Soviet Russia.

The two largest non-Communist delegations to visit the Soviet Union were the group of British business men in the late spring of 1929 and, a little later, a similar group from America, with a membership drawn from many lines, including editing and manufacturing animal traps. The Americans got the better deal. Late spring with its rains and serried clouds is no time to visit Soviet Russia. The English, a far more serious-minded group, with hands clutching order-books, travelled around a bit but spent most of their time in Moscow seeing what a tremendous market the Soviet Union is. They were very enthusiastic until told by one of the financial leaders of the Soviet Government that their appetite for orders could only be appeased if they, the members of the delegation, would secure credits

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abroad for the Soviet Union. Also political recognition. Order-books went back in their pockets. Yet recognition did come six months later and the visit of the delegation was most likely a contributing cause.

The visit of the American delegation was more in the nature of a junket, although the members individually had to stand a good share of the expense, as had the English. This time wives were invited; the British delegation had been a stag party. It was a de luxe tour as advertised but the pace, by the third week, was a bit tiring. The percentage of members with whom the Soviet officials could talk seriously—and why invite a delegation if that is not possible?—was distinctly lower than in the English group. For those who came to sightsee there was plenty of scenery. Others, who came seeking the Truth from the mouths of the proletariat themselves, would take an interpreter to a marketplace or to a village bazaar and stop some frightened citizen. "Ask him what he thinks of conditions," the foreigner would order. "He says they're all right," was the interpreter's reply. "Yes, but now ask him what he really thinks—he can't be telling the truth." By this time the citizen was too embarrassed to do anything but stutter, the interpreter was too weary to discuss the matter, and the American, convinced of something or other, had another chapter for his book.

For long days after the delegation's departure Moscow rang with stories of the amount of money the delegation had spent, of the tremendous purchases in the art stores, of how one member, on the first day in Moscow, said to his interpreter: "I came here just to find a Tsarist emerald. Get me one." Officials were consulted and he got what he came after; the Soviet Government got enough *dollari* to buy a few more tractors.

What definite effect the visit of the delegation had on Soviet-American trade is hard to gauge. It, too, saw what a market Soviet Russia is. It had no effect, of course, on recognition; indeed, the word was never mentioned publicly. But the crowning result of the visit of the group came in a court in Kazan, in January last, six months after the delegation's departure. After sailing Mother Volga, the voyageurs took up a collection of tips for the stewards—about two hundred dollars. The stewards wrangled long into autumn over the proper division of the money. When the division was arranged, one of the sub-minor members of the kitchen force was ignored. He took the matter to court and, in ruling about the matter, the court stated: "These tips should not have been accepted by the individuals. These damned bourgeois and capitalistic travellers successfully corrupted a proletarian trade-union."

From time to time individual business men journey to Moscow to survey conditions preparatory to accepting or beginning work on a Soviet contract. In every instance they are warmly received and most hospitably treated. It is often said that hospitality is shown only because the Soviet Union hopes to get something out of America; but that does not lessen the fact that an American in Soviet Russia, no matter where he goes, meets none of the slurs in conversation or in reception which sometimes occur in other lands. It is very easy to get access to Soviet officials—to all but the highest. The Soviet trusts put their new Rolls-Royces and expensive American cars at the disposal of the visitors (a proletarian government, following some principle not given in Marx, must buy the very best in motor-cars, and does). There is no attempt on the part of the Soviet officialdom to act the part of a New York clothing-maker entertaining the buyer

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from Topeka; nor, in a city lacking almost completely in night life, is there any opportunity. The chauffeurs of the State cars will, however, on request, drive down to the bathing-beach, famed for its lack of bathing-suits.

Because of their hospitality, whether teleological or not, Soviet officials open themselves to a lot of trouble. There arrive from time to time Americans on profit bound. They have elaborate schemes for helping the Soviet Union to make money—a lot of money. They ask only a small profit or commission—very small. Schemes like propositions for giving over the monopoly on the sale of all furs sold in America, plans for starting and equipping plants in the Soviet Union, plans for exporting the Opera en masse—all at Soviet expense. Such visitors seem to work on the principle that the strivings toward Communism are ipso facto a proof of simple-mindedness; therefore the Soviet officials will listen to anything. A small contract was given to a little group of promising Americans to do some work in Moscow; they arrived, and the first thing done was to write a letter to the Moscow Soviet asking for a loan. A New Yorker, legitimately interested in building a subway in Moscow, summed up the situation: "I haven't seen as many scoundrels gathered in one place since I was on an Alaskan gold rush. And the very same ones who were there are here."

One of the faults with Soviet officialdom is that they often take a foreigner on his own valuation and treat him accordingly. A professor, self-titled, is therefore a professor; and a capitalist, self-ranked, is therefore a capitalist. There have been those Americans who went to the Foreign Office saying loudly: "Our Secretary of State is one of my best friends. And the President? He forces me to lunch with him whenever I am in Washington. I know I can act as a go-between and help iron out the difficulties which prevent recognition of this great promising nation by our United States." The visitor is perhaps sincere in his wish to help and most certainly sincere in the hope that, should recognition be brought about by any miracle of his taking a "confidential statement" to the State Department, given him because he is "such a good friend of the Commissar of Foreign Affairs," he would be holding the bag, and anything that fell in it was his for keeps. It is very difficult now to get access to any really important officials in the Foreign Office, unless one's credentials are thoroughly authentic.

Similar gentlemen have bobbed up in other lines. One American arrived and let it be known confidentially that he was one of America's great dramatic critics, thereby wheedling a season's pass, good at all playhouses, from the Commissariat of Education and enjoying himself during his stay in Moscow. He likewise read several papers on "The Need for a Proletarian Note in American Drama," to audiences composed partly of Moscow producers who were virtually compelled to attend, by insistent calls from the Society of Cultural Relations, although many of them pleaded that they knew no English. "A translation of the address will follow," said the Society.

There are others in the same class but after entirely different objects. Although an American is safer in Russia, both from physical danger and from arrest, than in Italy, there is, none the less, profit in trying to see whether a few head-lines can't be produced in American newspapers to read: "Breath-taking Adventures of Millionairess in Reddest Russia." There was one lad who approached a Moscow correspondent saying: "I want you to send a story back

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home about me—you see, my old man is an important banker in Middletown." The correspondent demurred although the young man proposed stunts that he might do to attract attention. He left Moscow for the south; three weeks later there was a telegram from him: "Held by Secret Police at Border. Please cable home paper." Inquiries at the Foreign Office showed that no American was being held anywhere. The correspondent did nothing but waited months in vain for a telegram of inquiry from anguished parents: "Where is our boy?" If the young gentleman was shot, his family hasn't missed him yet.

Whether it be part of the policy to make things easy for Americans or not, it is a fact that very few Americans (or any other foreigners) have been arrested in Soviet Russia since the Revolution. However, until a few years ago any one caught taking a picture without a permit was led off to the nearest police station and, after showing a passport, allowed to leave; if that be counted as an arrest then the record is high. Such an experience does produce magnificent titles for magazine articles—"In the Clutches of the Deadly Secret Police." Permits are no longer needed now. After all, one can be arrested and jailed in Paris for singing on the bridges.

The deadly Secret Police have even passed Americans across the border without visas; the pretty smile of a débutante relative of Mr. Rockefeller once softened the heart of a proletarian passport inspector and thereby won the young lady gorgeous publicity on page one, column four, in New York papers. It is not wise to try to repeat it, however. There was one American poet whose Russian friend was arrested by the Secret Police; he immediately dashed to the headquarters on Lubyanka, rushed past the guard at the door without bothering to get an entrance permit —a deed which might well have netted him a shot in the back—stalked into an office in the Foreign Division and, thumping on the table before slightly surprised officers, demanded that his friend be released immediately. His petition was refused and he departed. A few months later it was the Secret Police who had to "find" him while travelling in the Caucasus after all other attempts to get in touch with him from Moscow failed. There are, however, those Americans who can tell truthfully of being continually shadowed by police operatives. The Secret Police are "our army on the internal front" and not always a Bureau for Advice and Aid to Tourists.

There is a wholly different set of American visitors (and from other nations as well) who can roughly be classed under Trotsky's definition of "Radishes."

They are wildly enthusiastic over all they see but not always logical; they were enthusiastic before they came and their visit only doubly convinces them. A school-teacher from Brooklyn was on a tour of one of the newspaper plants. She saw a machine which did wonders with the paper that was fed to it. "Really, that is remarkable," she commented. "Such an amazing invention could be produced only in a country like yours, where labor is free, unexploited, and working for one end. I shall write a book about what I have seen." She was a trifle embarrassed when she walked to the rear and saw the sign: "Made in Brooklyn, N. Y."

There was an American who felt that universal salvation lay in Communism plus the adoption of Esperanto and a diet of only nuts for all people; he departed disillusioned when his suggestions about more pecans for the proletariat and no meat were turned down.

The Society of Cultural Relations

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which handles the invasions of the "Radishes" is up against another thing quite frequently; the radical Soviet Union must support all that is radical in art, music, and literature as part of its business. There come many from the world over who feel that, unappreciated in the bourgeois world, perhaps they can find understanding in Soviet Russia. A young American, wearing continually a flaming red necktie to show how sincerely he believed in revolt, called on the society. He was a pianist and his mother came along as manager. "John has evolved a new system of piano-playing; tone-painting with garish colors applied in masses on a large canvas is the basis of his vision," she said. "He believes that a chord, to be vivid, must have a foundation of four progressive half-tones. So he plays a great deal with his fists. When can you arrange a concert for us?" Again and again the concert was scheduled and postponed until the pianist had to depart, accompanied with the sincerest regrets "that all the theatres have been occupied every night."

Finally, there are those who come feeling that the Soviet Union is a paradise for rebels; such people, weary of bourgeois hypocrisy or unsatisfied under capitalism, have read of Soviet Russia and dreamed dreams. A young couple from New York sold everything they owned and came to Moscow to "express their real selves." They found it hard to secure work but managed to get a few pupils in foreign-language courses; they found it almost impossible to get a room in overcrowded Moscow but eventually they secured a small cubby-hole in a large apartment and tried to live Russian style, which none of the resident Americans do. They learned that cabbage soup and black bread constitute a monotonous diet to which one must be born; worse, the wife fell sick and after two weeks managed to get into a free hospital. She fled the food and the crowded ward in three days.

In the meantime the husband was discovering that the Soviet Union was not as he dreamed it; lauding its social aims he, a pacifist, opposed to force, disapproved of the direct and drastic measures that are often employed to achieve these aims. "We want no such sentimentalists," said one Communist to him. "We must be ruthless and we must be supported wholeheartedly or not at all." The couple returned to New York; much that had been alive in them was now dead.

Here is real tragedy, not to be ridiculed. For such people Soviet Russia is not a place in which to purchase Tsarist souvenirs for stuffing pent-houses or about which to speak omnisciently about the peasantry after a two weeks' tour of a few villages. For them it is the Land of the Last Disappointment.

In the midst of this shifting American migration there stands the resident non-Communist American colony. It has problems more pressing than what to do with the visitors who bring letters of introduction. It has problems arising from the economic structure of the land which no American colony in other foreign cities must face: how to bring in food supplies from abroad in spite of ridiculous tariff regulations and obstreperous officials; how to get a parcel-post package out of customs without spending six hours in quarrelling with the employees; how to educate one's children in the absence of any foreign schools; how to market on the ration-card system, even though foreigners have special advantages in this matter which the native population does not possess.

The members of the colony are chiefly engineers and correspondents; the ten correspondents are old residents—one of them, the hospitable Mr. Duranty

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of the New York *Times*—himself an Englishman—has been there for almost ten years. Most of them live in small apartments scattered around town, paying more than they would pay in New York for smaller and poorer quarters. They have no social centre unless it be the Grand Hotel with its tasteless dances several times a week. There has been talk of an American club and also of a store to sell American goods but these have not yet opened. "If only we had an embassy here—then we could get American cigarettes," one member of the colony sighed, offering that as a strong reason for diplomatic recognition. There is no Woman's Club nor a formal foreign group of any sort; such grouping might incur suspicion. There is no golf course nor much opportunity for any athletics. The American colony has been able to bring with it far less of America than any colony in other lands. A newspaper in English has been started recently, edited by Americans to furnish the American engineers not only the baseball scores but the "truth about what the Soviet Government is trying to do."

There is no American Embassy but members of the American colony, particularly the correspondents, combine to rescue any fellow countryman who may get into some mixup with the government. There is a branch of the Russo-American Chamber of Commerce which can help straighten any business tangles. But there are other embassies—twenty of them—and they play an important part in the life of all foreign colonies. The Moscow post is considered by many Foreign Offices to be punishment. The members of the staffs are cut off entirely from all contact, excluding the most formal, with all Russians except ballet girls. No Russian goes to the embassies except on official business. Once upon a time they went, particularly to the British legation; when that mission left Moscow after the Soviet-British break in 1927, most of those Russians who had frequented the legation were sent to Siberia to recover from the scrofulous touch of British parties, British drinks, and British conversations. A number were shot as spies in British pay.

The diplomatic staffs entertain each other and invite most of the foreign residents as well; there is no mad social whirl in Moscow nor much social climbing. In their complete isolation from all Russians—certainly Russian males—the diplomats are glad to welcome any foreigner who knows which side of a dress shirt is front. Yet there is "social climbing"—for in the embassies there is foreign food (naturally they are not on rations nor are they troubled with a tariff), coffee without the flavor of boots, and there is a taste of social comforts that are common enough at home but rare in the Soviet Union. "I never see that chap," said an ambassador speaking of one foreigner, "except on the day before we give a party."

The Soviet Government gives teas for correspondents and others during the winter at which the journalists have an opportunity to meet informally with some of the high officials. But the great social affair of Moscow is the annual or semi-annual diplomatic ball; many from the American colony are invited—the others "crash the gate."

It is held in the Foreign Office "Palace" by the river, recently leased by the British Embassy. At first sight it might be a royal ball. Uniforms and full dress are in order; there was severe criticism of that American who was so democratic as to turn up once in civilians. The hostess for the evening is the wife of the Commissar of Foreign Affairs, the gracious Madame Litvinov. Soviet officials in important political but not party posts attend. Stalin never comes. Some

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of the Soviet high military command turn up in uniforms which even rival the braided splendor of the Polish and Latvian military attachés. Stars from the opera perform. Then a buffet is opened with food that embassies cannot buy, exquisitely served, and with wines and liquors existing nowhere in Europe except in the vaults of the Soviet Wine Trust. The morning's paper, after one party, made no mention of it as usual; it did announce however that co-operative stores were short on canned sauerkraut and sausage and that the cans contained only three sausages in place of the usual six without any corresponding price reduction.

The rush to the buffet is most impressive; some of the guests do not leave it for the rest of the evening, not even to watch the première danseuse from the ballet. She can be seen at any time. But when will there be such food and drinks again? Later on some of the guests may perform; one Soviet general once demonstrated that if he were not in the army he could be on the stage. And in the midst of all this splendor which the government considers necessary in order to show its rank as a sovereign power, one among equals, looking on from a balcony are some workers, a few women with red bandannas on their heads, adding that *je ne sais quoi* proletarian touch.

Members of the American colony, as well as other foreigners, find their chief relaxation in going abroad. The colony has adopted a strange phrase to describe entering or leaving the Soviet Union; it speaks of "going in" or "going out." "Why do you say that?" a member of the *Izvestia* staff once asked me. "You use it in only one other connection in your English, in speaking of jail. Why do you try to get abroad at least once a year? Why do you call Moscow life monotonous?"

It is scarcely fair to call it monotonous, if the word is used in the sense of boring. "One always expects something to happen to-morrow," said one correspondent who knows Moscow well. "It never does—but it doesn't keep you from anticipating that to-morrow perhaps—!" Soviet Russia changes with amazing speed; there are wars and rumors of wars. It is another world and a world isolated in spite of American tourists and delegations—who can be made to surrender their stock of American cigarettes and coffee. Yet a perspective of what is going on in the Soviet Union, let alone in the world outside, is warped by too long a residence there. In the absence of facilities for exercise and even, for most foreigners, automobiles, nervous pressure accumulates which is hard to relieve. There are a dreary autumn, a winter that must be spent indoors, and a rainy spring.

There are, to be sure, some advantageous sides to Moscow life; the work is often absorbingly interesting, and all foreign colonies have adopted the Soviet creed that what one does in the field of "morals" is no one's business. Any kind of an alliance is socially acceptable. But there is only one subject of conversation, a theme in monotone—Soviet Russia. The complexity of the problems which the land presents, the great mass of conflicting impressions, always lead to different points of view and to eternal discussion of the one subject.

The relation of all non-Communist foreigners to the Russian urban population adds, perhaps, to the pressure. If the Russians are Communists there is mutual entertaining but seldom companionship; the feeling that the two peoples are in different camps creeps in. If the Russians are non-Communists the foreigner must be on his guard—not because of getting himself in trouble but because of politically embarrassing the Russian. Fear of contact with foreigners

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pervades a large section of the Moscow population; that is not true, however, in the villages or among the proletariat. In all formal relationships with Soviet officials there is red tape to be sure but usually courtesy, politeness, and promises of co-operation. But the very classes of natives with whom a foreigner would most likely associate in other countries must be approached in Moscow with care; else there is more worry.

After a long continuous residence in the Communist capital, America seems far, far away. The World Revolution appears entirely feasible as the foreigner begins to see to what tremendous national depths Communism has successfully probed in twelve years. A foreigner encounters those men whose verities and certainties have been rudely swept away by the revolution; might not the same thing happen in America? It is discouraging. Newspaper despatches from America are chiefly of labor and economic troubles. It was no comfort to one American who received a cable one night in October, 1929, "Your fifty thousand dollar margin has been wiped out," to read in the *Izvestia* next morning, "Market breaks. American bourgeoisie getting it in the neck."

There is little unanimous agreement among the foreign colonies on just what the situation in Soviet Russia is; but there is no conversation about anything else unless it be the spread of Communism abroad. Men who have been there for five years are confused and struggle through masses of conflicting particulars for generalizations to which they can hold fast. It is refreshing to have a tourist, on his second day in Moscow, just after learning the Russian word for "tea," sit down and tell just what the Truth is. It is encouraging to hear some member of a delegation say to a correspondent, "I came to see things for myself. We can't believe a thing that appears in American newspapers about Russia." It makes the correspondent wonder how he ever managed to get all those lies for his American papers past the censor. It is cheering to have a visitor, in Moscow for ten days, carefully "brain-pick," as the colony puts it, the resident Americans and come home to write a book about "his seasoned conclusions on Russia." It is reassuring to know that Soviet Russia is the only country in the world about which one can become an authority by merely visiting it.

All foreign non-Communist residents stay closely together; but everywhere among them there is a spirit of *Weltschmerz*—of international worry, of inability to decide whether this great country is staggering or striding. They see confusion, poverty everywhere; there come depressing tales of distress. But there is tremendous activity and absorbing self-sacrifice on the part of the Communists on all sides. The spirit of serious endeavor which has gripped the youth is inspiring. Foreigners feel that they are only spectators, not participants; some of the American engineers, however, have been gripped by the enthusiasm to build no matter what hardship is involved. Two American railroad engineers lived during a whole winter on the Turkestan steppe in a goatskin tent, drinking tea as thick as molasses and eating whatever there was, to help complete a railroad section on time.

The American Communists live by themselves and usually keep away from their bourgeois fellow countrymen; when they do meet, the Communists are highly suspicious as if believing that each American is an agent of the Department of Justice. Sometimes the two groups meet and embarrassment results but from other reasons: the few American Negro Communists, with their Russian lady friends, came to one large

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American party in Moscow. It looked like a good evening. Suddenly a new arrival from southern Texas walked in. He began, "I shuah am glad—" There was noise, confusion; the Negroes vanished.

The net result of politics, *Weltschmerz,* bad cigarettes, and limited food resources is a trip to Berlin; there is a strange feeling of relief, of pressure released, when the train lands at the first Polish town. There *does* appear to be another world after all.

The Polish fields look greener, the Polish peasants happier. The Polish tablecloths are certainly whiter. Here is beer fit to drink and petty things like chocolate and cigars. Berlin and even Warsaw loom up ahead like oases. For the first few days the foreigner just out of Moscow after a long stay there talks incessantly; there is so much to tell that does not come abroad in despatches, and there are willing listeners. Perhaps the Russian observer has come out feeling distinctly anti-Soviet; although appreciating the difficulties which the Communists face he may think that the improvement and the advances are not worth the cost and travail put on the people. Yet, curiously enough, in a short time, after listening to yarns that are told abroad about the Soviet Union, he veers over to the defense; it can't be as bad as they say!

And a little later he is eager to go back, to keep close to the rippling changes which spread across the Proletarian fatherland. Besides, something may have happened while he has been away which has not reached the foreign newspapers! So, with a suitcase filled with cigarettes he returns, past the brooding Polish guards who may grunt, mournfully: "Many people go into bloody Russia but fewer come out"—forgetting that some perhaps may continue on to China—past the barbed wire that marks the boundary of the Bourgeois, and on to the little Russian border town.

There is something different in the air; perhaps it is uncertainty, strain, perhaps striving through pain; but here things are doing, for better or worse, and Europe seems static, inert, flat. As the train jogs on to Moscow—not the luxurious train that meets the large delegations bound for the Truth—the American may attempt to analyze the force that has brought him back. It is the attraction of mystery, of looking on something new; a people who are trying paths no others have ever attempted before. In this land that lies dark beyond the car-window, where only an occasional white birch throws back a light, are there forces emerging that will some day shake the world? Its people are working with elementals; they have lost all interest in collecting china and towels that are marked with the double eagle of the Romanovs.

And so to Moscow. For a day or so it seems unreal. But in a little while some tourist will be along with a letter of introduction. When one pilots a minister and a manufacturer of hog-feed, members of one of Mr. Eddy's delegations, through the great and beautiful cathedral, when one of them says, "I have been here three days but I already understand the real situation," when, standing before a superb Byzantine icon of Mary and Her Child, the manufacturer says, "Beautiful, isn't it?" and when the minister replies, "Yes, but if they had only believed in Jesus Christ" —then there are things that seem more unreal than Soviet Russia, its people, and its problems.

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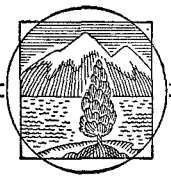

The Fighter

By CARROLL E. ROBB

A story of New England mill towns. The seventh of the selections in the Prize Contest brings forward an entirely unknown writer. Mr. Robb has successfully written a rapidly moving story of a mill mechanic who achieved by chance a reputation as a dangerous fighter.

I

THERE was nobody in the mill office when Joe came in except the two girls over at the accounting desk. The works manager was out—and so were all the other men. That was often the case with mill offices; there would be opened safes, desks, trays of papers, and nobody using them for hours together.

It was sometimes hard to say what a manager did with his time, what he did to earn his pay—at least it was hard for Joe to tell. When the manager was out of the office he wasn't often in the shop, in the mill—and when he did come into the mill he usually only hung around for a minute looking for somebody or something that wasn't there.

Joe took off his cap and looked toward the two girls. He would probably have to wait for some time. Perhaps the girls could tell him something—but not likely. Joe was standing against the low railing that rebuffed incoming visitors and kept them away from the desks. The two girls were sitting in profile to him; they didn't pay him the least attention.

"Girls are always hard-boiled when you give them a little authority," Joe thought.

He was near enough to them to hear their talk with one another, even though they didn't notice him. The brown-haired one was saying:

"—like I told you, pink chiffon—it's nearly always terrible swell. And she made it so tight—it hooks under the arms, you know what I mean—and she had it made so tight that every time she wears it she has to have the hooks set back—and on the bottom she has about so much tulle—you know, run up the dress into points like I said—and the men all fall for her—you know, I mean she's that type——"

The red-haired one, without looking up from the ledger at which she was working, said:

"Yeah, I understand; I can just imagine she would be that type."

The bell of the telephone on one of the desks rang; and the brown-haired girl got up and walked over toward it.

"The Prince of Wales, for me," she announced indifferently.

Joe, at the rail, watched her half-impudent stride and the activity of her jaw

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as she uninterruptedly chewed her gum. She looked like a fly lot, he thought, and a little hard.

The girl at the phone said:

"Chicopee Mills, works office—Mr. Carter's not in just now—I couldn't say just when—he had ought to be in almost any minute—call 274?—I certainly will—good-by."

She put down the phone; and for the first time admitted that she was aware of Joe standing outside the rail.

"Oh, did you want something, mister?" she asked.

Her manner had changed. She had a pleasant smile and voice. It was funny how different a girl could seem when she was noticing you. Joe said:

"I was only looking for the works manager. A friend of mine said there was a chance they would take on a machinist here."

The girl stood looking at him while she fiddled with her back hair.

"Well, you'll have to see Mr. Carter about that," she said. "I couldn't tell you. Did any one know you was to come in to-day, for instance?"

Joe shook his head.

"I just happened to hear only yesterday that they might want somebody," he said. "I thought I could come in and ask."

The girl chewed her gum; and looked at him in a not unfriendly manner.

"Oh, yeah, I see," she said. "Well, you'll have to see Mr. Carter"—she turned her head toward her companion at the accounting desk: "Say, Lois, do you expect Mr. Carter will be in before long?"

The red-haired girl turned around.

"He's just coming across the yard now," she said. "I can see him out the window. I guess he's coming here."

The brown-haired girl repeated the message to Joe as if he hadn't been able to understand it:

"He's just coming across the yard now; you can talk to him, if you want to."

A man in vest and shirt sleeves came in at the door; and passing close by Joe, pushed open the little gate in the railing and started toward the large desk. The brown-haired girl said:

"Oh, Mr. Carter, you're to call 274 as soon as you come in—they said particular, just as soon——"

The man said:

"Oh, all right, all right."

He went on toward the desk.

The girl put her hand up to her hair again.

"And, oh, Mr. Carter," she said, "here's a man wants to see you. He's been waiting——"

Mr. Carter looked across at Joe.

"Well, what is it?" he asked.

Joe shuffled his cap in his fingers.

"I heard there might be a place for a machinist," he said.

Mr. Carter looked more closely at him.

"Are you a machinist?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Where have you worked?"

"At Wyandotte Mills, last."

"In Holyoke?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you left there?"

"Yes, I've left. There was some sort of trouble—I could explain all that."

Mr. Carter considered for a moment.

"Well, you come in to-morrow," he said. "I can't talk to you just now—Miss Subert——"

The brown-haired girl said:

"Yes, Mr. Carter——"

Joe turned slowly toward the door—this "talk-to-you-to-morrow" stuff didn't often result in anything; it usually meant that they were getting you out of the way. But as he started to leave the office he found himself confronted by a man coming in—a cocky-looking young

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man, a fellow not any older than Joe himself, about twenty-three or four—but a confident, bumptious sort of son of a gun with an air of authority.

Joe knew who he was—he had known him pretty well a year ago, though he hadn't heard he was down here at Chicopee now. But the man didn't notice Joe for a moment—wasn't looking about him, was just walking straight in, swaggering his shoulders about his own business.

Joe hesitated; and said somewhat sheepishly:

"Oh, hullo, Roddy Johnson."

The other stared for an instant.

"Oh, it's Joe Mitchel," he said. "Hullo, Joe. What you doing down here? I didn't know you ever got down this way—why didn't you let me know?"

Joe said:

"I was looking for a job. I heard they might be taking on a machinist here."

"Oh—did you talk to Mr. Carter?" asked Roddy.

"Well, only for a minute. I'm to talk to him to-morrow, he said."

"Oh, that's no good," said Roddy. "Let's see if we can't settle something now. I'm a foreman here now, you understand—did you say you knew me?"

"No, I didn't know you were here," admitted Joe.

"Well, here, you just wait a minute," said Roddy.

He went across to Mr. Carter's desk.

"Say, Mr. Carter, excuse me a minute," he said, breaking in—he lowered his voice; and he and Mr. Carter talked together for a few minutes. Then Roddy looked up and beckoned to Joe.

"Come over here a minute," he said.

Joe came to the desk; and Mr. Carter began to question him.

"You want a job?"

"That's it," said Joe.

"You used to work over at Wyandotte?"

"That's it."

"If you had trouble there, why do you think I want to take a chance on you?"

"I had a bad break over there," said Joe. "The trouble wasn't anything about my work. I worked good."

"Is that all you've got to say about it?"

"That's about all, I guess."

Roddy Johnson interrupted.

"It's like I told you, Mr. Carter," he said. "I heard about it. There was a young fellow over there that was always nagging Joe—and there was a fight, see? Joe ain't really a quarrelsome man; but this young fellow kept picking on him. Joe's awful strong; and the guy got hurt pretty bad. Joe gets the blame—the Wyandotte people didn't want a trouble-maker around—but Joe ain't a trouble-maker; he ain't quarrelsome; the guy picked on him."

"Well, he looks quiet enough," admitted Mr. Carter.

"He is quiet," said Roddy. "He minds his own business—he don't say much, but he gets a lot done."

"What did you say your name was?" Mr. Carter asked Joe.

"Joe Mitchel——"

"He's a Polack," explained Roddy. "His real name is Zbiliski, but they all call it Mitchel around here. He's a first-rate machinist—I used to know him when I was up at Holyoke."

Mr. Carter turned to Joe.

"Well, if Johnson hadn't said you were all right I wouldn't have taken a chance on you. But if he wants you, why it will be all right with me."

II

When Joe knocked off work that night he hung around for a few minutes; and then went into the wash-room

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to clean up after the other men from the shop had got out.

Joe had waited on purpose to speak to Roddy Johnson. Roddy had gone into the office after the whistle blew; but now he came back and began to get his things out of his locker. Joe went up to him.

"I want to thank you for your good word for me, Roddy," he said.

"Oh, that's all right," Roddy said.

Roddy was a good fellow, a good friend. He talked too much, that was all —but you could put up with that.

Roddy said:

"I was glad to see you come in, Joe—I'll tell you what I've been wanting, and that's a steady sort of man to help me out here. Carter's funny about some things; he don't appreciate the help a man sometimes needs—there are some pretty good boys in the mill here; but they haven't really got heads on their shoulders. Now you don't say much—you're one of those quiet fellows—but you always know what you're doing. With a man like you to help me——"

Roddy waved his arms with a gesture of planning large things.

"But he's always got a lot of plans in his head," Joe thought. "And they're always different plans."

Probably it hadn't been lack of proper men under him that had been handicapping Roddy—if he had been handicapped. Probably Joe's coming wouldn't really make much difference, except to fill one vacancy.

"As likely as not, things will just go on as they are, and he'll never mention any plans again," thought Joe.

Roddy said:

"You still living up at Holyoke, Joe?"

Joe nodded.

"Near Holyoke," he said.

"That's a long trip, every day."

"Oh, it ain't bad; there's a bus."

Roddy shrugged.

"Well, that's your business," he said. "Only, a fellow that lives in one place and works in another sometimes don't seem to belong to either—he don't make so many friends."

"Yes, that's so," agreed Joe.

But what did it matter? Joe didn't mix around much anyhow. He didn't make much use of the friends he had except to speak to them when he happened to meet them on the street.

Roddy said:

"I want to talk to you, Joe, when I get a chance. But I got a date to-night; I've got to be out. You and me'll get together some night and talk things over."

"O. K. with me," said Joe. "Any time ——"

But he knew that the time wouldn't come very soon. Roddy might never mention it again—or he might mention it and postpone it half a dozen times. Well, it didn't matter.

Roddy said:

"Well, so long, Joe. I've got to get to my date. See you to-morrow."

"So long, Roddy."

Roddy walked swaggeringly out of the shop—he certainly was a cocky, good-looking fellow. His clothes were always natty, and seemed to be new—always in new style, always up to the minute.

Well, that was all right. He was going to keep a date with some dame. Well, that was all right too. Some men had a knack of getting girls.

Joe came out of the mill buildings and crossed the yards to the street. He stood on the corner waiting for the bus to come along. In a few minutes a girl in a trim suit and tight hat pulled down close over her head came along and stood waiting near him.

"It's funny how all slim girls look sort of smart," thought Joe. "They all want to look like boys—but it's lucky they

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don't look like boys; nobody would care about them if they did. They look like thin, smart girls—and that gets them a lot more forward. But it's funny how they all think they want to look like boys."

The girl turned slightly toward him. Joe saw her face full front; and gave a little start.

"I guess that's the girl that was in the office," he said to himself, "the one with the brown hair."

He felt uncomfortable. If she was the girl in the office he ought to speak to her.

The girl was looking right at Joe. Then she smiled.

"That's her," Joe said to himself.

He took an awkward step toward her —he hadn't been standing more than two steps away from her.

"Hullo," he said.

At once she smiled at him.

It was funny what a difference a smile made. When a girl smiled right at you you didn't feel so awkward any more. The girl said:

"Oh, hullo. I was wondering if you didn't recognize me. You were standing there so sort of offish."

Joe felt a little awkward again.

"Well, a hat makes such a difference," he said.

The girl smiled again.

"Can't you tell a girl when she's got a hat on?" she asked. "Say, you can't be very much used to going with girls. What's a hat? It would never make any difference to me about recognizing a girl friend whether she had a hat on or not."

"Well, of course I recognized you," said Joe. "I only wasn't just exactly sure for a minute—and I didn't know whether you would recognize me."

"Oh, sure," declared the girl. "Right away—you're Joe Mitchel, that was in the office to see Mr. Carter to-day. I could remember you as long as that, perfectly easy——"

She wasn't really looking at him, Joe noticed. She was looking about her, at anybody who happened to be coming along—she was looking to see who was looking at her.

She said:

"You're great friends with Roddy Johnson, aren't you?"

Joe nodded slowly.

"Yes, he's helped me a lot," he said.

The girl looked reflective.

"All the men fall for Roddy," she said. "He's got a good way about him; they want him to like them— And the girls all run after him."

Joe hesitated.

"Yeah," he said.

"Yeah," said the girl. "I know him, too; but I don't run after him."

She looked at Joe, smiling.

"Do you want to know my name?" she said. "Mary Subert—I'm Mr. Carter's secretary, sort of—like you saw."

"Yes, I saw," said Joe.

The girl said:

"Do you live over in Holyoke?"

"Yes, in Holyoke. Do you?"

"On the Holyoke road," the girl said. "Just before you get into Holyoke—I get off at the bridge, this side— You're married, aren't you?"

Joe was startled—he hadn't thought of such a thing.

"Why, no, I'm not," he said.

"Oh—do you live with your father and mother, or by yourself?"

"With my sister," said Joe. "There's nobody else left in our family—my sister works in a store in Holyoke."

"Oh, I see," said the girl. "Well, that's nice, to have sort of a home that way— You know what I think? I think it's all right for a brother and sister to live together that way. But some girls will tell you that a sister is always sort of nagging her brother—that she's sort of jealous of his being out with girl friends, and makes him sort of into an old maid him-

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self—well, you know what I mean. Some girls will tell you that. But I always says it's nobody's business if a man wants to live with his sister; that makes a home for him."

"Oh, yeah," said Joe.

The bus came along. Joe helped the girl into it, and paid her fare with his own.

"Oh, say, you hadn't ought to do that," she said.

"Well, I've done it now," Joe said.

The girl said:

"Well, thanks a lot. But we might often ride on the bus together if you keep on living in Holyoke, and you mustn't ever think of paying my fare."

Well, that was reasonable. Joe looked furtively at the girl. She wasn't looking at him. She was glancing about at the other passengers. She said:

"You're a machinist, aren't you?"

"Yes, a machinist," said Joe. "A machinist isn't a bad thing to be if you're a good one."

The girl said:

"Are you that kind of a machinist?"

Joe colored a little.

"I try to be," he said.

"Oh, I only meant, I thought I heard you say you were a machinist!" the girl said. "I always like to know what a fellow is interested in."

That was a lot of hooey, Joe thought.

The girl was glancing about in the bus—people were getting off, were getting on, every few blocks, and she noticed everybody. She felt to see if her tight hat was far enough down on her head—it couldn't be any ways else, the way she had it jammed on.

"I was asking you about your friend Roddy Johnson, wasn't I?" she said. "All the girls like him pretty well——"

She was watching a stout young woman leave the bus; and Joe was watching her. After a pause, Joe said:

"Does that make all the difference whether a man is a good fellow or a bum, whether the girls like him or not?"

The girl looked quickly at him. For the first time, she seemed a little confused. Then she laughed a little.

"Why, no, I don't guess so," she said. "Not altogether—I don't know that I quite get what you mean."

"I mean," said Joe, "does a fellow have to have the girls like him, or else he's a bum?"

The girl shrugged.

"Oh, I wouldn't exactly say that," she said. "But you understand what I mean. Naturally a girl notices about a man whether other girls like him or not."

Joe frowned.

"Yes, I suppose anybody notices," he said.

The girl smiled.

"I suppose, now for instance, you've got girl friends yourself?" she said, with her inflection making the statement into a question.

Joe frowned again.

"Well, I don't go with girls so very much," he admitted.

The girl glanced casually at a man just getting on the bus.

"Oh, no?" she said to Joe. "Well, some girls will treat a fellow so mean, it's no wonder he won't ever want to go with girls after a while."

Joe was feeling awkward again. The girl turned an inquisitive look upon him:

"Didn't you say you'd been in some sort of trouble at your old job?" she asked. "I only mean I thought I heard you say something about it."

Joe flushed.

"Well, yes, sort of trouble," he said. "I had a sort of fight with one guy."

"About a girl, was that?" the girl asked.

"No, not exactly——"

"Well, either it was or it wasn't. I bet

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it was— You know what I mean; a girl can be awful mean to a fellow, and make a lot of trouble between him and another fellow—I mean, I wouldn't do such things, but a lot of girls would; they'd just think they were having fun; they wouldn't stop to think how a fellow feels—and I bet you aren't the kind that would stand for very much yourself; you'd probably get pretty sore."

Joe looked down at his hands. They were large, strong hands; there were some small cuts on the backs of his knuckles, small bruises.

"Well, it wasn't exactly about a girl," he said. "This guy that I told you about, he started to pick on me—and I didn't like it, that was all."

The girl glanced into Joe's face.

"No, I can just imagine you wouldn't," she said. "I only mean, that's quite natural. I tell you what I think. I think the trouble is, you're too quiet— Well, you know what I mean. I mean I could see right away that you don't say very much —a girl can almost always tell about a thing like that in a fellow. That's quite all right with me, you understand. I like a fellow that's sort of quiet and minds his own business—it's better than the other kind that simply won't let a girl alone. But I mean, people that talk more sort of relieve their own feelings—like me for example; but of course with girls it's different. But a man like you, for example, would get sore and not show much. And the other fellow would sort of go too far—and then there wouldn't be anything left to do but have a fight sort of, without really having wanted it."

Joe was looking hard at the girl.

"How did you know about all that?" he said.

The girl shrugged.

"Oh, I mean that a girl can sort of notice about a fellow—she can usually sort of tell."

Joe said nothing. But Joe wasn't going to have any more fights, wasn't going to lose any more jobs, to lose any more friends, to get a bad name, just because some guy got fresh to him, tried to pick on him.

The girl said abruptly:

"Your friend Roddy Johnson is going around with a girl friend of mine——"

Joe was startled.

"What girl? The one in the office?" he asked.

The girl hastily shook her head.

"Oh, no, not Lois," she said. "Lois doesn't look at fellows very much. I mean Roddy's going with Miss Deleo —she lives up in Holyoke somewhere."

Joe was trying to think.

"Is that the girl you were talking about to-day—the one with the pink dress?" he asked.

The girl looked quickly at him.

"Yes," she said slowly. Then she smiled. "How'd you ever remember hearing me talk about that? Did you hear me saying anything else?"

Joe shook his head.

"No, I didn't hear anything, scarcely," he said.

The girl looked half dubiously at him.

"I don't know when you're kidding and when you're not," she said.

Joe was pleased with this.

"No, I don't ever kid," he told her. "I wouldn't know how."

The girl said:

"Yeah, that's the girl I mean—Miss Deleo her name is. I know her—but I don't know that I care so much for her type. I mean, of course she's nice; but she's one of those girls that's just born to look stylish and be run after. She don't talk very much—not as much as me—but with her, everything has to be just so; her boy friends have to come up to just what she expects—when she goes with a fellow, it's like she does him a wonderful favor—you know what I

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mean. And the fellows all fall for it hard, let me tell you; she gets away with it. That's the type she is, understand ——"

Joe said slowly:

"Yeah, I understand."

The girl shrugged again.

"Well, of course she's a friend of mine. She's quite nice—but I just mentioned her on account of your knowing Roddy Johnson and him having just now fallen flat for her. I thought you might know her."

Joe shook his head.

"No, I don't know her," he said. "I don't know much about what Roddy does, so far as girls are concerned—nor fellows either, I guess. I only know him in jobs where we've worked together" —and he added: "I don't go around very much; I don't often have very much luck with people."

III

Joe's sister Marin had got home and had the dinner ready by the time that Joe reached the house. She seemed moody, and to be thinking of something that she wasn't telling about— But of course that didn't mean anything; Marin always seemed to be moody.

She didn't at once ask Joe about the luck he might have had—but she was certain to ask him a little later. She never asked anybody right away what luck they had had, even when she was really dying to know.

The dinner was good. Marin didn't much like cooking, but she knew how to do it—she did it savagely, did it well, as though to spite people who were likely to think from her manner that she was going to do it badly.

Sure enough, before Joe had more than begun to eat, she asked him:

"Did you get the job you went after? I suppose you did, from your getting home so late."

"Yes, I got it," Joe said. "I wasn't going to get it—they were only going to let me know to-morrow; and that's never any good; they never let you know at all. But Roddy Johnson happened to come in and spoke up for me. It seems he's foreman down there."

Marin frowned.

"Oh—so that was it," she said.

Joe ate his dinner in silence for a few minutes. He knew that Marin was sore because he had had to have Roddy Johnson speak for him before he could get a job.

Joe said:

"Are you sore about my letting Roddy Johnson get a job for me, Marin?"

Marin made an impatient gesture.

"Well, I don't much care for the way you keep thinking that this Roddy Johnson is so wonderful," she said. "I don't care for you to be thinking that he's any better than you are— And I hate to have you having to go around looking for jobs, anyway. It makes me feel like a slave. Why does Roddy get on better than you? Why do you have to have him help you?"

Joe munched at his dinner.

"Well, it doesn't do any good to think that sort of thing, Marin," he said. "It's thinking that sort of thing that gets you into trouble. I don't want any more trouble, any more fights—not like the time I had at the Wyandotte Mills. Even if a man thinks he's better than I am, this time I'm going to let him think it."

Marin got up, to bring on the dessert.

"Here, I'll get the dishes off for you," said Joe.

But Marin was sore; she wouldn't let him.

"You stay where you are," she said.

When they began to eat their dessert, Marin said abruptly:

"Well, what I mean is we never get on in the world just because we feel we haven't got the knack of it. There's your

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wonderful friend Roddy Johnson, for instance, that you think is such a good friend, such a good fellow, he has the knack of getting on. He has the knack of letting people like him—that's all he does; he just lets them like him. Men like him; girls like him. He doesn't do anything. People just like him, and he lets them. And he's always lucky—things turn out good for him."

Joe looked keenly at Marin.

"You sort of like Roddy yourself," he said.

Marin frowned.

"Well, suppose I do," she said. "Still it gets me sore to think how easy things are for him, for people like him. We have to work, and don't get anywhere with it—you're just a Polack working down there in the mills; and what becomes of your work? You just make money for stockholders that you never see—for fat men and greedy women who eat it up and drink it up and spend it on clothes. It's fellows like Roddy Johnson that get on, that have a lot of friends, that have a good time— Do you think that you're getting anywhere?"

Joe was becoming sullen. He said obstinately:

"Well, I've no kick coming, that I know of."

Marin was indignant.

"Well, why haven't you?" she demanded. "Why aren't you dissatisfied? You'll never get anywheres by being contented. I liked it better when you smacked that man at the Wyandotte, even if you did lose your job. I'd liked to have killed him myself."

Joe shrugged. That was like a girl—to theorize, and act just the contrary.

He said sullenly:

"Kicking doesn't pay."

Marin shrugged.

"Oh, all right, all right," she said. "Now that you've got a job, stick to it, don't fight any more, if that's your idea."

Joe was restless.

"Well, I don't want people to pick on me," he said. "But I'm not going to fight any more if I can help it."

Marin began to clear the table and to wash up the dishes. Joe helped her with this—but she was impatient, and took things out of his hands to finish them when she thought he was slow.

After she had finished she went over to the sofa and began to pick out something on her ukelele. She sat frowning, cross-legged, while she strummed on the uke—it wasn't going exactly to please her; but ukes never did go exactly to please anybody. She was playing "If Nightingales Sang Like You"—that wasn't very new; but lots of people were still playing it; it was catchy; there was something about it that let you be sentimental without having to admit that you were sentimental. Marin was having trouble with the strings; she was frowning and picking at them. She didn't play very well—but well enough to like it herself; and that was about all that you could expect, mostly.

Joe felt moody himself. Marin oughtn't to brood so much about people thinking that she and Joe were no good.

But Marin wasn't so unhappy as she seemed to others. She was awfully fond of Joe. She knew everything that he wanted. She quarrelled with him, but she took care of him. She had to take care of him for her own sake; that was what she lived for.

Joe said:

"Are you tired, Marin?"

Marin looked up, as though surprised.

"Well, it's all day on your feet in the store," she said. "I suppose I am tired. It don't seem so bad at any one moment while it's happening; but afterward you do feel sort of tired without knowing what about. You get sort of pushed and pulled all day by people calling you—and the girl next to you is always asking

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questions when she gets balled up with a customer."

Joe said:

"If you aren't too tired, do you want to go to the talkies? We could get into the second show easy enough—I forget what it is."

Marin wanted to go. She wouldn't have thought of it herself—she almost never thought of going to the talkies—but when anybody suggested it she wanted to go.

"Well, all right," she said after a pause.

She got her hat and put on a coat. She kept close to Joe's side as they went along the streets, not saying very much. Her manner seemed a little resentful, a little fierce; but she was really enjoying being out, enjoying looking at people, enjoying the lights.

It was funny about pictures. They didn't really amount to so much. Nobody really believed the stories; nobody thought that people really acted the way they did in the pictures. Nobody believed that things really happened, all pat like that, that men could do what the hero did, that girls were so faithful as the heroine was, that millionaire fathers welcomed life-guards and milk-wagon drivers for sons-in-law, that New York society mothers welcomed cash girls for daughters-in-law. But while you sat in the theatre everything seemed all right. You didn't stop to think that things were so different. And you came out feeling sort of big, sort of swelled in power to do things— Then in a little while of course you slipped back to where you had been—

Joe and Marin came out after the show and started toward home. Marin wasn't saying much; but she had watched the pictures as closely as anybody. They came by the corner where the Valhalla stood—Mike Connor's dance palace. Michael Konietzpolski called himself Mike Connor, and ran a dance palace—a big place, all blazing with lights. There was always a crowd—all the mill hands in the Holyoke district came here every Saturday night. You could see people going in—flash men and flash girls; smart bold-faced men who knew what they wanted; and girls—there were always plenty of girls.

It was funny how girls would come to a place like this, a really tough place—good-looking nice girls, the kind you might see anywhere in the daytime in shops, in stores, girls that you wouldn't think would want to get mixed in with any rough stuff. Well of course they did keep pretty good order at the Valhalla, so far as actual rough stuff went. Connor saw to that.

Marin said:

"There's your famous Roddy Johnson now——"

Joe looked about.

"Where?" he demanded. "He said he had a date to-night—I thought it was down in Chicopee."

Marin shrugged.

"Well, this is the sort of date it was," she declared. "And it's come to Holyoke, wherever it started."

Sure enough here was Roddy coming toward the door of the Valhalla with a girl on his arm—a pale-faced, quiet, stunning sort of girl—one of those smartly dressed, cool, lazy-looking girls with a manner about her and an endless indifferent smile.

Joe said:

"Let's walk on. He might not like us seeing him, when he didn't say anything about meaning to be up this way."

Marin was impatient.

"Well, what do we care whether he likes our seeing him or not?" she asked. "He's cocky enough for anybody to look at. He wants to be looked at, you bet. That's your Roddy Johnson for you."

Well, of course, Roddy was cocky—

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"Anybody can light a cigarette," she said in an indignant voice. "Anybody can stand on the sidewalk with a girl—that's nothing."

Joe said nothing. He walked on with Marin. Joe was becoming sulky.

Marin said suddenly:

"When you could, you didn't want to. And when it was too late you wanted to."

Joe walked on.

"I didn't really care," he said after a minute.

IV

Joe saw Roddy next day, some time in the middle of the morning. Joe had been at work around the machines in the north shop since eight o'clock, and hadn't had time to speak to anybody. Roddy came into the shop talking with some men from outside. He was carrying some sort of a board on which some designs had been traced, some sort of patterns about which he was talking.

Joe bent over his own work. Joe was in overalls, and greasy. Joe was a good machinist, a steady worker; he liked to mind his own business.

Presently Roddy nodded to the men with him; and said something in a rapid, confident manner. The men nodded, and went out. Roddy came along the shop whistling to himself and holding the board pattern, at which he looked. He saw Joe, and at once spoke to him.

"Oh, hullo, Joe—say, have you got a scribe about you? I just want to mark off what I mean here."

He was referring to the design upon the board which he carried. Joe felt clumsily in the pockets of his overalls.

"Here's a soft pencil," he said. "And these pliers have a sharp steel point to the handle. Do you want a rule or compass?"

Roddy pursed up his lips while he examined the point on the pliers' handle.

"This'll do," he said. "I only want to indicate what I mean."

Joe watched while Roddy held the board on the top of a bench and ruled a couple of lines on it with the steel point and a folding-rule which he had taken from his own pocket.

"There, that'll do," he said at last.

He handed back the pliers and put the rule in his pocket. The board on which he had been marking was carried carelessly under his arm. He didn't tell Joe what it was that he had been marking.

Joe moved the position of his feet clumsily.

"Oh, Roddy, I saw you last night," he said.

Roddy looked mildly surprised. He raised his eyebrows a little.

"Oh, yeah?" he said. "Whereabouts was that?"

Joe said:

"Yeah. Out in front of Valhalla. You didn't notice me, I guess. I just happened to be going by."

"Oh, yeah?" said Roddy again. "No, I guess I didn't see you."

Roddy's manner was pleasant, casual, indifferent.

Joe felt awkward again. He said:

"You was with a girl. You was going in to dance, I guess."

Roddy looked carelessly around the shop.

"Yeah, I danced a little last night. Nice place Connor's got there. But weekday nights are off nights, mostly—he has his crowd on Saturday; there's some nice doings there on Saturdays, usually."

Roddy took his board pattern from under his arm and glanced at it. He half turned away from Joe; and seemed about to go out of the shop. Joe glanced back toward his own work on the machines. But he still hesitated.

"You didn't tell me yesterday you

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it was queer how people looked different in the glare of these sidewalk lights that they put in front of theatres and dance halls, queer how people felt different with the glare in their eyes. Things seemed a little unnatural.

Marin said:

"That's Bess Deleo with him—she looks good to-night; she has that knack of looking good without trying very hard."

Joe turned his head.

"What did you say?" he asked Marin. "Is that Miss Deleo?"

Marin looked sharply at him.

"What do you know about Miss Deleo?" she demanded.

Joe looked away.

"Oh, nothing," he said. "I've heard about her, that's all. I don't know her—I didn't imagine she looked just like that, that's all. So that's what you call swell style."

"Who calls what swell style?" demanded Marin. "What have you been listening to? That's Bess Deleo all right—she used to be in school with me."

Joe looked startled.

"She's a friend of yours?"

Marin shrugged.

"Well, I used to know her well enough—what's the matter? You've been listening to somebody talk a lot; you've been hearing a lot of stuff about her. You think she's stylish—somebody's told you that she's wonderfully popular, and you're all filled up with it."

Joe frowned.

"It isn't just that," he said.

But Marin was certain now.

"You're just like any other man," she said. "When a girl gets a reputation for being popular you all run after her. You think she's different from other girls. Bess didn't use to be so popular in school—she looked like a gawky little girl even when she was seventeen or eighteen. She came out late. The way she looks now came on her when she was nearly twenty—she's about twenty-two now, I guess. Some girls are that way—without doing anything, they sort of bloom out. Then she became popular with fellows—you can't tell just when men begin to see something in a girl, nor what they see; but there it is. Even now Bess wouldn't succeed with every man—she doesn't know how to act; she just lets them have their own way and looks as if she were too experienced to talk much. Some men like that. She looks as if she didn't think it was much having a fellow like Roddy Johnson running after her; but she thinks it's swell."

Roddy was standing still under the lights of the Valhalla lighting a cigarette—he held his hand cupped up around the light, with his hat pulled a little over his eyes—even his lighting of a cigarette seemed smart, swaggering; you saw his clothes, his pose, his confident features. The Deleo girl was standing beside him watching him with that perpetual easy smile which she always wore. Roddy snapped shut his lighter and put down his hands. He looked sideways at Miss Deleo with a grin that seemed knowing. She was still smiling at him. They began to move on together.

Joe said:

"Let's go and speak to them, Marin. I really ought to speak to Roddy."

Marin pulled at his arm.

"You didn't want to a minute ago," she said obstinately.

Joe persisted.

"Well, I do now," he said. "And if you know Miss Deleo yourself——"

Marin frowned.

"Anyway it's too late now," she said. "They've gone inside. Do you want to go into the dance hall after them?"

Joe looked at the brilliant entrance.

"No—never mind now," he said.

Marin drew him away and began to walk impatiently along the street.

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were going up to Holyoke last night," he said to Roddy. "When you said you had to get away to a date I didn't think of your going up to Holyoke."

Roddy looked inquiringly at him, raising an eyebrow.

"No?" he said. "Didn't I? Well, I never happened to think."

He pursed up his lips to whistle a note or two, and moved away. He was going out into the office. Joe began to fool around his machines. But Roddy stopped and came back again.

"Say, Joe," he said, "do you like dancing yourself?"

Joe looked up, and flushed a little.

"Pretty good, I guess," he said.

"Well," said Roddy, "I just happened to think, suppose we get up a little party and go to Valhalla this Saturday night? You and me? A fellow ought to go to Connor's dances once in so often. The girls all like a fellow who dances—you aren't much if you don't dance pretty good. And the jazz is good at Valhalla."

Joe hesitated—he felt that his face was still flushed, and this made him sore.

"Well, I guess I can dance all right," he said.

"Sure you can," said Roddy carelessly. "You get a girl—I'll bring Bess Deleo. Do you know her?"

"My sister Marin knows her—I don't," said Joe.

Roddy looked quickly at him.

"Oh, that's right; your sister probably would," he said. "Bess was a Holyoke girl—I forgot. Well, you can get a girl——"

This wasn't quite a statement, wasn't quite a question. The end trailed off a little uncertainly, that was all. Joe didn't know whether he was expected to answer it or not. He hadn't thought about getting a girl—but he was thinking about it now. He said suddenly:

"Well, I'll ask Miss Subert——"

"Who's that?" asked Roddy curiously.

Joe flushed.

"Oh, the girl in the office—you know the one——"

"Oh, Mary," said Roddy. "Sure. You ask Mary. She's a good kid."

"I guess she'll go with me," said Joe.

Roddy nodded.

"Oh, sure she will," he said. "You just ask her. Any girl will go to a dance—girls love to dance, love to go to places, love to be asked. You couldn't hire a girl to stay home when she can get a chance to be taken somewhere."

Joe nodded.

"Sure, I know," he said.

Joe went back to work as Roddy left the shop.

When five o'clock came he was ready to slip out. He took off his overalls. The man next to him seemed to be noticing; and Joe said, by way of explanation:

"I've got to get out to-night——"

But when Joe spoke, the man only grunted as though he didn't care anyway.

Miss Subert wasn't at the corner for the first bus—Joe looked to see if she had got inside it at the stop farther up the street; but she hadn't. Joe stood back and let the bus go on without him.

In a few minutes he saw Miss Subert come out of the office and start across the mill yard toward the corner upon which he was standing—she came swishing along at a fast walk. She reached the corner just as the next bus stopped there.

"Oh, hullo," she said to Joe.

Joe got a seat beside her in the bus. He hadn't asked her anything yet. He began:

"You got a boy friend, Miss Subert?"

Miss Subert looked quickly at him.

"I hope to tell you," she said.

She continued to look critically at him while she chewed her gum.

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"What's on your mind?" she demanded after a moment.

"Oh, nothing," said Joe hurriedly. "I didn't mean anything to get you sore."

"I'm not sore," declared Miss Subert. "What would I be sore about?— But you certainly had a nerve asking me if I got a boy friend. Why not? Any girl can pick up a boy friend any time she wants to—don't I know! Every boy wants a little loving—they're all alike, let me tell you! But what does it get a girl if she gives it to them? Nothing! Say, I could tell you some things about boy friends—to hear them talk you'd think they were so madly in love with a girl they'd die if she didn't kiss them—but does that mean anything? Not a thing!"

Joe said:

"Say, Miss Subert, I was wondering if you weren't going to do anything else would you go to a dance with me this Saturday night up at the Valhalla?"

Miss Subert looked directly at him.

"Are you asking me to a dance?" she said.

She began to smile.

"Say, you're great," she said. "Did you mean that if I had a boy friend you wasn't going to ask me to a dance?"

Joe felt awkward again.

"I thought you mightn't want to go in that case," he explained.

Miss Subert looked closely at him.

"Say, you're certainly great," she repeated. "Do you suppose that a girl can't go to a dance with some fellow that asks her just because she's got another boy friend hanging around somewheres?"

Joe was still feeling awkward.

"Well, I didn't mean anything specially," he said. "I just didn't know how things were, that's all."

Miss Subert glanced at somebody across the bus; and automatically felt of her side hair. She said:

"Say, where would a girl get off if she didn't ever go anywheres except with one boy friend? Would she ever get popular doing that? I'll say she wouldn't."

Joe moved uneasily.

"Well not exactly popular perhaps," he said. "But she might just happen to want to stay with her boy friend."

Miss Subert looked at him.

"Boy, that certainly would be love," she declared.

Then she sighed, somewhat impatiently.

"Say, let me tell you something," she went on. "This being-faithful-to-one sort of stuff doesn't pay any girl—a girl has got to be popular if she wants to have a good time, if she wants to be somebody. Why, fellows themselves don't care to go with a girl if she isn't popular. If a girl sticks to one boy friend, pretty soon he gets tired of her—don't I know! Did you ever know a man to be faithful to just one girl? I'll say you didn't. It's just like I say, a girl has to be popular to protect herself; she has to look out for herself."

Joe said nothing.

Miss Subert looked inquisitively at him.

"Say, what is this dance you're asking me to?" she asked. "Who's going?"

Joe moved uneasily.

"Well, I just mean the Saturday-night dance at the Valhalla—they have a good dance there Saturday night, a good crowd. Roddy Johnson and me were thinking of going——"

Miss Subert turned her head sharply.

"You didn't tell me Roddy Johnson was going with us," she said.

"Well, I was just going to tell you."

"Who's he going to take?" demanded Miss Subert.

Joe made a gesture of trying to remember a name.

"Oh, well, that girl you spoke to me about once—that Miss Deleo," he said.

Miss Subert remained silent for a mo-

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ment. She was chewing her gum and looking away from Joe.

She at last made a responsive comment upon Miss Deleo's proposed presence at the dance.

"Oh, yeah?" she said. "Roddy's coming with Bess Deleo, is he? Well, that's O. K. with me."

She shrugged slightly as she said this. Joe said nothing. Miss Subert added:

"How was this idea started, anyway? Who had the inspiration?"

Joe frowned.

"Well, I don't exactly remember," he said. "We just thought we might like to go. Roddy is a good friend of mine."

Miss Subert chewed her gum.

"Oh, yeah?" she said.

Joe moved impatiently. What was the sense of talking like this? It didn't get you anywhere. He said with emphasis:

"Yeah—I said so, didn't I?"

Miss Subert looked at him with an expression of innocent surprise.

"Oh, all right, certainly, certainly," she said. "You don't have to get sore about it. Everything is quite O. K. with me."

V

Marin acted sort of funny when Joe told her he was going to Valhalla on Saturday night.

That was apt to be the way with Marin. She was always a little odd. She was playing her uke when he told her—he had waited until after dinner, until she was playing her uke, because that looked like as good a time as any; it made telling things seem natural to have her doing something besides just listening. She had just kept on playing her uke, and hadn't said anything. Joe had thought:

"Well, anyhow, she didn't get very sore."

Then Marin said:

"Look out you don't get into trouble again. You've got a job now; you don't want any more trouble."

"Why do you say that?" asked Joe.

Marin was trying to play "Crying for the Carolines"—Marin usually hung on to old songs a good while. It took her awhile to learn any song; by the time she really liked it, other people were singing something else. She didn't look at Joe; but she said:

"You got into trouble before; you lost one job. You were lucky to get back as quick as you did. There are a lot of men out of work now."

Joe began to feel sore.

"You know I don't go around much with girls as a general thing," he said. "I won't get into trouble about a girl."

Marin picked at the uke. She could do some passages good, but she couldn't keep going through a piece very good. She kept stopping and trying to do it better—she worked too hard.

"No, you don't get into trouble over girls," she said. "That isn't your kind of trouble."

"What is?" demanded Joe.

"Trouble over men," said Marin. "That's your kind. You don't know how to laugh it off; you have to fight."

Marin stopped playing on the uke—she hadn't got the thing to going as good as she wanted; she was sore about her playing, but of course wouldn't admit it. She said:

"Who are you going with, besides a girl? You aren't just going with a girl by yourself."

Joe answered her:

"Oh, with Roddy Johnson. He's going to take Bess Deleo."

He looked to see what Marin would say to Bess Deleo going. But she didn't say anything; she didn't seem to care. Then she said:

"Well, you see you keep Roddy on your side—don't get out with Roddy;

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stay with him. Roddy would be a good man to help you."

Joe said:

"Well, I don't see that I was thinking of getting out with Roddy. Nobody said there was going to be any trouble between me and Roddy."

Marin had got her uke going again. She was trying "The Carolines" over again—she always stuck to a thing when she once got started on it. But it wasn't really going very well—Marin didn't really have a good knack with a uke; with ukes it was a matter of coaxing the thing along without seeming to care; of just sort of touching it and making it eat out of your hand. Marin wasn't just that kind of a player, that was all.

Joe said:

"Well, anyhow, I'm going."

Marin paid attention to the uke.

"Well, I didn't say you weren't," she said.

VI

It was funny how different a girl looked in evening dress—and she knew it herself; you bet she knew it.

Joe came with Mary Subert under the glare of the lights in front of the Valhalla. Joe thought:

"She looks the way all dressed-up girls look."

Mary glanced at him, and smiled.

"You don't talk much, Joe boy," she said.

"No," said Joe.

"Well, that's O. K. with me; I like a fellow that's sensible," said Mary.

Joe looked around.

"I guess Roddy has gone in ahead. He didn't wait for us," he said.

Mary shrugged.

"Let him go," she said. "I'm not his nurse—why should I worry about him? You might almost think he was the only man in the world—which he isn't; I'll say he's not."

"Well, anyhow, let's go in," said Joe.

There was a great crowd in Valhalla, a great glare of light. You could hear the blaring music, the rhythm of the jazz, hear the chatter. The girls here were all dressed up—they looked like knockouts—you don't know whether you dare touch them or not. The men here didn't wear evening dress—working men, mill men, felt silly in evening clothes. But girls didn't feel that way. Mary was looking all about her, seeing how others looked, knowing well enough how she looked herself.

Joe saw Roddy ahead of them now—Roddy and Miss Deleo. Miss Deleo was a pale-faced, lazy-looking girl in a sparkling dress, smiling, always smiling and saying very little. People came to her, spoke to her—she was the type that drew people while she herself seemed not to care.

Roddy was saying enough to make up. Roddy was pushing through the crowd. There was a group about him—he always got the eye; girls looked at him, men looked at him.

"Hullo!" they said. "Hullo, Roddy!"

Roddy was laughing with them, talking, winking at the girls, swaggering. He knew everybody about him, knew his way around, knew all the girls.

"All the girls are after him," thought Joe. "Well, that's all right; that's the type he is."

Miss Deleo was smiling—but she was sort of holding herself off; she wouldn't take any trouble for anybody. She had Roddy for herself; that was what she wanted—that, and to have the other girls know that she had him.

Mary Subert said:

"I can't understand how she ever got to be that grand."

Mary had been watching Miss Deleo,

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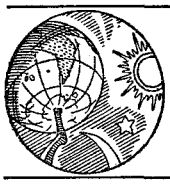
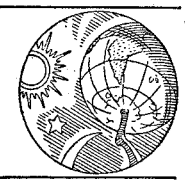


STRAWS IN THE WIND

Significant notes in American life to-day



. OF COLUMNISTS, OF BODYGUARDS, AND YOUNG MEN ALL IN A ROW

Winchell of Broadway

By CHARLES W. WILCOX

Since Saint Simeon Stylites there have been columnists and columnists, and always, in their own way, they have been keen commentators of the life about them. Addison was a columnist and so was Steele. The Wits of the Restoration, and of the eighteenth-century London coffee-houses were columnists without columns. Benjamin Franklin was the first American columnist. Petroleum V. Nasby, Eugene Field, Ambrose Bierce all were columnists. The late Bert Leston Taylor was one of the greatest. Don Marquis, Christopher Morley (they column, alas, no more), and the incomparable F. P. A., who as a writer of light verse has no equal, and who can pack a column editorial into a couple of short sentences, Heywood Broun—but why go on adding to a list of illustrious names? Nearly every newspaper has a columnist, some of them two or three, not to mention those who write columns on sports—and they are decidedly worth mentioning. They all have their hosts of followers and contributors, and among the latter are not infrequently to be found such names as Dorothy Parker, Samuel Hoffenstein, "Flaccus," who is none other than Newman Levy, and many others equally famous.

That the columnist is a power in the land no one can deny—and who wants to deny it?

We are considering a particular columnist.

"On Broadway," with the name, Walter Winchell, in large type at the top, appears in *The Daily Mirror,* which is, in case you don't know it, one of the tabloid newspapers. It is the most widely read, the most frequently quoted, and the most stolen from of any column. In it are to be found the most up-to-date anecdotes, brilliant wisecracks, piquant personals, the worst poems, and the most biting satire.

Since Mr. Winchell began columning the King has had to stay awake nights to keep up with his English. People no longer fall in love, get married, have children or are divorced; they get "on fire," or "that way," are "middle-aisled," "storked," or "blessed-evented," "melted," "Reno-vated," or "Parised." When, as all too seldom it happens—through some miscarriage of justice—one of our best gunmen goes to the electric chair, he is "Sing-singed." Easy enough and trivial withal, to make these silly combinations of words, one may think—but who else is doing it?

As a satirist of this going-to-hell civilization, Winchell is unsurpassed, even by Ring Lardner, Ralph Barton, or Peter Arno. The last decade has brought about a social condition almost unbelievable, and most people are so dumb they *don't* believe it. The underworld has moved up, and the upper world has moved down. Thieves, gangsters, gunmen, racketeers, and all the cohorts of crookdom make the night club their happy hunting-ground. Some of our "best people" go there to make "whoopee."

He stalks his best paragraphs in the night clubs where gather the "keptive" and her "sugar daddy," young ladies from Mr. Ziegfeld's chorus, and from those of Mr. Carroll and Mr. White—Follies, Scandals, and Vanities, matrons from Park Avenue with their gigolos; their husbands with "baby dolls," glorified gangsters, bediamonded bootleggers, Miss Texas Guinan, Miss Peggy Joyce, Maxie Rosenbloom (by the way, may not Winchell be called the Maxie Rosenbloom of columnists?), celebrities of the stage, male beauties of the movies, sightseeing suckers from the so-called sticks, the Man About Town, whoever he is, and all those strange people who seem to

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know no other existence than that of the night club.

Here they drink prodigious quantities of bad liquor, eat worse food, and dance to the moaning of saxophones, packed like sardines in a space about the size of the cover of a sardine can. If the food and drink served them were good, they wouldn't know it. For what they eat and drink they are outrageously stung, and it serves them right. They like it. Not all the profit goes to the proprietors of these places; the Federal agents and the police get their split.

For the night club we can thank Bishop Cannon, Mrs. Ella A. Boole and their disciples, and Mr. Volstead. We can thank them also for the lovely crime wave we are having. The gunman is the popular hero; when one of them shoots a cop, it is no longer news. A cop shoots a gunman about as often as a man bites a dog, and is just as likely to be demoted for doing it as he is to be decorated. Now that the gangsters have begun to bump off reporters, perhaps the newspapers will stop making heroes of them.

It is out of little episodes in the night life of Manhattan that Winchell makes big paragraphs.

"On Broadway" is a complete guide to everything that goes on around the "Long Lane of Short Careers," theatres, moving pictures—Winchell calls them "moom-pitchers," and so, as you may have noticed, do a myriad of morons—night clubs, places to eat, slang—he is the complete slangler—and, oh, yes, gossip.

Everybody likes gossip. There is in all of us that ingrained hypocrisy which makes us affect to despise the quidnunc, while we break our necks to hear what he has to say, and run our legs off to repeat it—and with what gusto! Scandal-mongers—aren't we all?

Because of the things he has printed, he has been called many harsh names. "Vulture," "outlaw," "blab-boy" are among the mildest, and he has been accused of violating the canons of good taste. Perhaps he has, but judge for yourself!

"The Dudley Field Malones (she was Edna Johnson of Ziegfeld's 'Louie, the 4teenth') anticipate a blessed event in Dec. . . . Peggy ('Flying High') Mosely, an eyeful, will Lohengrin it with a Wall St. lad who has plenty . . . It's a lad over at the Langdon Post's (Harbor Sanitarium) . . . The Irving Netchers (Townsend's brother) were secretly blasted in Chi last wk. . . . His new heart sails with him in the *Ile* this wk. . . . Helen Henderson, ex-'Follies' femme, who divorced Bob Rice of Geo. Olsen's crew to weld the rich Aaron Benisch, only to phffft with Aaron and be resealed to Rice, was melted from him last month . . . Rosie Dolly shoves off on the *Ile de France* this wk. . . . Don't the police know that one of the $1,500,000 jool crooks nabbed in the Commodore Hotel raid is a well-known Vth Ave. wholesale jeweler? If so, why not reveal his real tag?

"Mr. Moody, who gets heavy fees to tour the country and tell bankers how good American business is, laid off nine stenogs on Satdee."

This is a fair sample.

Walter Winchell is a product of his time—maybe it's the other way around—and there is nothing to be done about it, although there are those who would have him shot at sunrise, noon, and sunset. Miss Ethel Barrymore was quoted—or misquoted—in a recent interview as saying she "didn't see why Walter Winchell was allowed to live." This interview was followed by a merry but somewhat acrimonious controversy in which Miss Barrymore and the paper in which it was printed came off second best. Considering that most of the people whom he tells on are, after all, fair game ("Those who live in tin houses shouldn't throw can-openers"*), it seems only fair to vote for a reprieve on at least two of those occasions. (And then, there is that woman who is "so close she wouldn't give a dime to see Walter Winchell executed."*) Who will deny that a certain young man of Manhattan whose blithe indiscretion was ever so delicately hinted at in, oh, the most discreetly worded paragraph—or was it only a sentence?—was fair game! And the youth who wears a flower in his lapel "because it sim-plee *won't* stay in his hair"—well, who ought to be shot in this case?

He never retracts, which is admirable; he never backs down, and he usually mops the floor with any one who tries to take him down. Here is a case in point:

" 'And,' says M. Glebowitz, in *The Jewish Daily Forward,* 'Broadwayites fear him as they would a conflagration, and hate him as they do death. . . . He does not bother to throw in a word here and there to say that a certain personage presented a well-known actress with an expensive automobile. He merely tells that he sold the automobile to her at a sacrifice. It is not difficult, however, to understand Winchell's meaning.'

"Apparently, Mr. Glebowitz cannot read our 'English' as well as he can read the language he writes. The line in question was

*From "On Broadway."

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printed in this manner: 'Larry Fay has sold his $38,000 car, which once belonged to the Belgian King, to Texas Guinan for $2,000.'

"What we meant to say, Mr. Glebowitz, if we didn't make it clear, was that Larry Fay has sold his $38,000 car, which once belonged to the Belgian King, to Texas Guinan for $2,000."

This is columning!

A few columns later this appears:

"M. Glebowitch of *The Joosh Daily Forward* isn't as brave as some of us who sign our tags to our bricks. 'Glebowitch' is really M. Osherwitch, whose Yidiom is well known in the Go-Ghetto District."

Winchell has added so many words to the language that thousands all over the land (his column is syndicated) are speaking pure Winchellese. He will have to be reckoned with in the compilation of the next supplement to the "Oxford Dictionary," and in the not distant future there may be a Winchell Dictionary.

Not the least-amusing feature of his column are the anecdotes of the "dialectitians." "Dialectitian" is his term for one of that people which is not chosen for the purity of its diction. Here's a sample:

HIS BEST CUSTOMER!

"For the tenth time the room clerk, with adenoids and an expression as though he were smelling something objectionable, insisted to Mr. Goldfarb that there were no rooms available at his ritzy hotel and that there was a waiting list ahead of him up to 50 years hence. And for the tenth time Mr. Goldfarb scratched the egg from his vest and insisted upon knowing the rates per day.

" 'Why,' why'd the stiff clerk, 'do you insist on knowing?'

" 'Becuz,' said the dialectitian, 'furr saven mont's I'm paying here de rant for my baby-doll and I t'ink I'm bing geep'd hon de rates!' "

Once a week he devotes his entire space to "Things I Never Knew Till Now." I pick a few at random:

"That only six monkeys were born in the U. S. last yr.

"That Helium gas makes the toughest basso sing tenor.

"That Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, the dry, has a new 'heart,' who is plenty wet.

"That in Spain women do not go to funerals, unless, of course, they are in the hearse, you dope.

"And that among other things I don't know yet is why they call it a shipment when it goes in a car, and a cargo when it goes in a ship."

Did you know these things before?

The temptation to quote is irresistible; besides, what have I got to say?—Here is Winchell at his best.

"The Broadway menagerie, ladies and gentlemen; the greatest of the zoos! Be careful, please, and don't get too near the cages."

"That little girl with the giggle is a 'glorified' girl. One of the simpletons in Mr. Ziegfeld's 'Simple Simon.'

"Two drinks and whoopee! Or gung-gung-gung, as the vastly amusing Bert Lahr would gung it.

"Some night a married man will most likely murder her. And it will be something to cheer about.

"After two drinks of anything, her favorite 'joke' is to rub her perfume cork on your clothes.

"Just so your wife will demand an explanation."

"This woman is from Park Avenue. She threw a party at her home the other day to which all her gigolos came.

"Twenty-seven of them.

"In this cage is a man of note in the financial district. Known for his parties, too. He likes sissies."

Winchell admits without shame that he began his career not so very long ago—he's only thirty-three—as a hoofer (isn't that another word of his coinage?) in vaudeville, but to his eternal credit, he was a very bad one. So what was no loss at all to the variety stage was a considerable gain to journalism. He is also a dramatic critic, and so fearless and independent in his opinions, that several producers have barred him from the theatres in which their plays appear.

It may be said, and in no spirit of levity, that, as a columnist, he is a first-rate hoofer, for his columning has all the verve and slap-dash of a song-and-dance skit. He seems to do it so easily and to have such a good time doing it. And get the impression of a gay and rather reckless blade dwelling dangerously on the edge—cut out edge, if you like—of the underworld, gathering data on the doings of its denizens, which he later puts into pithy paragraphs. He can pack a lot into a paragraph.

Perhaps he doesn't gather all his data "ankling" around from night club to night club, and speakeasy to speakeasy; maybe a great deal of it is research work. Does he not occasionally take from *Zits* or *Variety* what he thinks he might require? Anyway, if he does—

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and why shouldn't he?—he gives it the distinctive stamp of his own individuality. He gets most of his gossip, of course, from other gossips, otherwise how would it be possible for him to keep tabs on all the marriages, and divorces, and rumors of marriages and divorces, domestic and undomestic scraps, marital and extra-marital infidelities, and on all the prominent pregnancies? He always knows who is expecting a "blessed event," and when, and usually lets us know about it. One extremely clever person wrote in to him a while ago, saying that an intelligent woman is one who knows she is going to have a baby before Walter Winchell knows it.

All in all, we have never seen his like before. Though his imitators will be as numberless as the sands of the seashore—are now, perhaps—there can never be but one of him. He is diabolically clever and utterly fearless; he writes what he pleases and doesn't appear to care a chorine's cuss for anybody. He despises the thugs who run the night clubs, and the drunken imbeciles who infest them, and says his say about them and makes no bones about it. He takes a healthy wallop now and then at the obnoxious and unshrinking "Panzy," whose other name is Legion. Nobody else dares do it. To him the "dialectitian" is not inviolate. He has even been known to take a sly poke at Rudy Vallée, and one would not be altogether astounded if some day he were to pen a paragraph, ever so faintly tinged with unworship, about the National Hero.

Winchell reminds one of that young man in "Ruddigore" who was "diffident, modest and shy"—he is so different. No, he is not hampered by a diffident nature, and nothing in his writings gives the impression that he is burdened with an excess of false modesty. He appears, rather, to fancy himself as king-pin of the columnists—which he is. He knows his stuff *is good—and damme, it is good.*

He plays fair and never makes a crack at the expense of a friend. A while ago he wrote that if he keeps adding to the number of his acquaintances, there will be nobody left for him to write about. One imagines him constantly surrounded by sycophants, who fawn and flatter and try in every conceivable manner to cajole him into mentioning them in print. His stanch friend and warm admirer, Retlaw Chellwyn, who usually accompanies him, acts as a buffer against such pests.

Some time ago he contracted to write a book. Lucky the publisher who secures that opus. It is bound to be a best-seller. He is the one man qualified to write the great epic of Broadway.

"On Broadway" is devoured daily by thousands of collectors of Winchelliana. Some of them pass on as their own his anecdotes, wisecracks, and tidbits of gossip, and not infrequently neglect to give due credit. But seldom do they get away with it, for when anybody says anything particularly brilliant, he's usually pulled up with, "Oh, you got that from Walter Winchell." And there is a goodly number to whom the mere mention of the column is as a red rag to a bull.

Long may it wave!

Dull Penny

By Nina Hansell Macdonald

Life is a dull penny.
Say, is it gold?
Copper grows gray-green,
Bitten with mold.

Life is a dull penny
Dropped by a miser.
Fools we were to pick it up;
Daily we grow wiser.

Life is a dull penny.
Rub it on your sleeve,
It will make a little shine,
You will half believe

Gold is at the heart of it
Shining to the end,
Something there for giving,
Something there to spend.

Keep it but a little space,
Look at it again—
Where is now the happy gold?
Search for it in vain.

Life is a dull penny.
Shout and toss it up.
Copper is a niggard coin
For a beggar's cup.

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Muscle Men

By MARQUIS W. CHILDS

THERE is no practice more significant of the present state of government, or rather the almost complete lack of any government, in certain sections of the country than that of retaining personal bodyguards. In Chicago, where one would naturally expect it, the custom has obtained a certain sanction, even a vogue. It can, of course, scarcely be called a custom, since only a few persons of great wealth have felt it necessary to employ guards to protect their persons from violence.

Usually these bodyguards are detectives from private agencies. But in certain instances they are merely strong-arm men, henchmen, known in the parlance of the gang world, where they have long been an institution, as muscle men. Colonel Robert R. McCormick, publisher and man of large affairs, has such a guard who accompanies him whenever he appears in public. One of the wealthiest women in America, Mrs. Edith Rockefeller McCormick, has two bodyguards, private detectives, who are like two respectful shadows; they are to be seen waiting outside the beauty salon and at the home of her hostess when she is invited to tea; they hover about the grounds of her Romanesque palace on Michigan Avenue. And persons of the McCormick name are not exceptional, in this respect, among wealthy Chicagoans.

The feudal character of this practice is perfectly obvious. It has nothing to do with the type of civilization which we smugly assume to prevail everywhere in this, the enlightened twentieth century. It is possible to imagine the day when Mr. A. with his muscle men will meet Mr. B. with his retinue of faithful retainers in pitched battle in Grant Park, in a quarrel, say, over a real estate deal; just as now Capone's gang meets the Moran gang in more or less open warfare over the liquor trade.

Those individuals who have felt it necessary to retain bodyguards have either failed to realize or have preferred to ignore the obvious social implications of such action; or they have been so alarmed that they have sought any means of safety. I do not believe, however, that they have been motivated by any very real fear. In Chicago the muscle man is regarded in certain groups as a quaint and amusing institution. In the same spirit, it was considered amusing to invite Al Capone, before he became slightly too malodorous, to cocktail parties in one's home; the newest celebrity, as though he had been an opera singer or a popular novelist.

All this, in itself comparatively trivial, is significant as an indication of a tendency that has been developing in America during the past two decades. Large corporations have long employed muscle men, often organized into extensive systems. They are called by politer names but they are, nevertheless, muscle men. In Pennsylvania they go under the name of the Coal and Iron Police, a private force organized by the steel and coal companies. In effect, the Coal and Iron Police are superior to the law. This has been clearly shown in two or three cases so notorious as scarcely to need comment. They reign supreme in the poorer quarters around Pittsburgh and other industrial centres, terrorizing the workers by sadistic brutality generously invoked.

In a report to the American Academy of Political and Social Science, last year, which unequivocally condemns the practice, it was stated by Mr. Jeremiah P. Shalloo, instructor of sociology in the University of Pennsylvania, that in Pennsylvania alone there were 3,286 private police. Of this number 2,474 were employed by fifteen leading steel and coal companies and 812 by the railroads, principally the Pennsylvania Railroad. For a fee of five dollars the State of Pennsylvania grants full police power to these employees of private corporations.

Two exceptionally atrocious attacks by private police on apparently blameless individuals aroused the entire State. In February, 1929, John Barcoski, a miner-farmer of Santiago, Pennsylvania, was so brutally beaten by a lieutenant and two patrolmen of the Coal and Iron Police in the employ of the Pittsburgh Coal Company that he died. Prior to this, patrolmen had ridden down three or four hundred Russian workers who were listening to a speaker at a picnic in the Pittsburgh steel district, employing the most savage violence to disperse the gathering. Following these attacks, an attempt was made in the legislature to curb the reign of these cossacks by restrict-

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ing their power of arrest to company property and its immediate environs.

This feeble and half-hearted effort was entirely futile. The feudal character of the Coal and Iron Police is indicated by the author of the report to the Academy who speaks of towns surrounded by high board fences in which the private police with gun and badge is a despot, barring in certain instances any one from the outside world. "The problem of the private police in the mining regions will never be solved, according to competent critics," Mr. Shalloo states, "until the Coal and Iron Police are stripped of their police power and become simply industrial guards or watchmen."

While the institution of private police has gained a particularly strong hold in the steel districts, there is ample evidence that it is becoming more wide-spread elsewhere. Pennsylvania is not the only State that carelessly barters away its police power. In fact, in a majority of States deputy sheriffs' commissions or a form of police power can easily be obtained for private watchmen and industrial guards on payment of a small fee. Most States, of course, put restrictions on this practice. In Missouri, for example, no one can be deputized who has not been a resident of the State for three years or more and there is a law which forbids the importation of armed guards from outside the State by private detective bureaus or other agencies.

During the war, when deputy sheriffs and civilian police were pressed into service to quell strikes and industrial disorders, the custom gained a certain sanction. Large scale industrialists saw a practical value in having at their disposal a force with unlimited authority. In the recent outbreaks in the textile centres of the South, hastily recruited deputy sheriffs were, to all intents and purposes, the shock troops of the mill owners. In contrast to the timid attempt in Pennsylvania to wrest police power from the paid henchmen of the corporations, the tendency elsewhere is to adorn every watchman and guard with the badge of a deputy sheriff or policeman. A formidable cordon of armed vassals is growing up around not only the mills and workshops but also about the private estates and the persons of men of wealth in America. Add to this the spy systems maintained by certain large-scale corporations, notably the chain-store organizations, for the purpose of investigating the private lives of employees in relation to their efficiency and character, and one has the picture of a *cheka* of formidable proportions.

As has been demonstrated in Pennsylvania, there is no real check on the power of the private police once they have been vested with authority of arrest, the privileges of an officer of the law. They can be used almost at will by the man who pays their salaries. And the private policeman is very rarely of the type to be deterred by personal scruples of any sort. He is a convenient tool for the suppression of political and social doctrines at variance with those of the owner of the means of production, *i. e.,* the owner of the police. There are many ways in which he can be made useful, and he serves as a perpetual threat to the worker. It is not his present function, however, that is most alarming. It is the general tendency which is represented by the private police force which opens the most startling prospect. For inevitably it raises the question: Where will it end?

This, apparently, is a question which never occurs to those who are desperately and sincerely searching for a solution to the problem of organized crime. In Chicago, to use a convenient example again, the Association of Commerce has formed an organization to fight crime, which has been dubbed by the newspapers "The Secret Six." Mr. Robert Isham Randolph, the association's president, in a recent interview explained why and how the organization came into being. It grew out of the murder by labor racketeers of a construction foreman. The question of the closed or open shop, long fiercely disputed in Chicago, was involved. At an indignation meeting, business leaders said, in effect: Government in Chicago has broken down, the police are useless; therefore, we will form our own militia and participate actively in the war on crime. "The Chicago Association of Commerce," Mr. Randolph remarked in the course of the interview, "was forced into this undertaking by pressure of circumstances to meet an immediate emergency. This without any definite realization that it was taking a step which would dedicate it to years of intensive warfare to break the hold of criminal gangs upon the throat of Chicago."

Granted that the situation was desperate, granted that an immediate remedy was necessary, it is difficult to perceive how "The Secret Six," with its own extensive organization of undercover investigators and armed police, was felt to be a solution. It would seem to be merely another violent element loosed in an organism in which the disease itself is violence; merely another system of blood-letting on a patient whose organic malady is far too

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deep-seated to respond to such superficial treatment. While stressing the great secrecy which surrounds the activities of "The Secret Six," Mr. Randolph gives the details of one gun battle in which "our men" were involved, with a toll of four dead and two wounded. It is this type of private warfare, if one correctly understands Mr. Randolph, to which the Chicago Association of Commerce has been committed for an indefinite period of time. The cleaning of the Augean stables would seem to be a pleasant chore for a Saturday afternoon compared to the difficulties of purging Chicago of gangsters by this method. For, since the source of corruption is deep-seated—indeed, the government itself is the source—there will always be new phalanxes of gangsters to do battle with the cohorts of "The Secret Six." What appears to have been created is simply another one of those ominous private armies which are the ultimate negation of all government. And government, however corrupt, is preferable to open and armed conflict.

Chicago has in its recent past an example of the terrible consequences that follow when business resorts to violence. It is highly significant that, as a recent shrewd observer of American life has pointed out, the gangs are in part the outgrowth of a circulation war between two leading Chicago newspapers, *The Tribune* and *The Herald and Examiner,* fifteen years ago. There were bloody fights at the news-stands. Two or three muscle men—they were called plug-uglies in those innocent days—guarded each newspaper truck. Newspapers were destroyed, heads were cracked. Several of the more prominent figures in recent gang history graduated from that school for violence.

As in Mr. Karel Kapek's "R. U. R.," one can create robots to do one's mean and unpleasant tasks, but one cannot always be certain that they will do one's bidding. Muscle men afford at best very uncertain security. Since they are mercenaries, there is always the possibility that they will desert to the enemy for a higher stake. And their former employers will then have reason to know how well they have learned the lesson of uncontrolled authority and licensed violence.

A Young Man Goes to Work

By PARE LORENTZ

Six years ago I left college and went to work for a corporation. Big business sounded like adventure. The minute I stepped into the long corridors of the corporation I was excited. For one thing, it was a man's world. Here was masculinity, power! This sense of power was heightened by the competitive presence of other young men equally eager, ignorant, and assured. We were assembled from various colleges and States. And we felt from the first the omniscient, paternal hand of the company. A lower berth to Detroit? The traffic department brought it to our desk. We couldn't find a place to live? The advertising manager called his club and put us up for a week. Over night we became members of a small army.

This army spirit became more and more evident. Rookies, we ate together, and our unlearned gaiety was smiled down upon by the weary twenty-seven-year-old veterans. I had a job in the advertising department and we regarded the accountants with the same condescension that an air-squadron man accords a quartermaster. We were the gentlemen of the army.

There were twenty of us that first year. I think we represented a fairly healthy and intelligent group of college men. We had various varsity sweaters, honor society pins, and innumerable stories of our own capacity for liquor and last-minute touchdowns. We had, too, a certain healthy scepticism. We had nibbled at the raw meat of the post-war writers. We had known some ex-service men. We knew that patriotism was the bunk and we joked about the government; that is, our government. But, among other things, we hadn't

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the slightest conception of the financial structure of the company for which we worked.

It was a fairly gay life. We were trained. The sergeant, a copy writer four years in the service, took us through the factories, explained the big advertising programmes, took us to engravers, printers, typographers, and to the sanctums of great advertising agencies. There was gold in that company, millions and millions of dollars. Men whose names figured in the daily papers fêted our superior officers. It didn't matter that we started to work for twenty-five dollars a week. The company was stretching into every continent of the world. We might end up in China, Russia, South America—what did it matter? We were in the army.

But in time we began to grumble. Each luncheon was a protest meeting, and we talked, unwittingly, as though we were secret agents engaged in actual combat with the financial barons of the country. It is possible that the ignominy of our work subconsciously shamed us. After all, we were writing copy, haranguing dealers, and estimating the number of shoppers who passed given points; none of which things could be called exhilarating or powerful. But I think the actual nature of the work never struck us. We had to "lick this problem," and "clean up this mess," and "bear down on that wholesaler." The subtle feeling of power that had interested us in the company crept through the corridors. Foreign companies, great areas of men and shops were bought and sold in the quiet upper offices. Yet the tempo of our work was so slow and undetermined we smarted in harness. We had ideas—we knew they were good, but we couldn't get loose with them.

What really made us uneasy and discontented was a slow realization of the discipline of a corporation. We had expected anything but discipline. From earliest memory we had absorbed the myths of the land, and if we had any spiritual tradition it was one of individual freedom. The old fathers, the pioneers, the forty-niners and then—the latest folk heroes—the Edisons, Garys, Hills: these legendary heroes were to us as American as pumpkin pie. They had with their own hands built something. While we had not swallowed these myths whole, nevertheless they had been so much with us it was an integral part of our ambitions. We did not look upon ourselves as business men. We were corporation men. This, too, was an important illusion. We had seen social structure crack and change after the war. Prohibition was one of the phenomena but, more important, social life was altered by the pressure of big business. The municipal power plant was absorbed by a utility. Automobiles and hard roads overcame the peculiar barriers of small towns. Chain stores took over ancient mercantile establishments. We saw corporation initials tacked to coal-mines, hardware stores, steel-mills. The small town became a subsidiary of the city. And we heard on all sides of the phenomenal growth of corporations, of the eminent mentalities of their directors.

Thus, the legend of starting at the bottom, the world-diffused idea of the American hero, logically directed us to the Armageddon of the world—big business. We didn't know what to expect. That was part of the game. After all, Ford had started with a bicycle-shop. And our superior officers furthered this legend. The company was growing; any man might rise from the ranks. Yet the first time one of us acted in the spirit of Frank Merriwell there was trouble. My roommate edited a sales magazine. We covered an engineer's meeting and my partner wrote an amusing piece about Hoover's standardization campaign, incidentally calling attention to some weak points in the schedule. When the advertising manager saw the piece he hit the ceiling. Hoover was "a superpower man"; it was treasonable to disagree with the Secretary of Commerce.

The lad argued the point. He was fired on the spot. Every day we felt the pressure of discipline. It never occurred to us that we were temperamentally unfit to work for corporations. We thought by demanding a few changes in the policies of the company we could capture the power we still felt to be ours for the taking. We still thought we were two-gun men pushing back the frontiers of the world and we serenely wrote advertisements telling the public how our company was pioneering for humanity and tried ourselves to believe we were covered-wagon drivers.

In time we became fearful of each other. We were too far away from our superior officers. If one of our squad lunched with a vice-president we hung around until we found out how much he was "in." It was this undercurrent of fear that finally drenched our spirits. We saw older men, intelligent, educated men, shunted aside. How did they get that way? We never learned. Politics!

This fear was even deeper rooted than we first knew. A staff of lawyers examined every line of advertising that left the offices. We learned to be careful about boasting of the company's power because some senator might

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"start an investigation." We must not send copy to South America of a certain nature because of the German competitor. And we must not advertise this because of our Western subsidiary. Day by day, we ran afoul new taboos.

At the end of the second year there were only three of us left in the office. Four of the original squad went to South America, full of gaiety, to capture the Golden Fleece. Even after two years they did not stop to consider the fact that the fleece was in reality only a silver eagle, and that it was guarded abroad even more closely than at home by a hierarchy of fearful clerks, vice-managers, and far-off directors. The others drifted away.

I hear from these men occasionally. The great day, as Lewis Mumford calls it, has never materialized. Six years ago they were ready to hike to the four corners of the world, to fight or play at the drop of a hat. And it is not maturity and respectability which have overcome them. It is not that corporate life is impoverishing. Some of them have decent incomes. Chagrin and confusion have overcome them. They discovered a world of highly geared machines, not an open wilderness. In order to supply reasonable demands they have been forced to submit to low living and —this is encouraging—they are ashamed. I think these men are pathetic because by character they are not clerks. (There are more than enough little men in any country who willingly take the yoke.) Six years ago they were potential Jim Hills, ready to fight railroads over the mountains, dive into the cypress swamps of Louisiana, tackle the rapids of the St. Lawrence, but they discovered an involved financial morass hiding the channels to these glorious routes. They had not learned in the academic courses of American colleges how and by whom business is run.

They are not Babbitts. They are victims of an American heritage. In England, Germany or France any young man who enters the business world with no money or power takes for granted his clerical position. The German probably would play the piccolo on the side and dabble in chemistry. The Englishman probably would content himself with playing a good game of tennis and the feeling that he was doing his bit for the Empire. But we have no social tradition, no class acceptance except the ubiquitous legend of working up from the bottom. Those men who were so hilarious when they went to work for a corporation would have quit on the spot if the personnel man had made an honest speech. These corporation recruiting officers pride themselves on being tough but never once do they get down to the basic position of a great corporation which is, as Mr. Brady remarked, "that no corporation executive is worth a big salary." He is the bankers' clerk, secure as long as the dividends come in.

America is no longer the land of opportunity for a young man of honor and decency. The man who starts at the bottom of a corporation to work his way up is a fool. Amos and Andy make a quarter of a million dollars through the Radio Corporation because they are worth that much, presumably, in sales power, while the young M. I. T. graduate of 1916 whose minor patents improved the radio makes at the most $15,000. And his creations may be pigeonholed, destroyed or promoted, as the company wills. Yet, despite the fact that social life is so sensitively geared, so in the hands of the financiers that corporation earnings affect the whole world, the great American myth is lustily alive.

The myth is a part of the propaganda programme of every giant manufacturing concern, every tentacled utility in the country. Great corporations are directed by the most-talked-of, respected men in the country. (And, with the new sleight-of-hand known as the holding company, they have put their hands on an amazing amount of property.) And where else can the young chemist, engineer, the ambitious prospector, turn?

One of the most honorable old Tories I know, when I spoke with him of corporate practice, said: "A man doesn't have to work for anybody, unless he wants to." However, from schoolbooks to national advertising, the cards are stacked. Where can you get cold facts about business?

From the time a young man enters preparatory school he is lured by the game. This is a land of miracles—big corporations represent our divine power! This belief is fostered on all sides.

And what happens? The young man goes to college. He begins to think about a job and he hears the siren voice. The General Electric Company, the Westinghouse Company, and the A. T. and T., to take three respected companies, each year recruit engineering and academic graduates from the best colleges in the country. They have what amounts to recruiting officers who interview the men—not on a basis of grades, but general appearance, character, and ability. They select a good number of talented young men each year. These students know that the great men of their profession work for corporations. What they do not

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know is under what conditions these men work. The General Electric Company starts its young engineers off at $30 or $35 a week. These men go into the plants and work from shop to shop. Thus, for $35 a week the company gets men who can qualify as union electricians or mechanics, worth at least $60 a week. No matter. They are being trained for "executive" positions. At the end of the first year about ten per cent of the men give up. They have spent at least six years of their lives training to be engineers. They have attended the best schools in the country. And they quit. For them, the myth explodes.

The men who quit are replaced by the recruiting sergeant. At the end of the second year a larger percentage falls away. At the end of the third year the men who have stuck out what they call the "test" are making up to $60 a week. They have performed manual labor worth twice that money to the company. And then they take an examination, *to see whether they are good enough to stay on permanently.* If they leave they can either go to another corporation or give up engineering. I am speaking of electrical engineering, but this practice with variations is true of building engineering, it is true of pharmaceutical corporations, chemical manufacturers.

Every business, every profession has been affected. Even medicine has felt the pressure. The state of medical practice is so serious the government has appointed Ray Lyman Wilbur head of a commission detailed to spend five years studying the cost of medical care, and, incidentally, reward. Lawyers are excited because banks are, in effect, practising law. Doctors are worried because great corporations are subsidizing doctors, setting up clinics as well as legal machinery. Invent a device for a plane, a ship, a railroad engine. Without capital you cannot compete. With capital you are controlled.

From gas to light, heat, power, transportation, banks, groceries, and even churches, small community life is run mainly by corporate agencies. No youngster of any ambition cares to bury himself in the minor activities of a small town when college has given him the urge to go out and battle in the high places. And since the days of Thomas Paine it has been a deep-rooted conviction of the yeoman that this country alone in the world allows a free-for-all; a nation fostering absurd riches and power, open to all comers. While even Paine must have realized that his dream of a "decent" nation was short-lived, that sooner or later the valleys would be gutted and the hills trimmed, it is appalling to see how the machinery of business has in one decade physically exhausted and financially overpowered the country.

When I think of the coming youngsters I think of the post-Civil War Southerners. They were cheated, terribly cheated. And there wasn't much they could do about it. They never recovered their dignity simply because they could not, and cannot to-day, reconcile the necessities of life with the traditions of their fathers. The traditions of the founders of America belong with the folk myths, not the folk ways of the country. The young man who can conduct his life to-day in this country in the ways of the old freeman, who can clothe and feed himself decently and walk free among his neighbors, indeed has to be agile and tough.

All the older men I know think I am either young and ignorant or else uncouth when I show serious concern over the future of non-literary young men. I could never work for a corporation because I am a writer, they say. Yet my first appreciation of my own generation grew out of those luncheons five years ago. Those men were honorable and they were not literary. They were ashamed of the hypocrisy and fear they discovered. They were pitifully uneducated. They had no knowledge of music or art. They hadn't the vaguest conception of European politics and they had never read one line of Emerson. But they were highly honorable and they had guts enough to fight to preserve their decency, something a great majority of the literati would not understand.

To the youngster, the initials of our great corporations represent the highest American culture. What is he to do when he discovers that intrigue, bootlicking, "good-fellowship," all the mores of clerkship, mean advancement in these ponderous organizations? It is encouraging that a good percentage of the young men who enter these companies sicken and leave. (In fact, personnel men have a laconic phrase they use on these endlessly confused men; "not corporation material," they say.) It is appalling to think that, unless they have a peculiar talent or profession, there are few places for them to go unless they become antisocial, unproductive outlaws.

The great American game of starting from scratch is definitely over.

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As I Like It

By WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

The Latest News from William Shakespeare

In the year 1903 the English scholar Mr. E. K. Chambers (now Sir Edmund) produced a work in two volumes called "The Mediæval Stage." Its easy, gracious, humorful style—the typically British unpretentious, disarming gesture, which makes the *attitude* of English scholars so different from the German—failed to conceal its profound and accurate erudition. In the rather rhetorical language of Tennyson, the author seemed to be

> wearing all that weight
> Of learning lightly like a flower.

Every schoolboy, who knows so much more than he will know in later years, does not know that the modern drama had its origin in the Roman Catholic Mass of the Middle Ages. In all the histories of various literary forms there is no more beautiful and perfect case of evolution than the rise, development, and fruition of the modern theatre. From the Mediæval Mass to Broadway, every step can be clearly seen. The Mass, the Liturgical Drama, the Mystery Play, the Morality, the Interlude, Comedy and Tragedy—they unfold in historical perspective as though they were following a foreordained development. Some contemporary dramas, like the Passion Play of Oberammergau, and "Green Pastures" in New York, are plainly survivals or throwbacks from the Mystery Plays of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries; others, like "Outward Bound," while strictly modern in form, are in their content and implication reminiscent of their source.

The researches of Mr. Chambers, while giving full credit to the work of such authorities as the late Professor Creizenach, brought out many newly discovered facts and established more firmly than ever the literary evolution.

In the year 1923 he produced a second work, this time in four volumes, called "The Elizabethan Stage," which assembled the verifiable facts discovered by his predecessors, and contained a considerable amount of new material.

And now, on the solid pedestal made by "The Mediæval Stage" and "The Elizabethan Stage" Mr. Chambers erects the monument he has been fashioning in his mind from the start, *William Shakespeare.*

This work, in two volumes, called "William Shakespeare, A Study of Facts and Problems," takes its place immediately as the most authoritative account of the man, his poems, his family, his environment, his contemporary reputation. The chief biographies in English preceding that of Mr. Chambers are by Halliwell-Phillips, Sidney Lee, and Professor Joseph Quincy Adams.

Among the qualifications necessary to produce a trustworthy work on Shakespeare, two are perhaps most necessary: painstaking and accurate research, and an illuminated common sense, that gives the author a flair for what is important, with the power of distinguishing among innumerable traditions the probable from the improbable. Mr. Chambers is fortunate in possessing both these quali-

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ties in a high degree. If he says he believes something to be true, we know that his belief is founded on all available testimony, reviewed by common sense. His attitude toward "tradition" is admirable.

Although in comparison with our knowledge of Goethe we seem to know very little about the man Shakespeare, we know much more about him than of any of his contemporary dramatists except Ben Jonson.

The fervent and ever-growing curiosity of the world about William Shakespeare will be both allayed and stimulated by these two volumes, in which Mr. Chambers has collected all material hitherto known, submitted it to a searching scrutiny, and added what he could. But the difference between this work about Shakespeare and those written by Shakespeare is impressive. This book takes an honorable place in the long procession of biographies; it will have to be consulted by every Elizabethan scholar. Yet one hundred years from now other books, containing more facts elicited by research and discovery, will supplant this, leaving this splendid work holding its place only in the history of Shakespearean scholarship; whereas "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "Othello," "King Lear," will be just as true in the year 2031 as they are to-day.

All those interested in the minutiæ of Shakespearean lore who are fortunate enough to possess fifteen dollars should buy "William Shakespeare," by E. K. Chambers; they will have the satisfaction of possessing in two volumes what is now known of the town Stratford when Shakespeare was born, what is known of his ancestry, family, and descendants; what is known of the conditions under which he wrote and produced his plays in London; what is known of his popularity as a playwright, etc. To those who are interested in all these things, and have not fifteen dollars to spend, let me recommend a small volume at a cheap price, called "Shakespeare of Stratford," by Tucker Brooke.

One of the commonest and hardiest of all myths is the myth that men of literary genius are not appreciated until after their death. The truth is that not only were nearly all great authors (confining our attention for the moment to Great Britain) immensely appreciated while they were alive, they were appreciated for precisely the same merits that give them their reputation to-day.

We can in the twentieth century add nothing to the appraisal of Shakespeare's plays made by his intimate friend Ben Jonson, who knew him as well as you know your next-door neighbor; and the distinction between the greatness of Shakespeare and the greatness of Jonson was perfectly understood and expressed by John Milton—all three of whom were alive at the same time.

Apart from the documentary researches made by Mr. Chambers and other scholars, apart from our knowledge of the plays furnished by the best and most completely annotated edition of them in existence, the Furness Variorum, one of the glories of American scholarship—what can we learn of Shakespeare's personality ourselves, *merely by reading what Shakespeare wrote?*

One day at the Hotel Adlon in Berlin I was talking with Gerhart Hauptmann. I asked him if his opinions were expressed in his plays. "Not my opinions," said he with a smile, "but if you have read six or seven of my plays, you ought to know pretty well what kind of a man I am."

Well, I think any intelligent reader of Shakespeare's plays ought to know pretty well what kind of a man he was. Certainly it is not surprising that Jonson, who was not amiable himself, loved

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Shakespeare for his amiability. The qualities of moderation, hatred of excess, dislike of cranks, consideration, toleration, tact, common sense, ease of manner, seem to be characteristic of Shakespeare as shown in that revealing speech, Hamlet's advice to the players.

Shakespeare's parentage was good rather than distinguished; but he himself seems to have had no difficulty or embarrassment even as a young man in London in associating with titled aristocrats. It is clear to me that Shakespeare was a gentleman long before he obtained the formal title, and could write his name

William Shakespeare, Gent.

No man was ever less like a little brother of the rich, less like a parvenu. He was a natural aristocrat, as shown in that indefinable but unmistakable attitude toward servants, ignorant constables like Dogberry, country justices like Shallow. Your genuine aristocrat is as much at ease with servants (who adore him) as he is with his peers (who love him). Take the incomparable song on winter in one of the early plays, "Love's Labour's Lost":

When icicles hang by the wall,
  And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
  And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
                Tu-who;
Tu-whit, tu-who,—a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
  And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
  And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
                Tu-who;
Tu-whit, tu-who,—a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

It ought to be evident that the good-natured tolerant attitude toward Dick, Tom, and Joan is the attitude of a man who is accustomed to live and visit in houses where there are servants. Such an attitude is just as far from snobbery as it is from social climbing. It takes manual service for granted.

In the famous account of Falstaff's death in "King Henry V," where tragi-comedy reaches a climax, I can add one suggestion substantiating an interpretation first made, I believe, about thirty years ago, by the elocutionist, Locke Richardson. The Hostess, who resembles modern readers in forgiving Falstaff all his sins, thus describes his death:

> Nay, sure, he's not in hell: he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. A' made a finer end and went away an it had been any christom child: a' parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning o' the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets and play with flowers and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a' babbled of green fields. "How now, Sir John!" quoth I: "What, man! be of good cheer." So a' cried out "God, God, God!" three or four times: now I, to comfort him, bid him a' should not think of God, I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet.

Mr. Locke Richardson was, I believe, the first person to connect the "green fields" with the Twenty-third Psalm. He made the suggestion that the dying Falstaff was trying to repeat the familiar Psalm with its green pastures. Now, as is well known, the Folio text does not say "a' babbled of green fields"; that remarkable emendation, the most brilliant of the clever emendations in textual history, was supplied in the eighteenth century by Theobald. It has been adopted by practically all editors since then. The Folio reading, almost always called nonsense, is "A Table of green fields." But if Falstaff in his delirium was really

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trying to repeat the Psalm, as is indicated by "green fields," it seems to me he was also trying to say "Thou preparest a Table." I suggest we go back to the Folio reading; the Hostess remembered what she could of the dying man's broken talk, as incomprehensible to her as the same Psalm was to the nurse in Harry Leon Wilson's novel, "Lone Tree," when the immortal yet unfamiliar words came over the radio.

Another emendation, and this time by the great Doctor Johnson, was not needed, and is not an improvement, though often adopted. The melancholy Macbeth said

> I have liv'd long enough; my way of life
> Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf.

Doctor Johnson changed "way" into "May," which emendation was accepted by no less a man than Edwin Booth. Yet this attempt to improve on the original reading is unfortunate; it changes something imaginative into something pretty. I am sorry for any one who does not feel that "my way of life" is more poetic and more imaginative than "my May of life." With the emendation there is a loss of significance and poetic beauty.

Few subjects to-day are more interesting to old and young than the contemporary American boy. It is therefore certain that a new book, "The Boy Today," by Doctor Mather Abbott, will make a wide appeal. This is a small volume but packs dynamite within its covers. Doctor Abbott has had much experience as an educator in England and in America. For many years he was a teacher at Groton, then at Yale, where he taught Latin and coached the crew, and now is Headmaster of Lawrenceville School, New Jersey. He combines an unflinching recognition of the facts with religious zeal. Every father and mother should read this little book; they will find some pages shocking and others inspiring.

"The Life of Christ in Woodcuts," by James Reid, is both artistic and reverent. It serves also as a fine examination on the Gospel narrative. An admirable present; also an excellent prize for successful competition in Bible schools, if prizes are still given.

To go from the sublime to the ridiculous, I am sure my readers will be highly diverted by the latest work of one of America's leading humorists, George S. Chappell, alias Doctor Traprock. This is called "Through the Alimentary Canal," and is gloriously illustrated. It is roaring mirth.

Simultaneously with Burns Mantle's invaluable treatise, "The Best Plays of 1929–1930," which all theatre-minded people should own, comes an admirable critical work on the modern drama by the accomplished dramatic critic of the New York *Evening Post,* John Mason Brown. This is not a reprint or a collection of his newspaper reviews. It is a thoughtful, penetrating, fair-minded discussion of the metropolitan stage, with separate chapters on playwrights, producers, scene-painters, actors, critics, etc. The authors discussed in separate chapters are Philip Barry, George Kelly, Paul Green, Sidney Howard, Eugene O'Neill; the actors, Mrs. Fiske, Otis Skinner, Walter Hampden, Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, Pauline Lord, Lenore Ulric, Katharine Cornell, Eva Le Gallienne; the scenic artists, Robert Edmond Jones, Norman-Bel Geddes, Lee Simonson; the directors, David Belasco, Winthrop Ames, Arthur Hopkins; the critics, Alexander Woollcott, George Jean Nathan, Stark Young. You will see that the book is confined to the American theatre, and it is a pleasure to observe that while the manner of writ-

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ing is sprightly and often provocative, it is never flippant.

The new novel by Anne Sedgwick, one of the most distinguished of living writers, discusses the ultra-modern young girl. In one respect the story is true to life—there is not a single flawless character. I wonder if the author dislikes her heroine as much as I do—Philippa is not a moral or religious prig, she is an intellectual prig, a strictly up-to-date snob. Her father and mother and husband have my profound sympathy. The book is exquisitely written, as one has a right to expect; and there are many observations on human nature which are profound. Am I right in suspecting that this brilliant novelist has lost something of the spiritual power so impressive in "The Encounter," "A Fountain Sealed," and "The Little French Girl," or is she merely giving us a picture of "I don't know what we are coming to"?

I greet with delight Miss E. H. Young's latest novel, "Miss Mole," which is filled with cerebration equal to that of Miss Sedgwick's, and is lambent with humor. Humor is indeed the ground quality of the whole story. The heroine is a maid of all work, but as different from Esther Waters as Mercutio is different from Corporal Nym. A long book, but fine for reading aloud to those who are worthy to hear it.

Maurice Baring, one of my favorite modern novelists, gives us an excellent picture of sixteenth-century England in his short novel, "Robert Peckham." Catholic and Protestant form the substance of the struggle; and the hero is drawn with delicacy.

The Forsytes are always welcome; and John Galsworthy, who has twice assembled a series of long novels about them, now gives us in one volume a collection of nineteen short stories, called "On Forsyte 'Change." These cover about a hundred years of the family, from 1821 to 1918. A considerable number of novelists have created immortal characters; but I can at this moment recall no instance where an entire family has come into existence through a magic pen, and where the separate members and their fortunes as a family have taken such possession of the public mind. In "The Man of Property" (1906) Mr. Galsworthy builded better than he knew.

In reading Martha Ostenso's well-wrought novel, "The Waters Under the Earth," and observing once more the old, old theme where religion is made both preposterous and offensive in the leading character (Protestant, of course), I am forced to be particularly thankful on this Thanksgiving Day that my own experience was so exceptional. If we judge the Christian religion by its exemplars in novels and on the modern stage, one might well believe that the Protestant evangelical form of Christianity was the greatest curse on earth. Curiously enough, I have known many people who were actually church-members and yet they were really quite decent, kindly, fair-minded, intelligent, and inoffensive. Still more, when I remember that my own father and mother were orthodox evangelical Christians, that they were full of fun and *joie de vivre,* and that my own childhood was so happy, how strange it seems!

As every one who reads this page has read "Lorna Doone," they will all share my disappointment in learning from an English press despatch that Tom Ridd, lineal descendant of the mighty hero, has been forced to move from Yenworthy Farm, where the family has resided for many generations. (His chief possession now is the long-barrelled flintlock gun with which Carver shot the bride during the wedding cere-

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mony.) When he goes, the last Ridd will leave the old place, and this is his sad comment: "A stranger comes to farm the place. Such is 1930."

Mr. F. A. Miller, editor of the South Bend *Tribune,* South Bend, Ind., gives me interesting information on James Whitcomb Riley's experiences as a sign-painter:

In SCRIBNER'S for September, writing about James Whitcomb Riley, you called the beloved Riley's sign painting a legend. Here in South Bend we know it is not a legend but a fact of which we are proud.

Riley drifted into South Bend in his tenderer years and lived here long enough to have left a local impress although those days are seldom referred to by those who write and talk about the poet, probably for the reason that they know little if anything about his presence in South Bend. A few persons are living who knew Riley while he lived here from 1870 to 1872. He was employed as a painter by Major Henry J. Blowney, who had a paint shop on the east side of Main Street a short distance north of Washington. Not only did Riley paint signs in South Bend under Major Blowney's direction but he also painted in other Indiana towns.

Among the last signs he painted in South Bend were those on the large front windows of the George C. Muessel grocery at 113 North Main Street. One of these signs, that on the window north of the entrance, passed through fire and storm until only a part of it remained. The late Schuyler Colfax, Jr., son of Vice-President Schuyler Colfax, of South Bend, watched this remaining part of the sign and finally possessed it. Later it disappeared. That Riley painted signs in South Bend there is no doubt.

Riley's delightful story, "The Wild Irishman," is based on experiences in South Bend, a fact which you may be glad to know. Tommy Stafford, the wild Irishman of the story, was my friend, Frank Murphy, who passed away some years ago. Mr. Riley and Mr. Murphy were great friends. The latter was something of a poet and Riley used to enjoy Murphy's poetical efforts greatly.

C. H. Sholes, of Los Angeles, makes a highly interesting contribution to the discussion of the word *thon:*

In *The Critic and Good Literature* (New York), August 2, 1884, p. 55, C. C. Converse, Erie, Pa., suggested *thon* as a new pronoun for the same use as proposed by Dr. Lyon, and supported it by excellent reasoning. It is possible (perhaps I should say probable) that Dr. Lyon is merely trying to resurrect the child of Mr. Converse's brain; but whether he is or not, when the exploitation goes beyond the local *Press* into world-wide SCRIBNER'S, credit should certainly be given to him whose vision antedates the resurrection by nearly half a century.

The following letter might start a fresh discussion of that old theme, the difference between wit and humor. It will hardly do to say the French have no humor, when we remember Rabelais, and many French farces. Humor is valuable as self-criticism; I can think of only two writers of genius who seem to have been devoid of a sense of humor—Christopher Marlowe and Victor Hugo. Well, here is the letter:

On Page 552 of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for November you mention André Maurois' book "The Silence of Colonel Bramble." You also quote Mr. Whitlock as saying that "Maurois has a sense of humor that is rather more English than French!"

Don't you think that, as a matter of fact, the French have no humor at all? Wit, of course, they excel in, but that is quite a different thing to humor. Wit is intellectual, a man may be very witty and yet fail in common sense completely. Humor is only found in people who understand "balance," they see the humorous side of things when the balance of ideas, systems, politics, etc., tip too much to one side or the other; this instinctive gift is what makes the English so supreme as governors of uncivilized peoples. . . .

Here is an interesting letter from Wendell Phillips Dodge, of the Chicago Civic Shakespeare Society:

Following the first season of my undertaking of The American Theatre in Paris—the first American theatre on the continent of Europe, which I founded and directed in the spring of 1929, I now am out here directing the publicity for the Chicago Civic Shakespeare Society. And, in connection with its second annual season in the Chicago Civic

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Theatre, and tour of the principal cities of the East to follow, I have just gotten out the First Folio of the Shakespeare Broadside, a copy of which I take pleasure in sending to you.

The Chicago Civic Shakespeare Society, which is just one year old, achieved the almost-unheard-of thing during its first season, which was the worst year ever known in the theatre, by showing a net profit at the conclusion of its twelve-week season in the Chicago Civic Theatre and a tour of five cities of the east, of exactly $146.00. And this, when guaranteed against any net loss over a period of five years by Mr. Harley L. Clarke, of Chicago, to the extent of $250,000 a year. It only goes to show the effect that plenty of money back of an enterprise has over the public.

I have received several letters, commenting on my query as to why the ancient Jews were not sailor-men. Herbert N. N. Clark, of Syracuse:

In the Nov. issue of SCRIBNER'S you ask why the ancient Hebrews did not become great navigators like the Greeks and Phœnicians. The answer seems obvious.

1. Palestine had only one harbor, a poor one, Joppa, now called Jaffa.

2. During several hundred years before and after David, the Palestinian shore was occupied by the Philistines. They had chariots and horses, so that the Hebrews who lived back on the mountains were unable to conquer them.

The F. Q. Club is enlarged by the admission of Mrs. J. J. Thompson, of Upper Darby, Pa.

Mr. Max James Kane, of Greensboro, N. C., makes the following nomination for the Ignoble Prize:

I should like to nominate the word "effectuate." It has long been a pomposity in many judicial opinions, and if it was confined to them I, as a lawyer, should have no complaint. However, of late it has been seen with increasing regularity in lay writings and newspapers, (I almost said, and lie writings) and the time has come to take a firm stand.

I wonder what false fame will next be mine? After being headlined as a "well-known politician," a friend sends me another newspaper announcement equally rich and strange; after the printing of my name, it says,

YALE INVENTOR TO PREACH HERE NEXT SUNDAY

Instead of being, like Cass Gilbert, an architect of sky-scrapers, am I perchance an inventor of tall stories?

I was naturally both pleased and flattered to find in London *Punch* for October 30, 1930, a superb poem, beginning as follows:

B. M. G.

(Professor Phelps, in SCRIBNER'S, reminds us that some years ago "a London journalist, James Douglas, predicted that 'Browning will die, even as Donne is dead.' ")

"Browning will die,
Even as Donne is dead"—
Thus the great Douglas, "true and tender" James,
Whose vigilance never slumbers,
And who invariably claims
Attention by the uplift of his aims,
Forestalled the care-free verdict of the world,
And from their perches hurled
This overrated pair
Into the dismal limbo of back numbers.

In spite of which,
Out of the ditch
Donne dares to raise his too presumptuous head,
Declining to be dead,
And is, booksellers tell us, widely read;
While publishers and commentators thrive
On new editions of this muddy mystic,
This deleterious and delirious Dean,
Who of the fount of Hippocrene
Drank in a manner most hubristic,
And does not merely threaten to revive,
But is, in fact, offensively alive!

And the remaining stanzas are just as good.

In a recent issue, I asked, "What is the antonym for hitting the nail on the head?" Charles J. *Naylor*, of New York, and Leonard A. Rice, of the Hill School, Pottstown, Pa., answer that it is "hitting the nail on the thumb." Professor W. L.

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Werner, of Pennsylvania State College, says it is "hitting the nail on the finger." Both are accepted with thanks.

One of many reasons for giving a high and permanent place in literature to Joel Chandler Harris is that he actually reversed an apparently firmly established verdict of history. He made Remus more popular than Romulus.

New books mentioned in this article are named below, with their publishers.

"William Shakespeare," by E. K. Chambers. Oxford. $15.
"The Boy Today," by Mather Abbott. Revell. $1.
"The Life of Christ in Woodcuts," by James Reid. Farrar & Rinehart. $3.
"Through the Alimentary Canal," by George S. Chappell. Stokes. $2.
"The Best Plays of 1929–1930," by Burns Mantle. Dodd, Mead. $3.
"Upstage," by John Mason Brown. Norton. $3.
"Philippa," by Anne Douglas Sedgwick. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.
"Miss Mole," by E. H. Young. Harcourt Brace. $2.
"Robert Peckham," by Maurice Baring. Knopf. $2.
"On Forsyte 'Change," by John Galsworthy. Scribners. $2.
"The Waters Under the Earth," by Martha Ostenso. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

Treasure Ships

By Samuel H. Bryant

Down the Windward Pass they lumbered dipping,
Dipping through the blue chop of the Caribbean Sea.
High-pooped, gilded caravels and galleons slipping,
Lifting to the trade winds,
Flaring through the trade winds—
Wary-eyed for pirates where the islands made a lee.

Tumbling old galleons straining to their sails
Laden down atween decks with pepper, hemp, and gold.
Sweating in the doldrums, running with the gales,
Shining in the trade winds,
Salty in the trade winds—
All across the Western Main the Spanish Merchants rolled.

Up the Caribbean through the Windward Pass
Plunging down like logs awash, heavy in the sea,
Long, low, black-hulled tankers,—rusty, grim and crass
Wallow through the trade winds,
Northward through the trade winds—
Driving with the gulf stream through the Bimini.

Up from Venezuelan ports, Cartagena way,
Curaçao, Aruba and dusty Tampico
Steam the hurried tankers that never stop to play,
Bound for Port of Providence,
Baltimore and Boston—
Down awash with asphalt oil all the year they go.

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The Fighter

(Continued from page 198)

had been noticing everything she wore, everything she did. Girls did notice each other pretty closely.

Joe shrugged.

"Is she so grand?" he asked.

"I'll say she is!" admitted Mary. "She gets in, all right—they all fall for her. Just look at her."

Joe had looked at her. He knew she was grand.

There was a little disturbance going on over by the orchestra platform.

"Hullo, what's that?" said Joe, looking pretty sharp.

Mary looked.

"Somebody trying to start something, I guess," she said. "These smart Alecks make me tired."

She spoke contemptuously. She wasn't afraid, wasn't excited by the prospect of a fight—it didn't seem important to her, not as important as the dresses the other girls had and the fellows the other girls got to dance with them.

But Joe looked toward the fight.

It wasn't anything. There wasn't even going to be a fight; it was going to be stopped. That was because Connor was coming. Some man had been talking too much—a flash sort of guy, noisy, a little drunk.

"If I can't have what I want I'll get it anyway," he had been saying.

He had been quarrelling with his friends, with the people he had come with, with some that he had met here. They had been saying:

"Shut up, you fool."

The girls had been staring at him. He had blustered:

"I'd like to see anybody stop me."

Somebody said:

"Here's Connor—look out, boys!"

Connor pushed in before anybody had time to do anything else. Connor knew his business—a cool, hard-faced, hard-handed man, not a big man, not bull-necked or big-chested, but quiet and hard. He didn't talk much. He pushed through the crowd and reached the man who was starting the trouble.

"Get out!" he said. "Don't stop to explain anything."

But the man didn't want to get out right away. That was bad; that was very foolish of him—Joe understood that well enough. Everybody was crowding around, was trying to see—but trying not to get in Connor's way, trying not to attract Connor's attention to themselves—let the other fellow have Connor's attention; they only wanted to see, that was all.

The trouble-maker himself was frightened—people were falling back from him, were leaving a space about him and Connor. He was beginning to feel shaky; but he couldn't get out quietly just yet, couldn't quit talking.

"You won't get me out this way," he said to Connor. "I know my rights."

Connor put his hands on the man—the whole thing went quicker than you could very well talk about it. He turned him about; had a grip on his arm and wrist; walked him to the door; ran him out.

"That's the way," thought Joe. "That's business."

Connor came back. The man was gone. There was no noise to speak of, no trouble to amount to anything. Connor walked back through the crowd without saying anything. His face was cold and hard—he didn't ask anybody whether he liked what he had done; and nobody said he didn't like it. He went on toward the office where he usually stayed.

Mary Subert shrugged, and chewed gum as she watched.

"Well, that wasn't much," she said. "That fellow was easy to settle."

Joe frowned impatiently. He said:

"Connor is a good man; he knows his business."

Mary was looking around at the crowd.

"Oh, yeah?" she said. "Well, everything is quite O. K. with me."

They were in the midst of the crowd now. It was a hard crowd if you looked at it frankly. You would have to handle it hard, as Connor did. You would have to be quick to notice where trouble was coming from, and step in ahead of it. The boys were mostly mill hands; they weren't used to thinking very much, not used to talking very much; they acted. If they got sore, they hurt somebody before they stopped to think about it. Joe understood a crowd like this—here it was a good thing to be quiet, to keep your mouth shut a good deal.

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If anything did start, you didn't want to waste much time blustering about it.

The girls were hard, too—but that was different. A man couldn't be a rival to a girl, couldn't match himself against her hardness, couldn't judge her hardness as he would that of another man. Most men liked a girl to be a little hard—she was more interesting. These girls in Connor's place were interesting—they had that quiet sort of hardness that looks smart.

People began to speak to Joe; he knew a good many here. The Poltek boys were here, Jan and Albert. They said:

"Hullo, Joe."

Joe nodded to them.

"Hullo, boys," he said.

He had worked with them in some of the old mill jobs; they were good tough kids, they would stand by a fellow. But now they weren't looking for trouble. They had girls with them—their girls looked at Mary Subert, and she looked at them; she saw everything they had on, even the traits of their expressions. They were Polish girls—there were a lot of Polish and Italian girls in the hall. A Polish girl (thought Joe) is as pretty as any girl in the world; there is always an interesting look about a Polish girl. Sammy Reid was here too; he saw Joe, and spoke to him.

Joe turned to Mary. The orchestra was playing; the crowd was moving on the floor.

"Do you want to dance this?" he asked her.

She put her arms up—they were dancing the slow rhythm that was all the rage now; all the young girls and their boy friends were dancing slow rhythm—that's what they wanted, to be in the rage. It used to be the fancy stepping that counted, the kicking; they used to do the Charleston and the Black Bottom. Now it was the rests that counted, the balances—you had to walk slow and look as though you were dancing—you had to know something to do that right.

Mary said:

"Say, Joe boy, you're a pretty good stepper."

Joe smiled.

"Didn't you think I could dance decent?" he asked.

Mary smiled.

"Oh, I didn't mean it that way," she said. "I didn't mean I was surprised. I just meant you sort of naturally take to it—some men just walk along like a horse, just parade a girl along."

The air was close in here. The hall was big, there was ventilation in it; but there was a terrible crowd and the air was close and hot—it seemed to clutch your throat; it had a sort of bold, clutching flavor about it. The rhythm of the orchestra was a slow, knowing rhythm. The dancers were all knowing people—their faces showed you.

Joe answered Mary's last compliment (if it was a compliment):

"Well, I like to dance," he said. "Anybody could dance well with you."

Mary smiled.

"Oh, yeah?" she said.

But she wasn't looking at Joe. She was glancing about the room, was watching others, was watching Roddy Johnson and Bess Deleo.

Roddy wanted Joe to come with him into the back room.

"They've got liquor in there," he said. "It's pretty good stuff."

Roddy himself had been drinking. Joe hadn't drunk anything yet. Joe said:

"They don't know me here; I couldn't get anything, probably."

But Roddy laughed.

"You can get it, all right," he said.

Joe turned to Mary—she was looking at Roddy. Joe spoke to her:

"Do you want a drink, Mary?"

She nodded.

"I'll say I do," she said. "Not that I believe in taking too much."

"No, not too much," Joe said.

"Well, let's go," said Mary.

They went into the other room. There were a lot of men and girls in here drinking—they were laughing and making wise cracks for each other to hear. The girls here knew their way around, knew how to act. Most of them had jobs in the mills, like the men, or in stores in town. Mary said:

"Have they got any brandy? Brandy's what I most generally take—I don't like their rye."

Joe asked the man who was serving.

"No, only rye and gin," the man said. "We're too busy on Saturday nights to bother with variety."

Joe and Mary drank gin. Roddy was drinking near them, and laughing. Bess Deleo was drinking—but she only sipped her glass; and held it up to Roddy to finish for her. Roddy was drinking, and trying some tap steps between drinks. Men and girls were watching him.

Connor came through the room, walking quickly, quietly, looking about him. Connor always seemed to be looking where he wasn't, but he saw nearly everything. He was a cold-looking man, hard-faced and quiet; his hands looked tough. When people spoke to him he

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smiled a little—you wouldn't think of him as a "good fellow"; but he did everything, managed everything, knew everybody. The cops never interfered with him—he knew all the cops, knew how to get on with cops.

Roddy was drinking and dancing, while Bess Deleo laughed gently. Roddy said:

"Hullo, Connor."

"Hullo, Roddy," Connor said. "Hullo, Joe."

Joe hadn't spoken first, but he answered Connor.

"Hullo, Connor," he said.

Connor said:

"Don't get into any trouble to-night, Joe."

"I'm not making any trouble to-night," said Joe.

"O. K., Joe boy," Connor said.

Connor went on, keeping an eye out, keeping his hand ready—never starting anything, seeing everything. He hadn't told Roddy that he didn't want any trouble, though Roddy was making a good deal more noise than Joe was—that was because Roddy practically never got into trouble. You might think that he would be likely to get into trouble, what with his talk, with his taking other men's girls, his drinking, his boasting—but Connor didn't think so.

Roddy stopped his drinking, and began to kid Joe a little.

"Joe boy, you look sort of sore," he said. "Don't look like that—you don't want to lick the whole world just to-night."

Joe frowned.

"I wasn't thinking of licking anybody," he said.

"Well, you were beginning to look sort of rough," Roddy persisted. "Just because you licked that guy down at Wyandotte, don't think you can lick everybody in Holyoke."

Joe looked at Roddy, looked at the girls.

"I haven't said anything about licking anybody down at Wyandotte," he said.

Roddy smiled at Bess Deleo while he drank her glass for her.

"Well, we all heard about it, just the same," he said. "You're a good fighter, Joe; but you can't lick everybody."

Joe was sullen.

"I haven't claimed to lick anybody," he said. "You haven't any call to talk about whether I can lick anybody or not."

Roddy didn't care—Roddy wasn't sore at anybody. Roddy was winking at Bess Deleo, moving his feet and shoulders in a sort of dance; and as Bess smiled, he laughed.

"Come on, kid," he said. "Let's dance."

Jan Poltek had been standing near Joe, drinking. Joe hadn't noticed him until now; but he came up and spoke to Joe, holding a glass in his hand.

"Say, Joe, you're a sucker to stand all that fooling from Roddy Johnson."

Joe looked stolidly at Jan.

"What do I care," he said, "whether he fools or not?"

Jan took a drink from his glass.

"Well, it's none of my business," he said. "But if I were you, I'd take time off to take a good smack at him one of these days."

Joe's face was still expressionless.

"What for?" he asked.

Jan shrugged.

"Well, I said it was none of my business, but you smacked that fellow down at Wyandotte quick enough."

Joe began to frown.

"I happened to feel like it then," he said.

VII

Mary Subert was dancing with a boy friend of hers—she had been drinking a little, but she didn't seem to show it. It was all right for her to dance with other men—all the girls were dancing with all the men, with all the men that they liked. Everybody was dancing with everybody—they had all been drinking a little; but there hadn't been any rough acting to speak of.

Joe wasn't dancing this dance. There were some nigger dancers, men and girls both, on the platform with the orchestra doing specialty turns for the crowd; and Joe was watching them. Niggers took naturally to jazz—they looked like jazz pictures themselves. Their arms and legs were loose-jointed, jerky; their big feet seemed always ready to shuffle. The nigger girl sitting on the platform waiting her turn looked like a dancer just frozen in the middle of the Charleston—her knees were in, her feet out, one foot out low, one out high, her elbows were up and out, her shoulders hunched—that was natural to her; if you just jiggled her once she would start jazzing. You could see how it was that niggers had come to invent the Charleston—they were born with that kind of rhythm in them. Joe sat and watched the niggers dancing.

Mary came back to him—he hadn't seen her coming till she was there. She was a little hot with her dancing; her face was flushed. She was standing near him, fussing with her powder compact, looking at her nose in the little mirror.

"Say, Joe, why don't you dance with Bess

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Deleo?" she asked, not looking at Joe. "Are you laying off her?"

Joe frowned.

"I'm not laying off anybody," he said. "Why should I dance with her?"

Mary shrugged.

"I suppose you think your friend Roddy would be sore," she said. "Are you afraid of making Roddy sore?"

Joe saw that Mary had been drinking a good deal; she was breathing heavily, and looking about her. Joe said stolidly:

"Bess is Roddy's girl; what do I want to dance with her for?"

Mary shrugged again. She put her compact back into her dress somewhere.

"I suppose you think she's too good for any man except Roddy," she said. "You haven't got the nerve to ask her."

Joe looked steadily at her.

"Well, don't get sore," he said. "Will you dance this with me?"

Mary put up her arms for him.

"I suppose you think I'm good enough for you," she said.

But she clung to him, and danced hotly. He could feel the pressure of her body, the clasp of her arms. She had been drinking more than he thought; she was hot and excited. She kept looking about her, her eyelids half down in a shrewd expression, such as some people wear after they have been drinking a little.

Joe said:

"You hadn't ought to get sore at me this way—what's the use in making those wise cracks?"

Mary clung to him as she danced—you might have thought that she cared a lot about him. She was pressing close against him, the way girls do.

"The trouble with you is, you don't ever do anything," she said.

Joe didn't answer. He kept on dancing with her—she was dancing with him fine; she was a good dancer, a smart dancer. A girl had to be a little tough to dance the way she was dancing. Joe danced determinedly, sullenly.

After this Mary danced with Bert Poltek—she knew him, she knew nearly all the boys. She looked good while she was dancing—Joe sat watching her.

Roddy Johnson was doing tap dancing now, over by the orchestra stand in front of the nigger dancers—he was trying to do what they had done. One of the nigger girls was trying to show him how—she was dancing with him for a minute and then watching him dance alone. Her teeth were shining as she grinned at him—those niggers didn't have to learn how to jazz dance; they just were jazz. The rest of the niggers were looking on, grinning good-naturedly.

Roddy was pretty good—he was good at nearly everything, he did nearly everything—nigger or white, he would try anything once. The nigger girl was showing him something—she was grinning, and dancing like an imp strung on wires. A crowd had gathered; they were watching Roddy, laughing and applauding him.

Sammy Reid came over to Joe—he was mopping the perspiration from his face; he had been dancing and drinking—everybody had been drinking.

"Hullo, Joe boy," he said.

Joe frowned a little.

"Hullo, Sam," he said.

Sam sat down by him.

"You don't seem to be doing much tonight, Joe," he said.

"I'm doing what I want to," said Joe.

Sam shrugged.

"Well, don't let me interrupt you," he said.

He sat beside Joe, looking about the hall, watching the dancers, watching Roddy and the niggers, grinning when he saw anything he thought funny. He reached out and slapped Joe on the back.

"Well, old horse, don't get sore," he said.

Joe looked in front of him.

"I'm not sore," he said. "What call have I to be sore?"

Sam got up.

"I don't know," he said carelessly. "I'm going to get into the fun."

Joe sat alone. Across the room he saw Bess Deleo alone for a moment—Roddy had left her when he had begun to dance with the niggers; Bess had stood by watching him; but she was at a little distance, and now she was looking about the room and not even watching him.

Joe got up and went over to her.

"What about dancing with me, Miss Deleo?" he said.

Miss Deleo smiled—she was always smiling. She clung close to Joe as they danced—she danced easily, indolently; though she clung so close she seemed lax as a baby.

She had been drinking a little, Joe thought—but it wasn't easy to tell; he had only seen her sipping the liquor, playing with drinking. She drank as she did everything, as though she didn't care. Men had been asking her to drink with them, and she had never said no; but Joe couldn't be sure that she had taken

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very much. Her eyes, her smile seemed to say something, seemed to expect that something would be said to her. But she said nothing.

"I ought to talk to her," Joe thought.

VIII

Joe was dancing with Mary Subert again. She had been drinking again—all the girls here had been drinking. She didn't show it very openly; but there were the little signs. She was looking around, watching people with a significant stare. She was dancing recklessly; she was exaggerating the steps, the poses of her body just a little—but she knew how to dance without thinking, without knowing how; she had the knack of it, the impulse of rhythm. The liquor in her told you that she was a real dancer—if liquor makes a girl forget what dancing she ever knew, makes her uncertain, awkward, she isn't a real dancer; she has to figure out her steps with her head, to watch her steps each time. But if liquor makes her dance better (except that it makes her exaggerate), then she can dance without having to figure things out; she's a regular dancer, she has the tactics of it all through her body. It is the same with other things, too.

"Mary is certainly good," thought Joe. "You've got to hand it to her."

Mary said:

"You were dancing with Bess, Joe boy; I saw you."

Joe nodded.

"Yes, I danced with her."

Mary was dancing recklessly. She was urging Joe on to lead her more daringly; she kept urging him—her manner, her instant response to his lead, her command of the rhythm, these urged him without her saying anything. She threw back her head and looked up at him—she didn't care where her head was when she danced; she could dance upside down if she wanted to; she didn't have to watch where she stepped.

"Well, Joe boy, you'd better lay off her," she said. "She's Roddy's girl—aren't you afraid?"

Joe danced on.

"Why should I be afraid of Roddy?" he asked sullenly.

Mary was dancing great—if she were a professional on a stage everybody would say she was great.

"Then why do you lay down for him like you do?" she demanded. "Why do you let him get away with everything?"

Joe danced.

Mary said:

"There's Roddy right behind you, Joe boy. He's got Bess—I'm not quite good enough for him, I suppose."

Joe said nothing. He was silent and sombre. He wasn't looking at Mary.

You could swing with the rhythm, could feel reckless, powerful. You could forget whether anybody was about you or not, forget whether you cared—you could take a chance; you could say: "I won't look just yet; I'll swing on. This time maybe I won't hit anybody."

Then Joe felt himself touch Roddy's body, felt Mary clutch at his shoulder. Mary said nothing; but her eyes were sharp and hard.

They hadn't hit yet—not enough to do any harm. When you brush into another couple you can either feel the first touch and pull back, or you can bulge yourself hard into them—you don't have to keep dancing toward them to get into them; you only bulge yourself a little and stand firm. Then the other couple hit you—it looks to other people as though they hit you—but the other couple swear that you hit them.

Joe stood firm, and bulged.

It was funny how good you feel to stand braced for a shock—to expect a collision coming and not to care. You feel powerful—what's going to happen is nothing to worry about. You stand like a rock—let somebody else break himself on you.

Joe curved his body a little to keep Mary out of the shock. He swung her beside him, swung her clear—and he stood firm like a rock.

Roddy collided with him pretty hard—Joe heard his breath grunt, heard Bess Deleo give a low cry. Roddy had been caught in an ugly jam—it's being caught off guard that does the damage. He was bracing himself, was recovering his balance, was holding up Bess Deleo.

Joe waited.

When a fellow has been hit he can get sore about it, or he can laugh it off. A thing like that can come down heads or tails. An accident can come out life or death. Joe turned toward Roddy—and waited. It was up to Roddy, strictly up to Roddy. Get sore or laugh, he could do either one he pleased. Joe wouldn't help him choose—Joe didn't care which he chose.

Bess Deleo was clinging to Roddy—she was groaning a little; she had got her foot stepped on, Joe thought. Mary looked at Bess.

"Say, don't those two know how to dance?" Mary said to Joe—but she looked at Bess.

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Miss Deleo's languid smile was all gone—her soft, indolent, sweet-set features seemed to change; out of her softness a hard expression appeared; her face became commonplace, ugly.

"You did it!" she cried directly at Mary. "You and your boy friend—you did it on purpose! I saw you looking at me! Can't you look out where you're going?"

Mary put her hands on her hips, and raised both her eyebrows. Her lips pursed up.

"Now I'm expected to stand for that remark, I suppose?" she asked of Bess.

Roddy Johnson stood as though bewildered. Men are slow—they wait to think about things. Roddy was sizing the thing up, sizing up Joe; he wasn't paying any attention to the girls—he heard them buzzing somewhere, that was all; girls buzz a good deal; you can't listen to everything.

Well, let him get sore if he wanted to. Give him time—there was plenty of time. Joe waited.

Bess Deleo's lazy, sweet voice was snarling:

"Don't you try to tell me what you're going to take and what you're not going to take!" she said to Mary. "Don't you try to sneer at me——"

Mary's face quivered; her eyes flashed.

"Oh, really!" she said shrilly. "What a dame you turned out to be! You to talk—speak for yourself, Miss Deleo! Don't try to tell me anything——"

That was it; that was the way that girls talked when they got sore—no sense, only shrill talk. Joe stood sulky, waiting. If Roddy wanted to get sore, now was his chance. Joe wasn't looking out, wasn't butting in. Let things happen if they wanted to.

Bess screamed at Mary:

"Stop looking at me!"

Mary, quivering with excitement, thrust herself forward.

"Oh, really!" she shrilled.

Bess screamed; and clawed at Mary's hair. Mary, choking, gave a strangled sob and clawed back.

"You will, will you! I'll show you!"

Roddy tore them apart.

"Get out, you wild cat!" he cried at Mary.

A fight!

The crowd was gathering. They stopped dancing; looked; turned their faces; streamed toward the place; crowded in—men pushed in; girls came more uncertainly. Girls clung on the arms of men who were no longer conscious of them. The men's expressions were interested, eager, prepared to be critical of the tactics used, ready to be appreciative of good work if there was any. The girls showed startled expressions, strained features, curiosity, dread, uncertainty—girls didn't take to fighting as decidedly as men did; they didn't seem to know what to make of it; they seemed to find something monstrous about it, something incredible. Yet they wanted to see.

"What is it? Who is it?" voices asked.

A fight.

The crowd flowed in, pushed in, elbowed in, craned necks. Men answered impatiently—didn't want to be bothered with answering girls' questions; girls didn't know enough to ask intelligent questions about fights. Girls followed in close to see—didn't want to be left out, wanted to know everything.

"Two ladies! It's two ladies!" men cried. "Will you look at that! Two girls fighting—look at them! Like wild cats! It's two ladies—that's worth seeing!"

"I'll say it is!"

Mary, screaming shrilly, struggled with Roddy as he tried to hold her off Bess Deleo. She turned from Bess, and upon Roddy.

"Do you have to protect your girl friend from what's coming to her?" she cried. "Well, let me tell you I wouldn't hurt that girl friend of yours for all the world! She ain't worth it! —Let me go, do you hear! I'll show you——"

Her nails drew blood on his face. He seized her hands, pinioned her arms.

"Get out!" he said.

"You call me names, do you!" cried Mary.

Roddy pushed her off.

"You get your girl friend out of here!" he said to Joe. "I don't mind fighting you, but I don't want to fight all your girl friends."

Joe said slowly:

"Did you say you wanted to fight me?"

There wasn't any hurry. Let Roddy answer; let things happen, if they wanted to. The crowd pressed close about.

A fight!

But the crowd was torn apart, pitched aside, split and peeled off to one side and the other. Connor forced his way through—Connor knew his business; he was prompt, cool, hard-faced, hard-handed. There was no nonsense about Connor, no wasting time in talk.

"Mind Connor's rule!" he said. "No fighting in Connor's place!"

Men got out of Connor's way. The girls looked at him, frowned, and drew back.

Joe looked steadily at Connor—Joe's hands were down; he wasn't threatening anybody.

"Joe, I don't want any trouble," Connor said.

Joe stood exactly where he was.

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"I'm not going to make any trouble, Connor," he said.

"O. K., Joe," said Connor.

Joe turned and went across the room. Men were looking at him, girls were looking at him. A group was standing around him, not getting very close to him, but not getting any farther away. Mary was hanging on to his arm.

"I'd like to show up that dame!" Mary said —Mary was blazing hot. "I'd like to show up her and her Roddy—who's she? Who's Roddy? I'd like to show them!"

Mary had to talk, had to say something:

"The nerve of that dame!" she exclaimed. "Did you hear what she tried to call me?"

Sammy Reid and Jan Poltek came over to Joe—the crowd began to gather around; Joe noticed half a dozen faces, men he didn't know who now thought they had a right to be interested in him, just strangers who acted as though they had a right to butt into his affairs—one stocky, swarthy young guy with a bitten-off nose; one thin-faced, keen-eyed, long-jawed pugilistic-looking guy; one windy guy who was talking all the time to his neighbors —and there were some that he did know, boys from the mills, from Wyandotte and other mills—Jeff Morsen, Tony Arnett. But even so, who were they? How had Joe's affairs come to be their affairs? Who was this bird-faced man with a nose like a hipped roof who was butting in too? The girls were drawing back; they clung to their boy friends, but they were pulling back; they wanted to see, but they didn't feel very comfortable.

Sammy Reid was looking impatient, was bending close to Joe's ear, was talking—everybody was talking; everybody had a right to advise Joe, to butt in. Sammy said:

"You got to do something, Joe; you can't let Roddy get away with the talk he's giving. The boys will think you're no good."

Joe looked across the room.

Over there was a group around Roddy Johnson—Bess Deleo was hanging on Roddy's arm; she was pale, open-mouthed, angry, ugly. She wasn't saying anything; she was watching Roddy; she didn't know what to do —girls couldn't stand trouble; they could start it all right enough, but they didn't know how to finish it. Roddy was talking, he was telling the crowd.

That would be Roddy's way. He had to talk, had to take the stage. Roddy was flushed, excited. Joe looked steadily at him.

"What sort of things is Roddy saying?" Joe asked Sammy Reid—but he didn't look at Sammy; he kept looking across at Roddy.

"He says he's stood a lot from you, but he won't stand any more," said Sammy. "He says, you've always been so quiet, and now you're trying to come out in spangles and run the show. He says he won't stand fooling like that from a quiet guy, from a guy that didn't use to think to talk to anybody——"

Joe said:

"What's being usually quiet got to do with it?"

Sammy Reid shrugged his shoulders.

"I dunno," he said. "I'm only telling you how he's talking. He's sore—it makes him sore to think you told him to go to hell, and he never supposed you doing such a thing."

"Did you hear me telling him to go to hell?" asked Joe. "That's more than I heard myself telling. It was his move, when it came time to tell anybody to go to hell."

"Well, anyhow I wouldn't let him talk about me the way he's talking about you now," said Sammy.

Mary was becoming coherent, was clearly remembering her wrongs.

"The nerve of him, and that dame of his!" she cried. "Joe, did you notice how he looked at me! Did you hear——"

Connor came across to Joe again. The crowd made way for him, but closed right in after him. Connor being here, Connor coming across to talk to Joe, certainly made things look interesting.

"Mind your step, Joe—no trouble here," Connor said sharply.

Joe looked steadily at Connor.

"I told you I wouldn't start any trouble here," he said. "I won't."

Connor nodded.

"O. K.," he said again.

The crowd got pretty thick around Joe and Mary—Mary was uneasy; she was clutching at Joe's arm.

"What are you going to do, Joe?" she asked —she wasn't begging him to fight any more; the crowd frightened her; she didn't know what to do.

There was a movement in the crowd about Joe—men were making way; they were murmuring, giving startled breaths; they were opening up a passage, and at the same time pressing close to see. Sammy Reid and Jan Poltek were frowning and staring.

"Here comes Roddy now," Sammy said. "He's coming over here, Joe—he's coming for you."

Joe stood stolid, sombre.

"Let him come," he said. "I'm not stopping him."

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Roddy came up to Joe—the crowd packed in just behind him; men were standing at Roddy's elbow, were advising him, were looking angrily at Joe as though it were their quarrel. Sammy Reid and Jan and Albert Poltek, the bird-faced man, the swarthy stocky man, Jeff Morsen—and four or five others—were looking angrily back at Roddy's friends—they were taking Joe's part; they were ready to talk up for Joe; if there was going to be any trouble they didn't see why they should be left out of it.

Where had they all come from? Who were these birds taking Joe's part, wanting to join in Joe's quarrel? There were half a dozen, a dozen, advising, talking.

Roddy said:

"I'll fight you, Joe, if that's what you want."

He was standing close to Joe, aggressive, ready—he was ready enough to fight, was quick, looked like a fighter, a gamecock. Roddy knew that everybody was watching him.

"I'm perfectly willing to fight you, Joe," he said with a grin. "Only, keep your girl friends away from me—I don't want my eyes scratched out—I'll fight you, but not your girl friends."

Mary pushed forward.

"You coward!" she said. "Joe, will you let him talk about me that way——"

Sammy Reid put his hand on Mary's arm.

"That's perfectly all right, sister," he said. "You just wait a minute."

Joe stood stolid, not pushing in, not drawing back.

"Did I say anything about fighting?" he asked.

Roddy looked fixedly at him.

"All right, if you don't want to fight, say so. You can pull out, if you want to."

A murmur ran through the crowd.

Sammy Reid and Jan Poltek pushed Roddy back, began talking to Joe, began talking to Roddy's followers, to the crowd:

"Certainly he won't back down," they said on Joe's behalf. "We can't fight here, that's all. Fix it with your man—get your man away for a minute, can't you."

IX

They were all talking.

Everybody was talking except Joe. They were all about him—they were arranging everything for him. Sammy Reid and Jan Poltek had taken charge. The important-looking man whom Joe had never seen before was talking.

They were going to fight—Joe was going to fight—in the foundry of the Arnold Works, near the river. Roddy Johnson had gone on ahead—he and his crowd.

"Are you feeling all right, Joe?" they asked him.

"All right," said Joe stolidly.

He was feeling all right. He looked thoughtfully at his own hands, opening and closing them.

Mary Subert wasn't here now; they had got her away. She had clung to Joe while the fight talk was going on; she hadn't wanted to leave.

"You better get out of here, sister," Sammy Reid had said to her. "This is going to be no place for dames."

She had tried to free herself from the persuasive hand he had put on her arm.

"You let me alone, you bum!" she had said.

Joe had looked quietly at her.

"You better go on, Mary," he had told her. "This won't be anything much—you don't want to get mixed up in it, that's all."

She had gone away—she and some other girls had gone out together. Joe had watched her go.

Sammy Reid had left Joe's crowd for a minute to talk with Roddy's men. Now he came back.

"All set, Joe boy," he said. "We'll walk down there—keep your nerve up, old man; we're right with you."

Joe started toward the door.

"My nerve's all right," he said.

It was all right. He was steady, was iron hard.

They went out of the side door of the Valhalla into the street. Only Joe's friends were about him—these friends that came from he didn't know where, most of whose names he had never heard.

Joe was quiet. Things seemed strange. Things always did seem just a little strange before a fight. Odd, unimportant little things seemed to become significant, conspicuous—the street corner, the profile of a man's head, the tone of somebody's voice—these became photographic, vivid, luridly prominent. Other things became dulled, leaving gaps that Joe's mind seemed to jump over.

Joe had begun to be in a different world from the men about him—they weren't going to fight, didn't have any call to feel anxious, to count over what was likely to happen. They seemed almost a different race, inhuman. They were expecting to see him fight—they might be insect people, actors, not real.

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Joe always felt this way before a fight. He didn't like it; but he had learned to know that it didn't really matter. He would feel unnatural, almost sick, until the fight started. Then he would forget how he felt. He kept his mouth shut and walked along. Sammy Reid said:

"That's the boy, Joe! You're cool, you've got nerve."

Joe nodded.

"I'm all right, don't worry," he said.

Joe was walking quietly. His friends approved of this.

"That's right, save your wind," they said. "Take it easy."

People were advising him; they were making a fog of words, of gestures—who were they, anyway?

They were going down by the river. The streets weren't very well paved here, weren't very well lighted. The men about Joe began to be a little quiet—Joe himself couldn't be any more quiet than he had been. He knew what he had got to do; he didn't care what happened.

Sammy Reid said:

"You're a cool fish, Joe."

Joe shrugged.

"Don't worry about me," he said.

The men ahead of Joe stopped, scattered—somebody had come, had taken them by surprise, had broken through them—a girl—

She wasn't paying any attention to the men—what did she care about them? She was fiercely searching—she had been running; somebody must have told her; she had got the news somehow and come running out of the house, had followed some directions she had got, had come after Joe's party.

"Joe!" she cried. "Joe, are you here?"

She was panting. Her hair was all tumbled around— She broke through the group to Joe; she clung to him.

"Joe!" she cried.

At first she couldn't say anything more. She was panting with running and with excitement. Joe stood still, his hands down, letting her hold him.

"It's all right, Marin," he said. "Everything's all right."

She looked fiercely up into his face.

"You're going to fight Roddy Johnson!" she cried.

Joe looked down at Marin, his eyes sombre, his mouth tightly closed.

He said:

"There was only a little misunderstanding, Marin. We're just going to straighten things out—I guess there won't be any real trouble about it."

"Joe, you're going to fight!" cried Marin.

Well, what was the use of lying about it? Joe nodded slowly.

"I guess I am," he said.

"Beat him!" cried Marin. "Kill him!—Oh, I wish I could fight like a man! How I hate him! He thinks he's better than you, Joe. I hate him—I'd like to teach him. Oh, how I hate him!"

Joe stood still.

He said:

"You better go home, Marin. This is nothing—I'll be home in a little while. Don't you worry about me."

The men were backing up Joe's order to Marin to get out of here.

"This is no place for a dame," they said. "You don't want to butt in here, sister."

"You go home, sister," said Sammy Reid.

Joe nodded—"Go on, Marin," he said.

Marin pulled out of the crowd. She stood on the edge of the sidewalk watching the men go by, listening as they tramped on out of sight. Joe saw her clenched hands, her tense features.

"She's twice as ready to kill somebody as I am," he thought.

Sammy Reid looked back over his shoulder.

"Some dame," he said. "I guess she was a little upset. Who is she, Joe?"

Joe walked steadily on.

"That was my sister," he said.

"Oh," said Sammy. "I see—well, I didn't know you had a sister; that's why I asked."

Joe nodded—he didn't expect that Sammy knew about Marin.

"She lives pretty quiet," he explained. "She stays at home, mostly."

X

They had turned on the lights in the foundry—powerful electric lights swung from the high roof. That was bad—the glare was bad; it scalded the eyes and made shadows that were hard to keep straight—they danced about, those shadows; they dulled the eyes, bewildered the brain with movements that looked solid but weren't.

But that didn't matter. What was a bad light to Joe? He sat on the edge of a moulder's form that he was using for a stool while Sammy Reid and Jan Poltek stripped him to the waist, looked at his shoes, saw his belt was tight enough. Joe didn't pay attention to this—what did it matter? He looked at his hands—at the hard knuckles, the tough fingers.

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They weren't to use gloves; they were to fight with bare fists.

The crowd was forming in a deep ring about the centre of the floor—it was rammed earth, that floor, where the moulders worked; it was burned and iron-stained moulding sand rammed hard. They had cleared out benches, forms—they had blocked off a moulding pit (in which a large casting was to be poured next day) with an improvised plank fence so that nobody should fall into it. The stark black furnaces stood against one side—iron-black, smoke-black, their great cylinders reaching up to the high iron-girdered roof. The overhead electric lights glared down into a central pit of blistering brightness; and all about this pit were shadows, falling back, deepening into the dark edges of the cavernous room, lumbered with the strange shapes of moulders' forms, kettles, benches, conveyers, conveyer tracks, their presence sensed, their outline indistinguishable.

Joe sat quietly, looking broodingly at the crowd, at the lurid bright and blackened cavern of the pit. Across the ring from him Roddy Johnson sat with a group clustered about him—they were talking to him, dressing him for the fight, advising him. Joe could see the light flash on his face—eager, young, a winning face. Joe looked down at his own hands. Sammy Reid put a coat about Joe's bared shoulders.

A man from Roddy's crowd came across to Joe—a young fellow named Christian.

"Are you guys all set?" he asked.

Sammy Reid was on his knee beside Joe; and looked up over his shoulder.

"What's your hurry?" he asked coolly. "Have you got to catch a train?"

Christian looked down at Sammy.

"Our man's ready," he said. "You don't want to think you can keep us waiting till he gets cold."

Sammy settled back on his haunches, looking impudently up at Christian.

"We'll have our man ready all in good time," he said. "Get your man out into the ring if he's in such a sweat. Our man won't keep him long enough to grow whiskers—he'll find plenty to do, soon enough, don't you worry."

Christian frowned impatiently.

"Well, get him out, then—what you waiting for?"

"Oh, only till we're just good and ready," said Sammy.

Christian grunted; and walked back toward Roddy's crowd. Sammy got to his feet. He bent over Joe, took off the coat from his shoulders, rubbed his arms a little, began to talk in his ear:

"Hold him steady, Joe," he said. "Let him rush you if he wants to—let him do the running around. Jab him when he rushes——"

Joe didn't pay any attention to this. His mouth was tight shut—and his ears weren't listening. He was looking fixedly before him into the ring. Roddy was coming out—his friends were talking to him, patting him on the back. He was walking into the ring, while everybody watched.

Sammy Reid said:

"You don't have to be scared of his flash look, Joe boy; looks don't win. You're the bulldog, this fight—you take hold and keep hold. You hammer him. Let him rush you——"

Sammy Reid was talking again to Christian—Sammy was seeing to everything for Joe; was talking, arguing, making conditions, making demands. He and a couple of Roddy's friends pretty nearly came to fighting themselves—but that was only with their mouths; they didn't have much intention of fighting otherwise. Joe was sitting still—he wasn't taking part in any of the row, in any of the arguments about conditions.

"That's right, keep quiet, Joe, save yourself," Jan Poltek said. "We'll see to everything."

"When do we start?" Joe asked.

Sammy came back to him. He leaned over Joe—serious, businesslike.

"Hold fast is the word, Joe," he said. "You can't outrun him; you can't outbox him; he's quick—you've got to outhit him."

Joe said stolidly:

"I'll be all right."

"O. K., Joe boy—go in!" Sammy said.

Joe got to his feet. People were staring at him. They were sizing him up, making bets about him.

"He don't look so much——"

"He beat that guy down at Wyandotte——"

"He hasn't got the speed——"

Joe paid no attention to any of it—what were these men to him? They weren't going to fight.

The air here was bad already—it would soon be very bad. It was cold now to the naked body; but it would soon be hot—the close crowd, the fighting, would make it hot. Already it was close to breathe—the foundry was ancient with coal smoke, with burned sand and iron fumes, with the odor of scale. Now it was thick with tobacco smoke—cloudy with it. Men were smoking as they watched; their

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faces were growing hazy; drifting clouds of smoke were sifting across the glare of the lights, were forming a swirling canopy.

There was a roar about him—there was always a roar at a fight; that was made by the people who weren't going to fight. Joe was quiet. Across the ring he saw Roddy coming toward him.

Roddy came in quickly. His head was down, his hands up; he was weaving a little. Joe stood quietly—his hands were up, but he didn't weave any; he stood still, and his eye never left Roddy's eye.

Roddy moved quickly around him—Roddy feinted, but didn't come in hard. Joe kept turning to face Roddy, and didn't hit out.

Roddy led for the head. Joe blocked; and hit out once for the body. Roddy came back quickly—twice to the head. He got in both blows—he drove Joe's head back. Roddy got away—Joe hadn't hit him solidly, hadn't felt the satisfaction of solid bedding for his fist. The crowd was shouting wildly—a senseless, confused shouting was bellowing up toward the roof.

Roddy was coming in again. He was quick on his feet—meeting him was like infantry trying to catch cavalry. Roddy moved about, advanced, drew back—heel and toe footwork, good quick work; Joe knew how good it was. Roddy led twice for the head.

Roddy was hitting freely.

"A quick left he's got," Joe thought, "a quick jab."

Joe knew what fighting was, knew that Roddy was good.

The leads were coming too quick to stop—Joe's body blows weren't getting home enough to neutralize the jabs.

"I'll have to slow him up somehow," thought Joe.

He wanted Roddy slowed enough so that he could land solidly on the body and take the jabs to the face without being stunned.

"I'll stop him using his knuckles so free," he thought. "I'll give him something to think about before he hits me."

He blocked with his elbows—he got the points of his elbows under Roddy's jabs; he didn't let the blow hit full on the elbow, but he bumped Roddy's knuckles jarringly.

"That'll make his fingers sore," he thought.

He began ducking half-way, letting Roddy's knuckles catch his skull.

"That'll sort of crackle the joints," he thought. "He'll begin to stop and think before he hits."

Roddy seemed to keep out more, to hesitate.

"That's better," thought Joe. "That gives me some chance."

Roddy was coming in again. Roddy got away again. Joe followed slowly. Roddy circled, and Joe pivoted. The crowd was shouting.

Roddy led—and Joe got him twice to the body with solid flesh to bed his fists in. Joe could hear the thud of his blows.

Roddy got away, and Joe followed steadily. The crowd was shouting—but Joe paid no attention. No use to play to the crowd; no use to hurry. There was plenty of time. The crowd were beasts—Joe knew about crowds.

The crowd was yelling. They cried:

"Get him!"

"Beat him up!"

"That left is no good—hook him, Joe!"

"You've got him, Rod! Kill the bum!"

They roared through the hot tobacco smoke under the electric glare, their faces fiercely illumined against the dark shadows of the cavernous recesses. They leaned forward; they stood unsteadily; they made strange contortions of their features; they waved their arms; they cried out advice.

They shouted:

"He's a bum!"

They made meaningless sounds.

Roddy got in and got out—he got Joe twice to the face, and got out. The crowd roared:

"Yah! Yah! The big bum! The big bum!"

"Kill him, Joe boy! Hit him!"

Joe didn't pay any attention. He didn't have to have advice, didn't have to listen, didn't have to think. He knew about fighting—his muscles knew about it. He had the mechanics of fighting at heart. His will had to drive his muscles, that was all; his muscles knew the moves—his brain didn't have to explain things to them. He kept facing Roddy, kept moving toward him, kept his hands in position.

"Yah! The big bum!"

There was blood in Joe's mouth—an acrid taste—it came from his cut lips, from his nose. That was nothing. He had to swallow it, that was all. There was the sting of blood in his eye—that was a cut over his eyebrow. That was worse than the mouth—but it wasn't very bad; he could still see well enough. Joe didn't care. The sweat on his forehead, in his matted hair, was beginning to run down his face, to get into his eyes. He was panting a little—a man was likely to pant in heat, in bad air, in excitement, with continual moving about, with stopping punches with his head, with hammering home punches to the body. A man was likely to feel this anguish in the guts that

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Joe felt—it was being winded that did that—not breathlessness, but the nervous strain of trying to breathe. The deep nerve centres did it. But that didn't mean that a man was as bad as he felt—he could go on a long ways yet.

Roddy was moving about now, coming in, going out, ducking. He had a wild light in his eye; his head tossed about—but he still kept it down pretty good. His face wasn't cut at all—but there were the stains of hard bruises on his body, over his ribs, over his belt line. It hurt him some to hold his arms up—his rib muscles were sore.

Roddy came in and cut open Joe's cheek—he got in twice, pretty hard. Joe got home with a solid right to the body—it took Roddy's wind; Joe could feel the grunt of it. Roddy didn't get out very quick. Joe closed him, and got home one more to the body. Roddy got out, got away.

The crowd was roaring.

"Yah! Yah! Kill the bum! The big bum!"

"Go to him, Joe!"

"Don't let him stop you, Roddy!"

The timekeeper was no good—just a bum. He couldn't make anybody hear him, couldn't keep his time straight anyhow. The crowd didn't want short rounds—they shoved the timekeeper back.

Sammy Reid and Christian broke into the ring and took their men out to end the round. The crowd shouted as Joe went to his chair.

"Yah, you bum!"

"You're all right, Joe boy! Knock him cold!"

"You got him!"

"You big bum, who told you you could fight!"

Joe didn't care, didn't pay any attention. He was sitting on the moulder's form with Sammy Reid and Jan Poltek working on him.

XI

Christian came across the ring to Joe's group.

Joe paid no attention. Sammy Reid looked up over his shoulder.

"What do you want now?" he demanded of Christian. "Where's your man gone to?"

A crowd gathered quickly about them.

"The lights are bad," Christian said. "The glare is terrible—it's all in my man's eyes."

Sammy looked at him with indignation.

"You've got a nerve," he said. "I suppose you think the light is good for my man's eyes, do you?"

"Your man ain't doing the fighting," Christian said. "He's standing and taking it. He don't want to fight; he wants things gummed up—the more things are gummed so nobody can fight the better it suits him. He don't want a light fit to fight in."

Sammy Reid got to his feet, wiping his face on his sleeve and then gesticulating with his arm.

"Well, just write a letter to the lighting company, will you?" he said. "What do you expect me to do about it? I don't make the light—I ain't Edison."

The crowd began to take a hand.

"Yah! Get back and fight!"

"What's fair for one is fair for both!"

"Get your man into the ring again!"

Christian went back to Roddy and spoke to him.

The light was bad, was glaring—it was blinding; and the shadows were bad in the ring. Joe's cut eye was bad; he couldn't see much out of it—Jan Poltek was trying to fix it. Joe was keeping his mouth shut, his eyes closed. He wasn't taking any part in the dispute—he was letting everybody else do what they wanted to.

Christian was talking to Roddy. The crowd was stamping and howling—you couldn't get many words, they made such a bellowing. They wanted some fighting—they didn't care about excuses, about fixing the lights; why should they care? They could see the fight well enough.

Christian was looking up at the glaring lights, squinting his eyes, holding one hand on Roddy's arm to keep him quiet. The crowd was yelling.

"Fight! Fight!"

"Why don't the big bum fight!"

Roddy jumped up. He threw Christian off and came out into the ring. The crowd gave back—almost to where they belonged; but the ring was ragged now; men were pushing in ahead of where they should be. Roddy was in the ring, not coming toward the centre but standing by his place listening to Christian. He nodded his head; and then came toward the centre.

Sammy Reid looked out over his shoulder.

"O. K., Joe boy," he said.

Poltek was still working on Joe's eye. He took a couple of more dabs at it with a sponge, and then jumped back. Joe got at once to his feet. He put his hands to his belt for an instant; then raised them and went toward the centre of the ring, toward Roddy.

Roddy had his head down, looking at Joe with a sly, hard expression in his eyes. His hands were up, in good position. He began to

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weave a little, to move about quickly on his feet.

Roddy led and ducked. He backed out; came in again fast and got Joe full in the face with his knuckles. Joe took Roddy in the body with a solid short right. Roddy got out again.

The crowd was roaring.

XII

Joe had lost track of the rounds—he didn't care—five rounds, six, what did it matter? He wasn't thinking of rounds—he didn't have to think; he had to meet what came to him, that was all. Even in the ring he didn't have to think; his muscles thought for him—after a man once got the mechanics of anything into his muscles he didn't want to think any more; it was better not to.

Now Joe was sitting on the moulder's form again, with Sammy Reid working on him.

The fight wasn't going so good—Joe's backers didn't think it was going so good. Joe was worse cut than he had thought. He was a little stunned. He licked his lips while Sammy worked on him—he could hear people around him say:

"How he bleeds!"

"He's hammered hard."

"He's cut up bad."

"He's out on his feet."

Friends of Joe's, these men had called themselves. They had backed him to beat Roddy Johnson; they had yelled and shouted to him to kill the bum. They had stampeded when they thought he was going to win. Now they were quiet; they weren't saying much. They were staring shrewdly, cynically at him. They were noticing his battered face, his cut eyes, his bloody lips. They were arguing whether he could last another round. They were saying:

"He's done——"

"Look at his eye——"

"Look at his knuckles——"

They were sizing him up like meat. They were arguing whether he would be knocked senseless or not. Joe said nothing.

Sammy was working on him—using water, using towels, using some stinging stuff in the cut over his eye. Sammy wasn't saying much—he was bending over.

There was a rustle in the group about Joe, a turning of heads, a crowding apart like the making of a path, a rumble of exclamations. Sammy Reid looked around over his shoulder—his body was frozen, his legs still half crouched, his hands out toward Joe, one hand holding a towel. Joe could only see half his face, which was frowning.

Joe himself looked up slowly.

Roddy Johnson was standing in front of him—that was what was making the men stare, making them crane their necks and push closer—except when they were making gangway for Roddy.

Sammy said:

"What do you want?"

Roddy was flushed, was glistening with sweat. His face wasn't much cut—he looked pretty good; anybody would say he was in good shape. His thick hair was bristling with sweat; the whites of his eyes showed pale, hard, daring, against the scarlet of his hot cheek-bones. But Joe saw that his breathing wasn't easy.

"He's not so grand inside," thought Joe.

His body was marked, mottled, with the red prints of Joe's fists—over his ribs, about his belt line.

"He's been hammered all right," thought Joe.

The sweat couldn't hide that—and he breathed gingerly.

"You're not so comfortable, my friend," thought Joe.

Joe looked at Roddy's hands. The knuckles were bloody all right, and beginning to swell.

"Perhaps there are a couple of broken bones," thought Joe—but you couldn't be quite so sure about that; a guy's hands might easily swell, and nothing much be the matter.

"He's game," thought Joe. "He wouldn't let on, if he did have a broken knuckle."

Sammy Reid got slowly to his feet—he straightened up stiffly, as though he were thinking pretty hard.

"What do you think you're doing over here?" he demanded of Roddy.

Roddy didn't pay any attention to Sammy. He stood over Joe—he wanted to say something, and didn't know how to say it.

"He's a pretty good boy," thought Joe grimly. "It took nerve to come over here to say what he's going to say."

He looked stolidly up at Roddy.

Roddy said:

"I don't rightly want to hurt you, Joe."

Sammy Reid was sore—Jan Poltek was sore. Sammy was going to say something, but Joe motioned to him.

"You lay off this, Sammy," Joe said.

Roddy stood there carelessly, paying no attention to Sammy.

Joe looked into Roddy's eyes.

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"Nobody's been hurt much yet," he said. "We aren't finished yet."

Roddy looked down at him. Roddy said in a low voice:

"Why should you and me fight over two dames, Joe?"

Joe sat stolidly.

"Are we fighting over two dames?" he asked.

Roddy frowned.

"Well, what are we fighting for?" he asked.

Joe didn't move. His hands were resting on his knees—his knuckles were cut open, but his hands were still good. His face was cut half into ribbons; one eye was very bad. But his head was clear; he wasn't badly done.

Roddy said:

"Joe, I don't want to fight you."

Joe sat just where he was—he didn't change; his voice stayed steady.

"Who says I don't want to fight you?" he said.

Roddy slowly drew back. Roddy wasn't afraid, Joe knew—if anybody thought that Roddy had come over here to talk this way because he was afraid, they were suckers. Joe knew he wasn't afraid. Roddy slowly turned away.

"If that's the way you feel—" he said.

Joe said:

"That's it; that's the way I feel."

Sammy Reid couldn't keep quiet any longer. He looked sarcastically at Roddy.

"All right, all right," he said as though he had been letting Roddy indulge in some freak, and now was getting him gently out of the way, getting him kindly back to where he belonged. "All right—if you're through talking."

Roddy didn't look at Sammy.

"I'm through talking, all right," he said.

He went back to his side of the ring.

XIII

The crowd had gone mad.

They were pressing about the ring. They were crying out, but not knowing what they cried. Their faces worked—they weren't paying any attention to how their muscles were twitching. They were gesticulating—with gestures that seemed half bitten off; they were unconsciously imitating the fighters, were starting blows, starting movements, and not finishing them.

They spoke nervously one to another, in bitten off sentences as men do when absorbed—were gloating, were thrilled with suspense, and yet half ashamed—as men are in the presence of some fiercely exciting, disgracefully interesting sport, as they do while watching torture, while watching deviltry.

"See that——"

"Did you see——"

"He got him——"

"How does he stand it——"

"See that——"

And they roared aloud to relieve their excitement—they bellowed. The metallic roof rang with it. Then they grew still, so that only rustling was heard—shuffling feet, straining bodies, gasping breaths. Then shouting broke out again—a roaring that ran along in billowing volleys, a roaring that was senseless and terrible.

The pit of the ring under the fierce glare of the lights was framed in faces that seemed devilish, in pushing shoulders that seemed infernal, threatening—threatening to safety, to life, to all sense. The ring itself in the blistering light seemed sunk in some infernal darkness—shadows hung upon its circumference; smokiness, smuttiness, strange darkness, looming concealments set off that white heat of the centre.

This would be the last round, Joe thought. He knew how it would be. It was funny how a man could think, could keep on understanding, keep on judging, long after he was really used up. His brain, some part of his brain, kept on. Joe knew his business; he wasn't rattled. Roddy was playing into his hand.

The crowd, most of it, was for Roddy. Joe didn't care. Roddy was rushing things—Roddy was fighting like a demon, coming in, staying to hit, not trying to get out very quickly—staying in to hit half a dozen times. The crowd was wild, breathless. They thought Roddy was winning. Joe didn't care.

Joe knew it would be this way, knew Roddy would come to this—it had been this way with the guy down at Wyandotte.

It was this way with all the flashy guys, with all the people's heroes, all the brave boys that the girls ran after, all the grand guys—they were all flash, they all came to this. They looked like a million dollars when they began—they spent themselves like a million; everybody yelled for them like a million. But at the last push, at rock bottom, with both men groggy, it wasn't flash that won. It was the last bag of ballast in the legs.

"He'll go under," thought Joe. "He's just about due now."

Joe's face was cut, was bleeding. That was nothing. Joe was mauled, marked, his head

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half beaten off—what did he care? He knew his business. He knew what his body blows meant. Roddy was coming in, was staying in—was meat for the body blows. Roddy couldn't guard himself any more—he was gesturing too much, was twisting his features too much.

"He's not feeling good," thought Joe.

Roddy was rushing, was slugging at every rally. Joe was meeting him solidly. Roddy's hands played on Joe's face, beat his head back. Joe met Roddy solidly in the body. The rallies were breathless, one after the other.

"It can't last much longer," thought Joe.

The crowd was hysterical, yet awestruck. They shouted and whispered:

"Look at that——"

"Look——"

Joe didn't care.

"Just a little bit more—" he thought.

Roddy came in again.

"Now—" thought Joe.

Joe knew his business, knew the blow he wanted. His head was sick, was whirling; but his muscles remembered their business. One more blow—it wouldn't have to travel more than three inches, with Roddy rushing as he was—half the crowd wouldn't see any blow struck. A fair blow—Joe didn't need fouls. He had built up the fight to just where he wanted it to be; he had been playing for what he wanted all the time. Now he had got it—

Roddy was coming in. Things were getting blurred—but Joe could see well enough, was steady enough. He would last long enough; he would do.

"This'll be the last time," he thought.

He was ready for Roddy. He must hammer the body once more—that one short blow to the pit of the stomach.

Joe struck.

Things seemed to stand still for a moment; time stood still. Things were changing. Joe stood stolid.

Roddy was down—that was it. That was how it had been working out all the time. Joe had known it—he knew his own hands; his strength; his hard endurance.

"Like that guy down at Wyandotte——"

The whole thing had been a sort of a play—there hadn't been any doubt. From the time Joe had lurched into Roddy during the dancing he had known what would happen. People would say:

"Joe's quiet—he doesn't stand being picked on, that's all. He minds his own business. Roddy was too fly with him."

They would think that this was an example of the underdog beating off the aggressor—they would draw some sort of moral from it.

Anyhow, now it was finished the way it ought to be finished.

The crowd was confused—madly excited, yet partly stunned. They were gathering about Joe, about Roddy's corner. They were touching Joe on the shoulders, on the back, on the arms. They were congratulating Joe—even here in the hell of the foundry, in the choking smoke, with sweat and blood in Joe's eyes, with his face beaten in, with Roddy lying flat, in agony, somewhere among his friends in the corner, with the shadows ringing everything around, the crowd were congratulating Joe.

"You're a fighter, Joe boy!" they said.

"You've got guts!"

They talked one to another.

"Did you see——"

"Do you remember——"

Sammy Reid said:

"Go over and talk to Roddy, Joe. Tell him you're sorry you hurt him—or something. It always sounds good."

Joe nodded.

"I was just going to do that," he said.

He walked steadily across the floor. He came to a crowd about Roddy—men turned to him.

"Where's Roddy?" he asked. "I want to talk to him, to tell him I'm sorry I hurt him, I'm sorry things had to break the way they did——"

Christian faced him—his face seemed distorted, wild.

"You get back!" he cried. "We ain't through with you yet!"

What was happening? Joe stood stupidly. The crowd was in tumult—what was the excitement about? People yelled:

"Don't let him go! He ain't fit——"

They yelled:

"Let him go! Get out of his way!"

They yelled:

"He can't fight—don't let him out!"

They yelled:

"Get back—give him his chance!"

Joe stood in the ring, half stupid.

Roddy was up, was coming out, was coming into the ring.

That wasn't right. Roddy shouldn't be up—that guy down at Wyandotte had taken his lying down; he had got up next day, maybe. Roddy shouldn't be let to come out—it was murder; he couldn't defend himself, couldn't put up his hands properly, couldn't hit out. This wasn't fair—Roddy had been put away.

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The crowd was wild.

"Give him his chance! He ain't licked yet!"

The men fell back from around Joe, from around Roddy. The ring was cleared. Joe saw Roddy coming.

"He's sick," Joe thought. "He's wobbly."

A dark look came into Joe's bloodshot eyes. He put his head down. So they wanted some more—it wasn't supposed to be over yet. Well, it would be over quickly enough.

Roddy was coming in. Joe felt his rush.

What was the matter? Something was the matter—what was happening? Joe was blocking—found nothing to block—was hitting—found nothing to hit—was being held—felt weight thrown upon him. Roddy had slipped under, had risen, had grappled—he was tripping Joe, was wrestling and tripping; he had a heel and neck hold on him. Joe felt suddenly, alarmedly, what the grip was. Joe gave a hoarse shout:

"You would, would you!" he grunted. "That's foul——"

He struck blindly. He hit nothing. He fell, and Roddy with him.

Joe lay still—he seemed to have been lying still a long time, for so long a time that now he knew he was lying still. He would have to get up. There was fire in his head— It was funny how a man's wits came back to him. First come sounds—dream sounds, distant sounds, then talk, like that of people in dreams. Then figures seem to move—then consciousness of moments which seem to be repetitions of moments known long ago—a consciousness of having lived through these things before, almost a power to predict each next step before it comes. Then something clamorous inside Joe cried: "Get up! Get up! Wake up! You're down! You're knocked out——"

He came back to life, raw, sore, fierce, struggling.

Joe lay half stunned. The crowd was silent, strained, staring. Joe felt no weight on him—Roddy was clear of him. Joe got up slowly. He was still bewildered. What had happened?

The crowd was in tumult now. They were gesticulating, pushing in, talking. They were crying:

"A draw! A double knockout! Fought to a draw!"

They were crying: "Foul!"

They were crying: "Fair enough! A knockout to a draw!"

Sammy Reid was clawing at Joe's arm.

"What did he do to you, Joe?" he cried. "How'd you let him?"

"He wrestled with me," said Joe stubbornly. "He tripped me. He came in under, and got a heel and neck hold."

Joe was stolid again—he didn't make any comment; he was giving facts as he could remember them—he couldn't remember very fast.

The place was in uproar.

"That's foul—do you call a thing like that fair?"

"Why shouldn't he grapple? This ain't Madison Square—they weren't playing Commission Rules, they were fighting."

"If a man can't wrestle, what can he do?"

"Tripping ain't fair."

Joe was sullen, sore. This wasn't what he had wanted; this shouldn't have happened. He had had Roddy licked—and Roddy had come back like a game-cock, hadn't known he was licked, had fought to a knockout and made a draw of it—people were letting him get a draw out of it, were calling it a draw.

Sammy Reid yelled in Joe's ear:

"Will you go on?"

Joe shook himself.

"Yeah, I'll go on," he said.

Joe was jarred. That fall had hurt his wind, besides stunning him. His neck was sore—he had wrenched something.

"I'll go on," he said doggedly.

What was happening in Roddy's corner? Men were breaking away—Christian was coming; he was looking pretty sick.

"He's dead," Christian said abruptly.

XIV

Nobody was saying very much—the place was pretty quiet. A lot of the men had gone out pretty quickly. A lot of those that stayed had taken their hats off while they stood around looking at Roddy.

"Who'd have thought it?" they said in low voices. "He looked O. K."

"He was a good guy," they said. "He was the life of this town, in a way."

They were looking at Roddy; they were curious—they felt sympathy, but they wanted to get a good look.

They had Roddy lying now on a work bench. They had got most of his clothes back on him—they didn't want his family, his home, to see him like a savage, stripped for fighting. They were ashamed to have him that way.

"Has he got a family?" men asked.

Christian said:

"He lived with his mother and father, over toward Chicopee—old people. I think there's

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a married sister somewhere—I've seen kids visiting the house; I think they're his sister's kids."

Sammy Reid was pulling at Joe's arm.

"Go over to him, Joe," Sammy said. "Say something to the boys—the boys want to hear you say something friendly; they don't want sour blood to last after this."

Joe stood still. He seemed to be choking.

"I can't say anything," he said. "What would I look like, saying anything now?"

Sammy urged him on.

"You said something a little while ago while he was only hurt," he said. "You done well enough then; it sounded good."

Joe frowned.

"That's why I can't do it now," he said. "He wasn't dead then."

The boys were looking at Joe—not looking as though they were sore, but almost as though they were respectful. They expected that he would say something, would do something, that he would go over to Roddy. They made an opening for him.

Joe went slowly over to Roddy—Roddy was lying quiet, restful, good-looking—his face wasn't marked; Roddy was always good-looking. Joe wouldn't know, to see him now, that he was hurt.

Joe said:

"Boys, he's dead—I did it—I don't dodge the responsibility——"

Joe's voice was hoarse. He didn't say anything more.

Some of the boys laid their hands on Joe's shoulders.

"You didn't mean it, Joe," they said. "We all know that."

Sammy Reid and two others took hold of Joe and led him apart.

"It was an accident, Joe," they said. "Just a terrible tough break. We'll all of us stand by you. It was all of it hard luck——"

Joe said:

"You can call it hard luck——"

They argued with him.

"Don't feel so sore, Joe," they said. "We're all here to say it was accident. We'll stand by you—the boys in the crowd will be on the coroner's jury if there is any; we'll put the thing before the magistrate. We'll see you don't get into any trouble."

Joe said:

"Thank you."

The boys handed him his clothes, helped him put on his coat.

"Don't let this put you down too much, Joe," they said.

Joe nodded.

"Thank you," he said.

Joe came alone out of the foundry. There was nothing here but the night—the crowd gone, the hot blazing ring gone, the black lurking shadows of the foundry gone, the shouts, the fierce anxiety, the hard-eyed watching, the blows all gone, Roddy's face gone, old feuds, old friendships, hates, envies, all gone. There was nothing here but the night.

Joe walked on—a cool breath blew against his face. Joe put his hands up to his head.

"He was a good kid," he said slowly. "It seems like I'm always killing good kids."

"The Weigher of Souls," by André Maurois, a complete short novel, will appear in the March Scribner's Magazine. *Thus, the authors change from one who was, until "The Fighter" was published, entirely unknown as a writer to one of international fame as a biographer and novelist. M. Maurois's story adds a new note to the already varied series which* Scribner's *has published. We had hoped by the $5,000 Prize Contest to open the field permanently to novels of this length. M. Maurois's is the first example of a novel published complete in one issue which was not submitted in the contest. With the April number we shall again take up the publication of the contest novels.*

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BEHIND THE SCENES

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER

GEORGE SELDES, with the heat of his convictions, whips into shape his firm knowledge of present-day war tendencies. He has been to war; he has seen governments at war; he has seen them after war preparing for the next one. A newspaperman since he was eighteen, he went to France as a war correspondent, and after returning in 1919 with the Rainbow Division, went back to Paris as foreign correspondent for the Chicago *Tribune*. Later he was expelled from Russia and from Italy "for sending out undeniably true information through the regular channels, but which the governments wished kept quiet." He now lives in New York, works furiously at his books—"You Can't Print That" and "Can Such Things Be," the latter soon to be published—and magazine articles; and works as furiously and more lovingly at his painting, an enthusiasm not yet two years old.

Although Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings' past years have become "somehow unimportant against the satisfying substance that is our life in the heart of the Florida hammock," she tells us that she was born in Washington, D. C., and took her degree from the University of Wisconsin in 1918. She did journalistic writing "of various sorts" in Louisville, New York City, and Rochester, N. Y., before she and her husband deliberately cut their Northern ties three years ago and migrated to Florida. There they have "a profitable orange grove on the jungle edge of Cross Creek, between two lakes, where life has as many elements of the idyllic as is quite reasonable."

This is the first of Lewis Mumford's estimates "on a neglected or poorly evaluated part of our American past." He wishes for a change to point out the positive qualities in the work done during The Brown Decades, a period peculiarly parallel to our own. Mr. Mumford's eighteen years as a writer have included, besides his four books, editorial work and lecturing. He has lectured at the New School for Social Research in New York and at the School of International Studies in Geneva. He is an editor of "The American Caravan" and a contributing editor of *The New Republic*.

Margaret Emerson Bailey's poems have been appearing "at least a poem a month" in SCRIBNER'S, *Harpers, The Forum,* etc., for the past year. They will be published this fall in book form. Miss Bailey is instructor in a private school.

Grace Flandrau, whose "One Way of Love," long short story, was received so enthusiastically, went to the Isle of Man last fall, "an extremely small island entirely surrounded by tempests," where she is getting much work done on her novel. She couldn't write it "if there were any escape. In the Isle of Man there isn't." St. Paul, Minn., is the starting place for the Flandraus, who have lived in the Rocky Mountains, on the Gulf of Mexico, on an isolated coffee plantation, in Africa, where they hope to go again, and in France. Mrs. Flandrau has had published two novels and a travel book.

As in "Hunkie Wedding," Owen Francis in "Men Who Make Steel" portrays the vivid foreign element in the Monongahela Valley which refuses to go American in a few essentials that make them particularly useful to the steel industry. Mr. Francis has come from that valley and those furnaces. He knows the life. He was stirred to write when, wounded in the war and convalescing, he ran across the works of Gogol, Turgenieff, Gorki, D. H. Lawrence, and Thomas Mann. After breathing the literary air, he found he could not go back to slag and prune-jack. Hollywood and he did not agree, and now he is in New York writing for his bread and butter.

When Evan Shipman writes at all, it is to write of his beloved horses. He has travelled widely, and wherever there are horse races he has seen them. Trotting races such as he describes in this poem are becoming rare. Mr. Shipman's father was Louis Evan Shipman, former editor of *Life*.

Leo V. Jacks, born in Nebraska, lives there now after thirty-four exciting years of varied activity. Just out of college, he went to war and served with the infantry, light and heavy artillery, and the machine gunners, and later wrote a book about it. He won his Ph.D. degree then and

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